THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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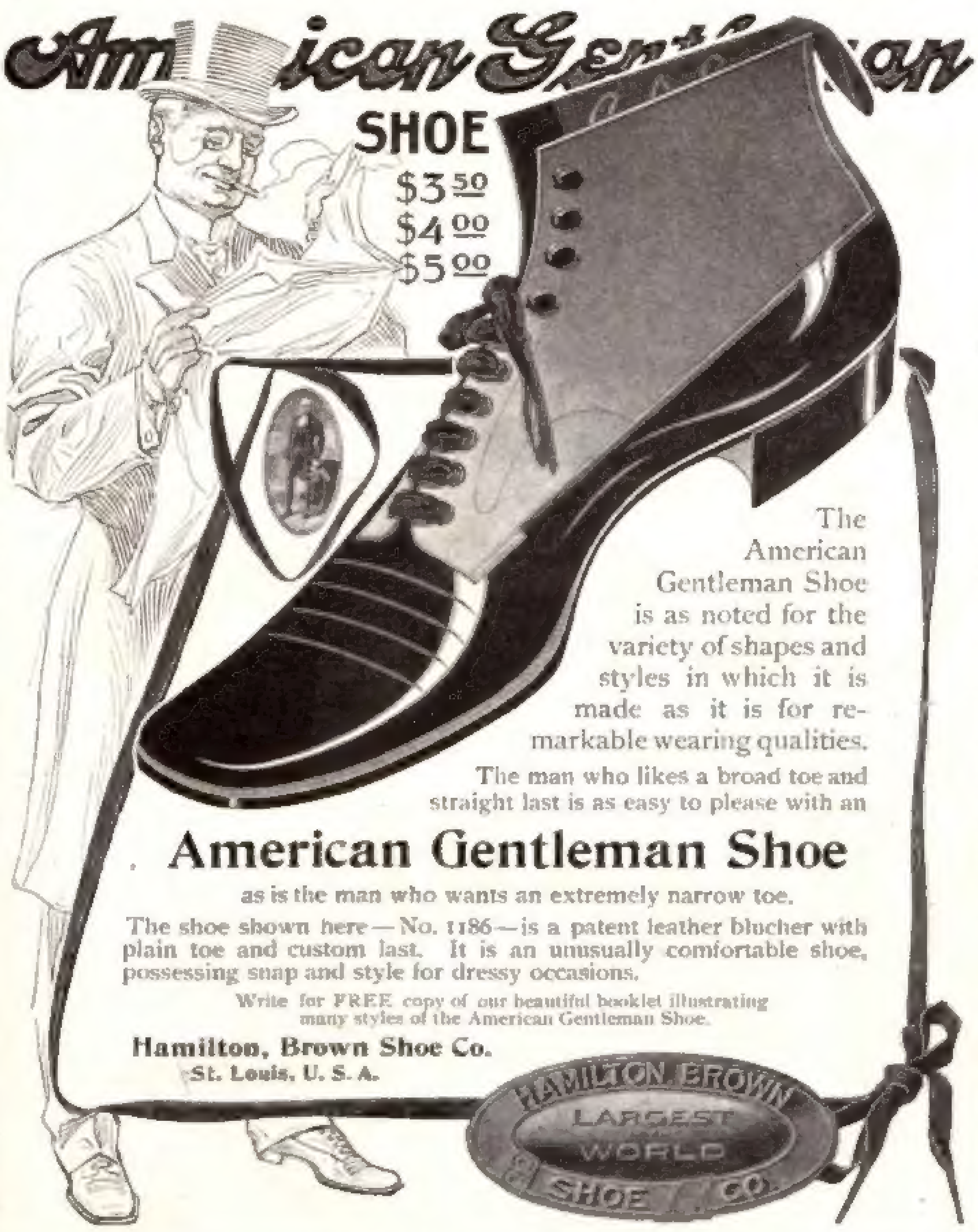
THE PARTNERS—By Stewart Edward White



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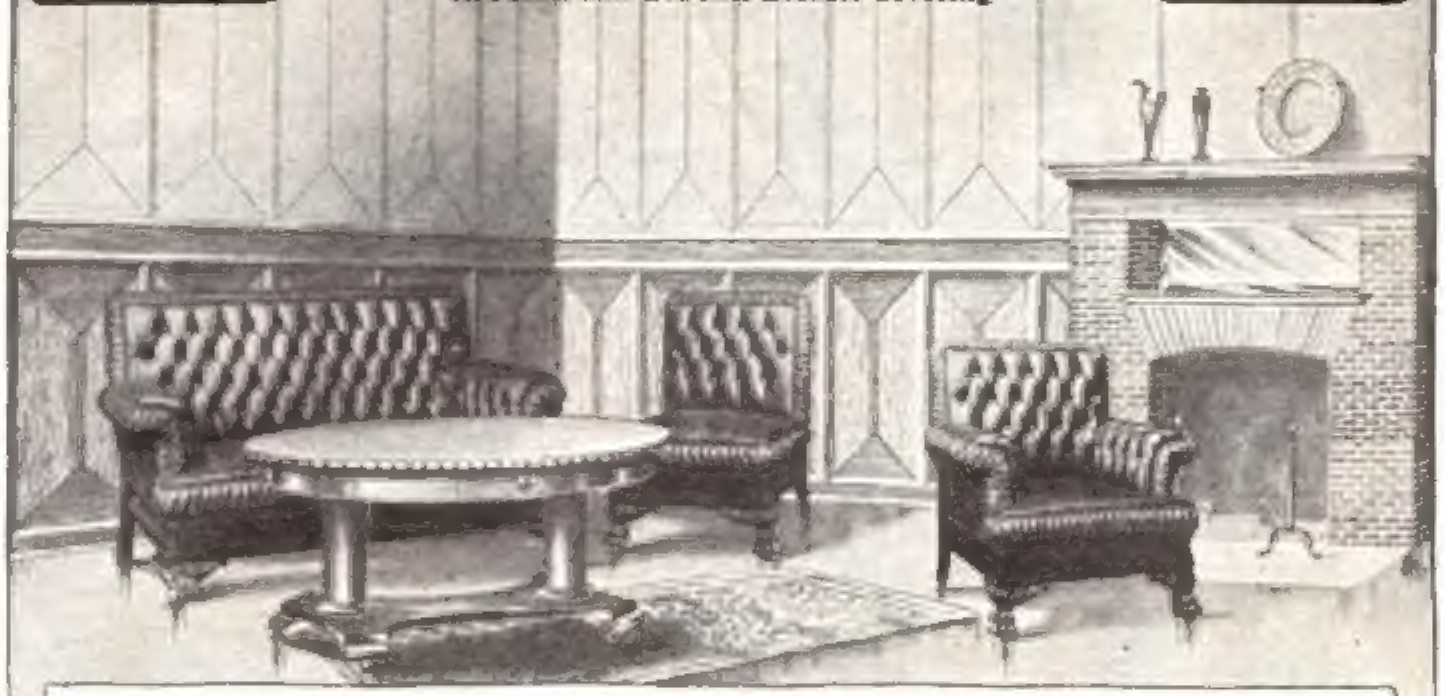

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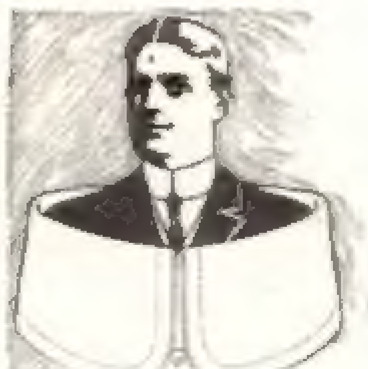

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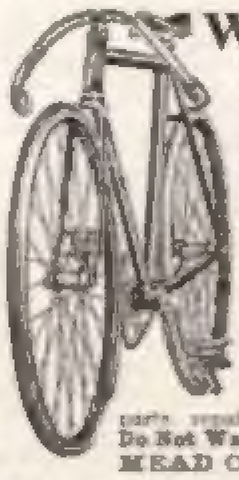

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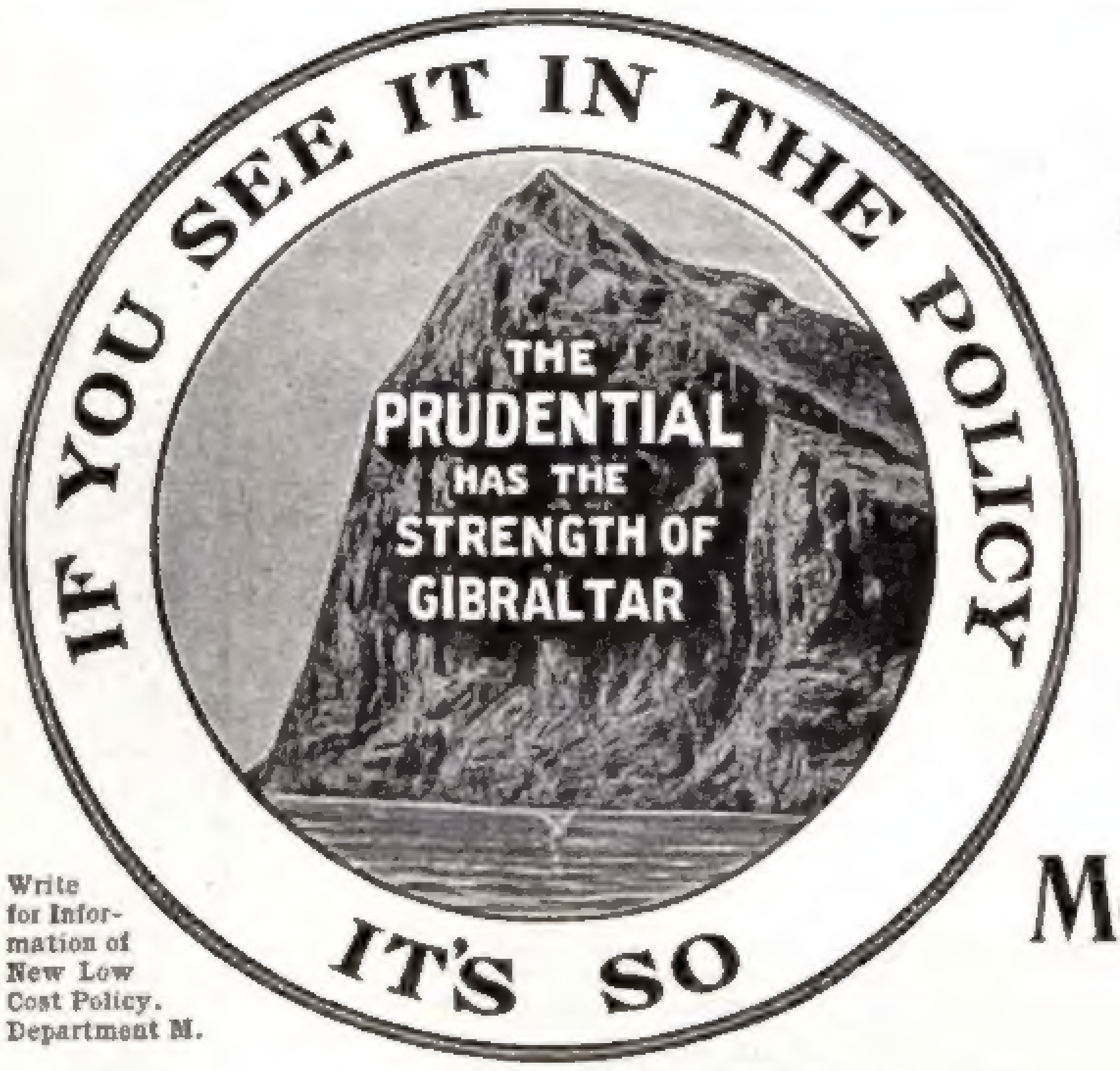
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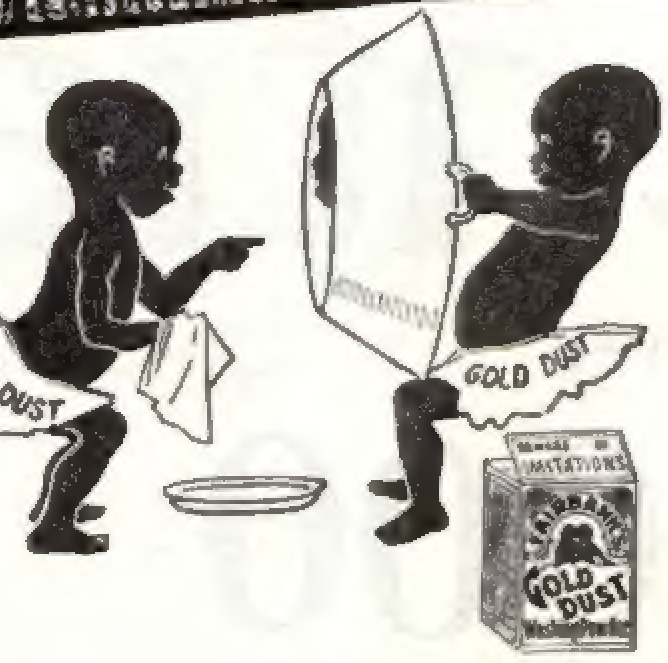

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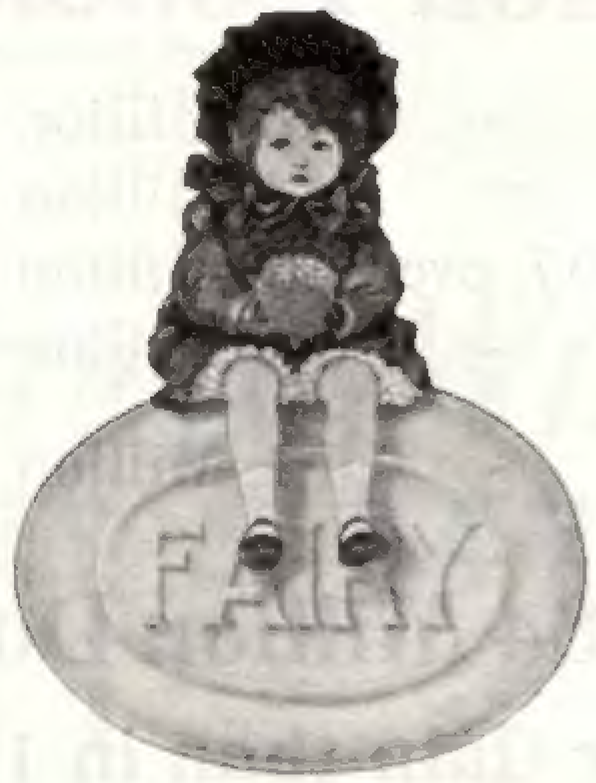

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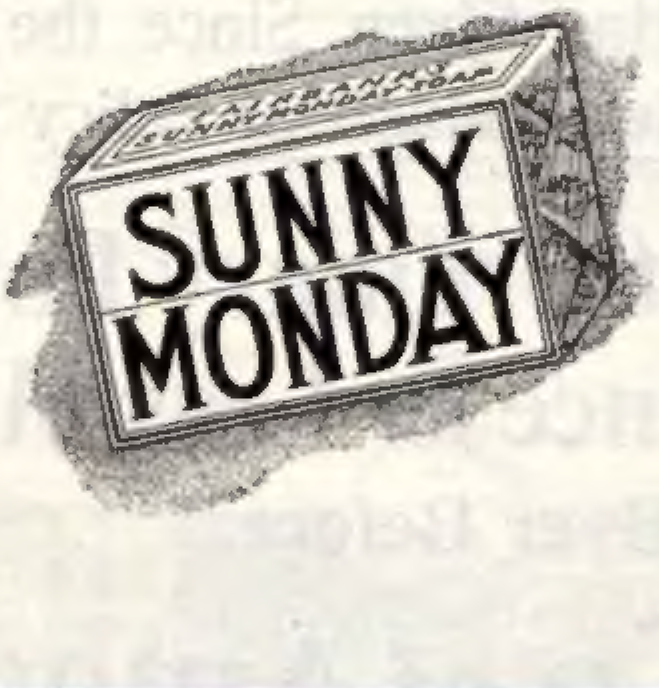

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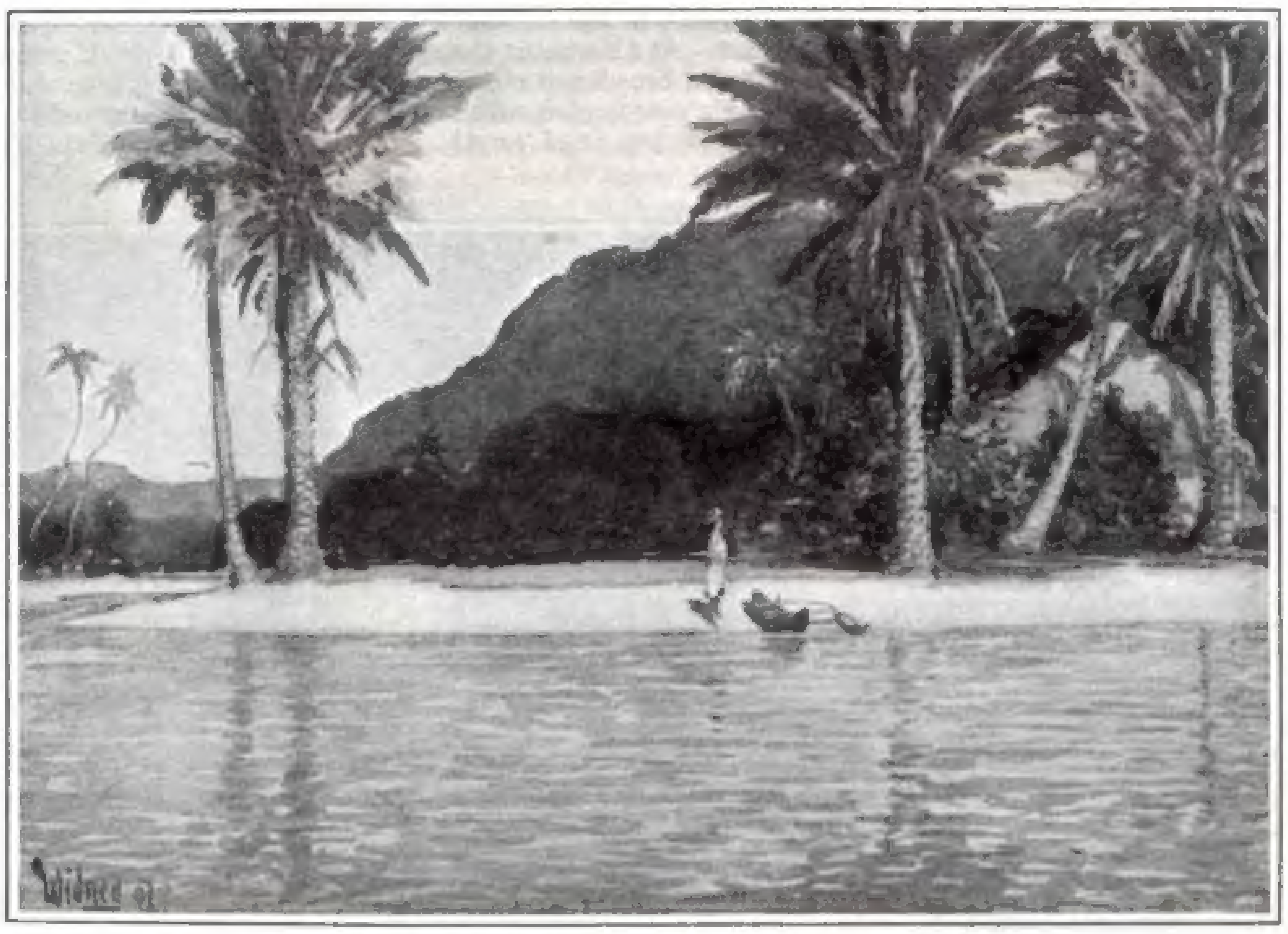
VAITI THE QUEEN

THE HOUSE ON THE LAGOON



"I Will Have This Place," Said Vaiti the Queen to Herself

By Beatrice Grimshaw

AUTHOR OF VAITI OF THE ISLANDS

ILLUSTRATED BY GUSTAVUS C. WIDNEY

VAITI the Queen lay upon the mats in the throne-room, while her handmaidens fanned her with a plaited island fan. It was very hot and the flies were maddeningly active, if once the steady swing of the fan faltered for an instant. But that did not often happen, for the Queen had her sceptre beside her on the mat, and if it was not solid gold all through, as warranted, it was quite heavy enough to leave marks on brown satin skins but very lightly clad.

There would not have been so many flies by half had the Lord High Chamberlain not been in prison. It was that dignitary's duty, among a few other offices of state, to see that the used-up food tins were all taken away out of the palace verandas and sitting-rooms. But he had gone to jail only the week before to expiate the high crime of killing one of the sacred lizards that haunted the tombs of the former Kings, and were considered to embody the spirits of the departed great. For this reason the tins accumulated under the verandas and the flies were many.

The Chief Justice had said some very scathing things about this state of affairs when he had called at the back door of the palace, earlier in the morning, to ask for any half fowls that might remain over from the dinner-party of the previous night. The Chief Justice always had the pick of the broken meats and thought he should also have had charge of the tin department, in which the High Chamberlain found a good many perquisites by way of transfers of cases from ship to pantry. So, of course, he was a prejudiced person, and very likely the High Chamberlain was not as black as painted, after all.

Vaiti the Queen, lying there on the mats, her head supported by an island pillow like a wooden fire-dog, inlaid with crowns of mother-of-pearl, and her long, dark eyes half-closed in the luxurious enjoyment of a very big and very black cigar, did not concern herself about domestic deficiencies on such a warm morning. She had never professed to trouble herself about anything smaller than affairs of state, in any case. Into the pie of politics her fingers dipped often and vigorously—perhaps more vigorously than was altogether wise. But then the Queen was half-white, and the people, and the King himself, were of the coffee-brown Lialian race that in old times used to dominate so much of the Pacific, and that now endeavors, with more or less success, but always with plenty of unconscious humor, to make itself exactly like the dominant Caucasian.

It was inevitable, under the circumstances, that Vaiti, who had been the virtual captain of her vagabond white father's schooner for years before she carried off the King of Liali from all competitors, and married him in a blaze of sensation, should tyrannize over, and order, and almost oppress, this curious, half-childlike people of the islands. The other half of the people of Liali is not childlike at all; nor even Christian, being savage, and more than a little bit heathen. Vaiti the Queen knew this, but, like Nelson, she "never saw fear," and therefore she went on her own superb way, doing as seemed good to her and letting fate take care of itself.

This morning the girls fanned better than usual, relieving one another when wearied with a quickness and punctuality that left scarcely a second open to the inroads of the flies. Vaiti the Queen fell asleep very soon, and the last girl laid a silken fly-sheet over the royal face with a sigh of relief, and hurried away to meet her lover under the palms. And the Queen lay in the throne-room.

She slept longer than usual. It was her custom, after the fashion of all Lialian chiefs and royalties, to sleep on the mats for an hour or so after the early meal, eaten in the heat of the day. But this morning the slumber was deep, for it was one of the hottest days of all the year, and the Queen did not wake until, as the shadows were just beginning to lengthen a little toward the west, she was recalled from the land of the "ivory gate" by the inappropriate sound of a woman's sobbing.

She turned restlessly on the mat, and tried to sleep again. But the sobbing kept on, softly, hopelessly, persistently. The Queen flung the fly-sheet off her face, and sat up, a frown disfiguring her handsome forehead. The throne-room was empty save for herself and a young, slender girl, not more than fifteen years of age, who was squatting in the darkest corner with her head on her knees, weeping in stifled bursts.

"Melappé! what is the matter?" asked the Queen, somewhat irritably, recognizing the youngest of the maids of honor.

Melappé lifted a startled face from her pink silk lap, and faltered, "I thought you were asleep, Queen—forgive this bad, bad girl!"

"It is not good to break the sleep of the chief," said the Queen, still frowning.

"It is not good, Queen, and I am very bad," sobbed Melappé, betraying, all the same, a rather surprising obliviousness to the point at issue. There was evidently something else on her mind.

"What is the matter?" asked, or rather commanded, the Queen.

But, at this, Melappé's brown, bare legs suddenly shot from under her silken loose gown, and twinkled with surprising quickness out at the nearest of the nine tall doors, bearing with them their owner, still sniffling into her little fists.

The Queen sat up on the mats and screamed at the top of her voice, "Laka O! Fusi O! Otea O!"

Three maids of honor—the same three who had been fanning earlier in the day—trotted in, their mouths full of baked yam, a scent of tinned salmon about their jolly countenances. It was fat living in the palace, and they had been around at the buttery, enjoying one of the between-meal snacks that made the position of a maid of honor so enviable.

"What is the matter with Melappé?" demanded the Queen.

The maids were fluent enough. Melappé was sick—her lover had been exchanging kilts with another girl (a very pointed attention). She was in a bad temper because the Chancellor of the Exchequer was out catching devilfish on the reef, and the white butcher from the settlement said he would not leave any mutton till the last was paid for, and Melappé had wanted the fat for her hair—so conceited as she was! Also, she was crying for spite, because she had not been asked to the kava drinking-party at the chief noble's to-morrow. There seemed to be no end to the causes for Melappé's tears.

"It is no matter," said the Queen. "See that she does not disturb my sleep again."

A visible flash of relief passed over Laka's dark face. She was the oldest of the maids, a tall girl with a handsome sulky lip and stormy black eyes. Drawing Fusi with her by the arm, she retired from the room, and only the fat, moon-faced, stupid Otea remained behind to wait.

"She saw nothing. But I will tear that Melappé's tapa tunic for her, and pull out a handful of her hair. She shall have something to cry for, truly," said Laka viciously as the two walked down the corridor.

"The Queen is as clever as the ancient devil-gods of Liali, that we must not believe in now," said Fusi with a shudder. She was slight for an islander, and her oval, brilliant eyes shone out from under a wonderful bush of unbound curly hair. They were a handsome pair of girls, but in little Melappé's gentle face you would have found something better worth the seeking.

"She is, but I do not fear her. She knows nothing," said Laka indifferently. "Come back and let us finish the tinned salmon, and then we will find Melappé and teach her to cry when she should not. Little fool! She never should have known anything."

"That was not my fault," objected Fusi somewhat hotly, her words muffled by a mouthful of fish, for they had now reached the buttery again. "Who was to know she was on the corner of Luo the Clerk's veranda when the thing was talked of? Luo himself did not know she was waiting for audience, it seems—waiting in the dark, like the treacherous little night-fox she is! If we had not made her swear on the sacred lizard, and threatened to poison her, she would have told everything as fast as she could run. No, of course, she should not have been in it. This is a man's business, and you and I, even, would never have known if they could have done without us."

"This is not good talk for a house," warned Laka, looking anxiously over her shoulder. "Give me the rest of that tin, and another cabin biscuit, and then we will go look for Melappé."

Vaiti the Queen had yawned herself out of the throne-room by this time, and was sitting on a chair in one of the great reception-rooms. The palace was as large as an Englishman's country villa, and boasted many turrets and castellations, all in painted wood. The building was mere weatherboard, and looked very much like the set piece in a play from outside. Inside it was dusty, tawdry, furnished with tarnished gilt and discolored velvet, spattered with brummagem toys, and winking with cheap mirrors in gaudy frames. It was, however, the finest building in all that part of the Pacific, and the Liali people, who lived for the most part in huts of plaited reeds, thought that there could be nothing nearly so fine in the whole world. Before the coming of the half-white Queen, who had made so many changes, none of the kings had ever thought of living in the palace. Like other Pacific monarchs, they had inhabited a comfortable reed house in the royal inclosure, and kept the splendid palace to give entertainments in, and to look at.

But Queen Vaiti would live in it, and sit on the chairs, and eat meals in the reception-rooms, and sleep on the mats of the throne-room, with a strange mingling of white and native customs that was not less grievous to Lialian susceptibilities than the unadulterated English manners would have been. The King did as she wished; he did as she wished in everything. If he repented his precipitate marriage with reprobate old Captain Saxon's daughter, nobody knew it, and Vaiti, who may have suspected, did not care. She was Queen Regnant in everything but name, and that was all she wanted.

Vaiti found his Majesty in the reception-hall enjoying a bowl of kava, the drink of the Pacific islands. His kava maker was kept fairly busy as a rule, for the King found the pleasant stupefaction induced by the peppery root more necessary than ever in these days of pronounced home rule at the palace. He had just drunk a cocoanut-shellful as Vaiti entered, and he motioned to the kava maker to dip out another for the Queen. Kava makes people good-tempered and talkative, and her Majesty was neither, as a rule.

The kava maker presented the cup kneeling, and Vaiti drank it at a draft. Then she flung the bowl on the ground and addressed the King.

"When do we go out to sleep at the house on the lagoon? It is hotter every night in the town now, and the house is all ready."

The King, who was a tall man and a handsome, only pale tea-brown as to hue, and with a gentle, intelligent face, began playing uneasily with the gilt buttons of his white "Europe" suit. He looked a little uneasily at the kava maker, and did not answer.

"You need not trouble about that commoner," said the Queen contemptuously. "I know what you mean—that you are afraid to annoy the people by taking possession of a tabu place. Who has a better right to put on the tabu, or to lift it, than you or I? I tell you, I will take the house on the lagoon, and sleep in it in this hot weather, if a thousand priests were made angry. Priests! That is heathen talk in any case, and I am misinari. So are you, if you will remember, King!"

"Of course, I am a good Christian," murmured the monarch. "But ——"

"There is no *but* at all. I tell you, I go to sleep there to-morrow night, and you may do as you please. I have said it," concluded the Queen, replacing her cigar between her lips and taking a contemptuous puff. "Go you and put your crown on to hold the Court of Justice; it is nearly due. And do not let me see you wearing your best one. The second-best crown, which you got from Sydney for that girl you did not marry, will do very well."

"Go," said the King wearily. It was merely the Lialian form of polite good-by, used as a piece of courtesy, but it did not sound courteous.

"Stay there," mechanically responded the Queen, giving the correct reply, as she swept her long train out of the room.

And the King stayed, then and next day. He had no intention at all of going up to the house on the lagoon, and he could be obstinate in a quiet way when he chose, which indeed was seldom.

The affairs of the house on the lagoon were at that time convulsing all the capital. Perhaps it may have been that the former sea-queen found life a little monotonous in the palace by reason of its very security, and longed for difficulties, if not worlds, to conquer. Perhaps it may have been merely a natural tendency to want what seemed difficult to get. At any rate, the day that saw her Majesty first visit the historic Lagoon of the Lizard was the beginning of many troubles for the island.

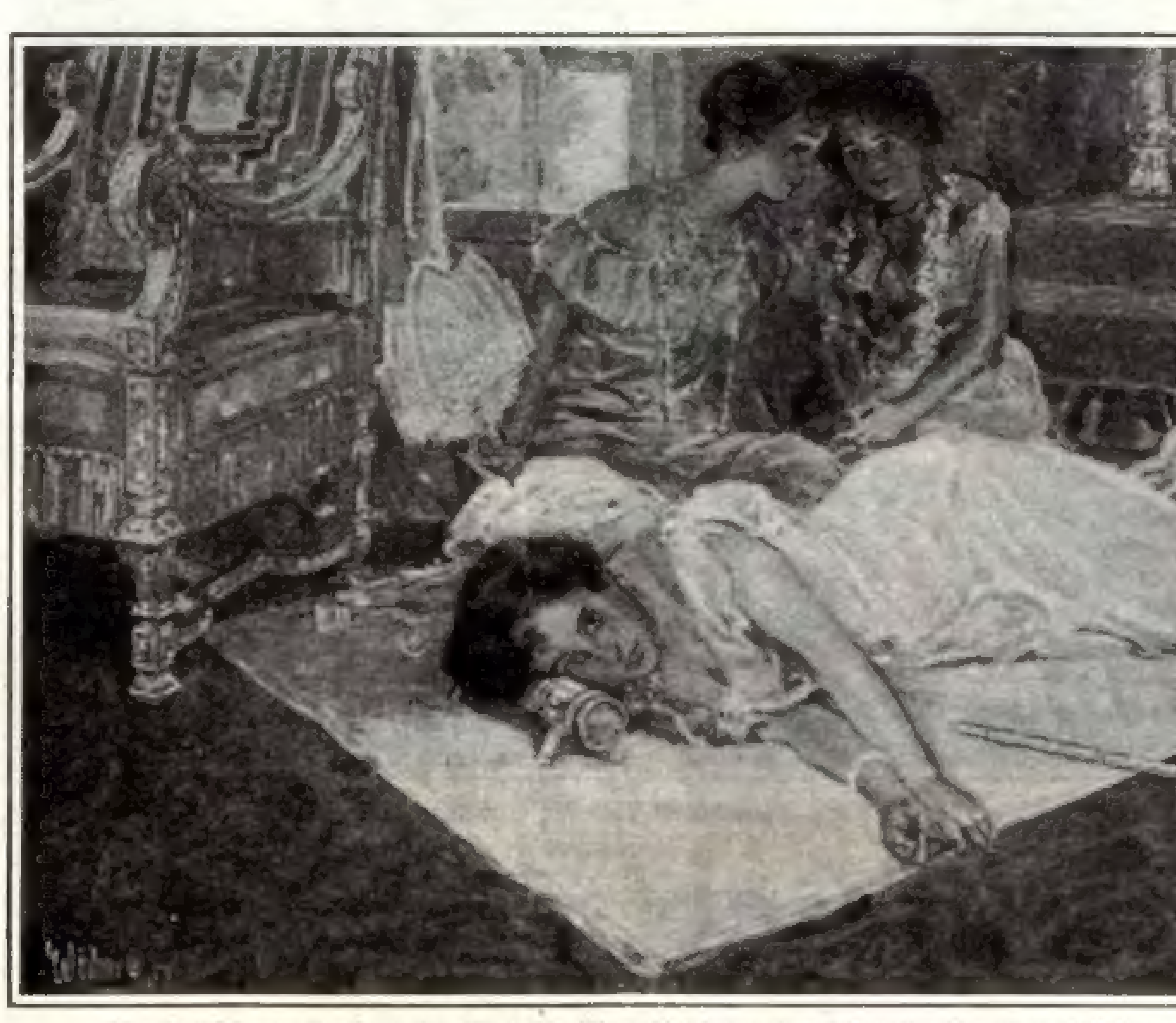
The Queen had been out fishing on the coral reef. This is an amusement not thought unbecoming to an islander of any rank, and Vaiti, like most natives and half-castes, was passionately fond of it. She had never visited the lagoon, though she had been Queen of Liali for more than a year, and when she found that she had come so far alone in her fishing-canoe that dark was beginning to come down while she was yet miles from the palace, she bethought her that she would go up to the deserted house which she knew stood on the islet, just inside the lagoon entrance. There she could cook her fish, sup and sleep. It would be a pleasant change to enjoy her own company for a little while, and escape from the constant gaping and spying that went on in the palace. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown! The wild daughter of the seas was beginning to learn this truth now that the glamour of the gilded throne of Liali was wearing off a little.

She made for the shore in the waning afternoon, and paddled up to the entrance of the lagoon, which she had often passed in a boat. At this point the sea-water ran far up into the land, and broadened out into a beautiful lake, half salt, half fresh, surrounded with mangroves and palms. Vaiti had never imagined anything so lovely behind the muddy mouth of the lagoon. The single islet that stood out alone in the water was as beautiful as a fairy dream, with a tiny white beach of its own, and a bouquet of tall palm trees, and a great, bare coral tree casting down the burning scarlet blossoms from its leafless boughs into the still, blue waters below.

A little house stood on the island—a Lialian house, with cool walls of plaited palm, through which the wind might blow softly at sundown, and the stars show faintly all through the quiet night. No one lived on the island, Vaiti knew—though a priest of the heathen faith that Liali had ostensibly given up might come now and then to make incantations in the house at the time of the full moon. The lagoon was sacred to the mythical Lizard that all Liali had once worshiped—that the people indeed still feared so far as to scream at the sight of a common little lizard, clad in bronze and blue, running across the path. The house and the island were especially sacred, and no one in Liali would have ventured to set foot in the place except the priest himself—who, on ordinary working-days, was known to the public as the Clerk of the Town Council of Liali, took in two English Radical papers, and played ping-pong in the Town Hall.

Vaiti, however, made small account of tabus, unless she had set them herself (which was one of her royal privileges), and she paddled the canoe into the lagoon as calmly as she would have paddled alongside the government wharf in the town. The lake was more enchantingly lovely than ever when she saw it from within. The high blue and green peaks of the mountains for which Liali is famous stood up in splendid saw edges behind the palms; the long levels of the water shimmered sapphire and chrysoprase; the trade wind blew coolly and softly.

"I will have this place," said Vaiti the Queen to herself, jumping ashore.



She had Never Professed to Trouble Herself About Anything Smaller than Affairs of State

She lit a fire, cooked her fish, and enjoyed a good supper, in the Bohemian way of the dear old days—yes, they were already growing dear, though only a year old as yet—and then she made an inspection of the house. Weather-tight as to roof, cool, nicely floored with white coral sand, murmurous with the pleasant sound of rustling palms and singing sea—furnished already with a wooden pillow, a couple of mats, and a box, the property, no doubt, of the priest. Yes, it would do very well indeed.

There was even a hurricane lamp, hanging to the rafters. The Queen lit it, and then began investigating the contents of the box, which was awfully, but, as it seemed, ineffectually, protected from the touch of the profane by a carving of the Sacred Lizard on the lid.

There was not much inside. A corkscrew, a bottle of something—Vaiti uncorked and smelt it, and then muttered, with a return to the pidgin-English of the old schooner days, "I think he make see plenty lizard, that bottle, by'n-by"—a pack of cards, a jar of cocoanut oil, and—it must be told—a girdle twined out of a woman's complete head of hair, as worn by the bucks of Liali, and "favoring" most condemningly the hair, not of the Town Clerk's wife, but of Laka, the maid of honor, who had lately got rid of her curly locks on the ground of the extreme heat of the weather.

"I think perhap' sometime one Liali person not afraid coming here, no matter tabu," soliloquized Vaiti again.

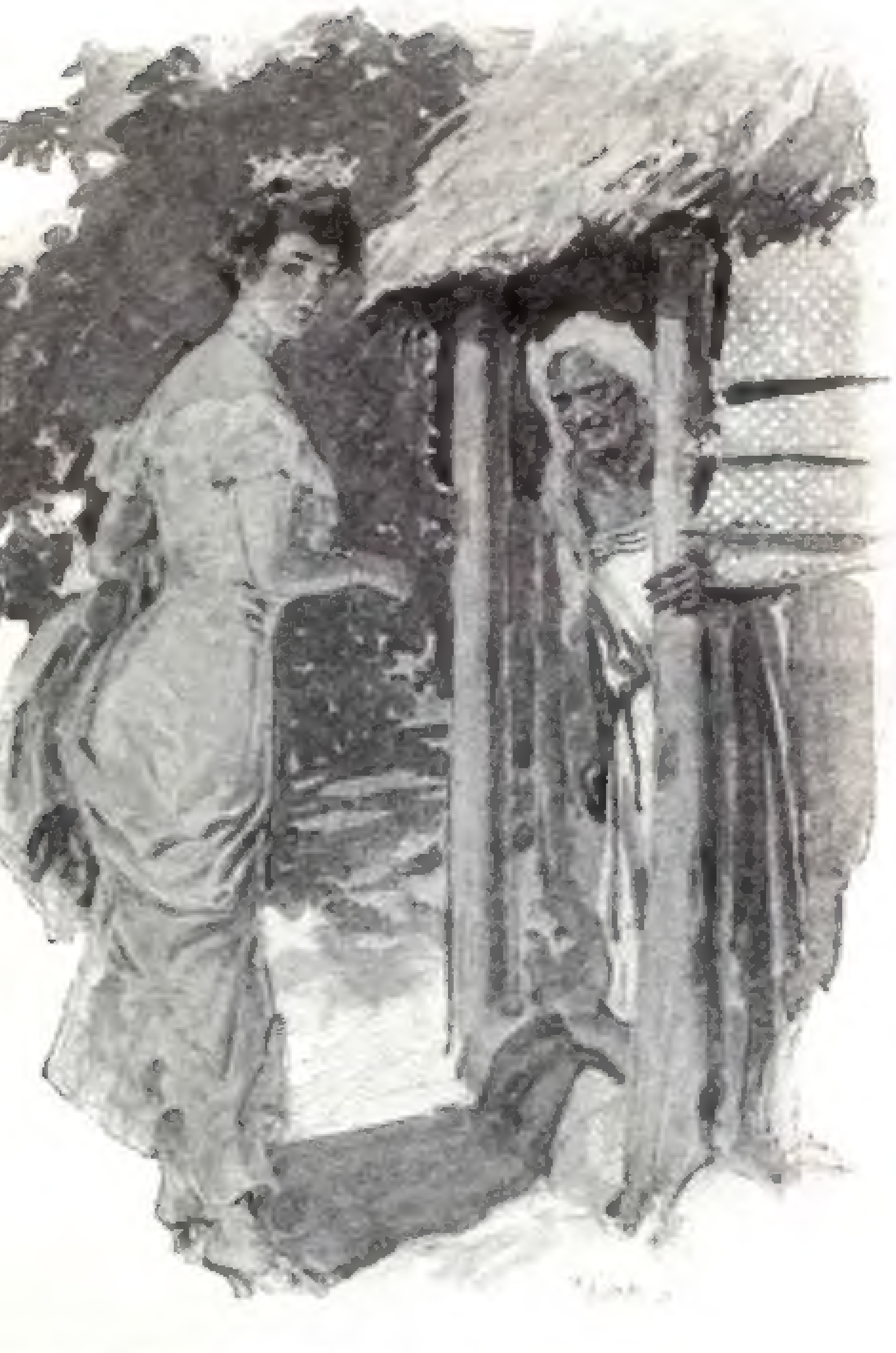
She turned the whole contents of the ark of the priesthood into the lagoon, and then, wrapping herself in one mat, and lying on another, slept peacefully till morning.

Next day the excitement over the supposed loss of the Queen came to a premature end—and not altogether so happy an end as might be imagined—when Vaiti herself paddled back to the town, laden with shellfish, and filled to the brim with determination to have that house on the island. There was a short cut to the lagoon, by the back of the island, which reduced the distance by a mile or two, and left the house easy of access. The Queen, in spite of the King's timid remonstrances, gave out her desires, told the Town Clerk (in his official capacity, which knew nothing of lizards or full moons) that he would be permitted to sell his fishing-lodge to the Crown for fifty pounds, which (she added) was twice as much as it was worth—and clinched the whole business by calling in the powerful aid of the local missionaries, who had long wanted to break the tabu of the place, but had found it impossible.

The Town Clerk gave way gracefully in public, and in private raged unquenchably against an act that seemed certain to deprive him of all or most of his valued secret power among the natives. Laka, fearful of discovery by the Clerk's wife, and public disgrace in the mission, expected dismissal from her office, and could cheerfully have slain the Queen, even though the expected discharge did not come. It was indeed nothing to Vaiti if her maid of honor were unworthy of the place, so long as the public did not know, and the sinner continued to dress hair and make flower-necklaces to such perfection as she did. And so the preparations for taking over the property went on, and the storm-cloud hung undelivered of its burden of misfortune above the quaint little capital of Liali.

That night the maid of honor, Melappé, did not return to her duties, and the others told the Queen, with many fluent details, that she was sick. The Queen listened in silence, and after the roast pig and cocoanut sauce had been cleared away, and the huge baked plantains were finished, and the maids of honor had had as much ship's mess beef as they could eat—which was a great deal—her Majesty rose and went to the upstairs dormitory in which the maids slept during their term of office. Melappé was not there. Fusi explained eagerly that they thought the girl was sickening from the measles, and so had let her go home. At this, the Queen turned round and let loose the lightning of her tongue on the luckless maids for the liberty that they had taken. Vaiti had been captain of a ship in all but name, and had had the handling of unruly crews in her day, and the English mates of the Sybil themselves had confessed in those old times that they could not touch her in the art of flaying alive with a dozen words.

She gave scores, not dozens, on this occasion, and had the peccant girls squatted on the floor, howling with fright, before she had half-finished her discourse. At the last, she knocked the crouching figures flat on the ground with two sweeps of her sceptre, did the same with a third sweep for the innocent, fat Otea, who had only followed out of



She Walked Off to Melappé's Home in the Town

curiosity, and was entirely guiltless, and walked off to Melappé's home in the town, her train across her arm, her crown a little aside on her head, and the lightning yet in her eyes.

Melappé was with her grandmother, with whom she lived. The little maid was lying on the mats, her face turned to the wall. Her clothes seemed to be torn, and there was a bruise on her plump, brown shoulder, where it had slipped out of her tunic. When she saw the Queen she began to cry in an agony of fright, trying to restrain her tears, and hopelessly failing to do so. She hid her face on the mats as the Queen approached, and sobbed louder than ever.

Not a word could Vaiti extract from her.

"She has been like this ever since the maids of honor brought her here this afternoon. Has she been naughty?" asked the old woman anxiously.

"No," said Vaiti the Queen.

"Then she must be sick, and I will make her a draft of roasted spiders in the morning, so that she may get well," said the old woman, banging her forehead humbly on the floor. "Your Majesty shall have her back again very soon."

She was calling for her other grandchild to come in and make kava for the Queen, when she happened to notice that her Majesty was gone—not a sign of her in the street, not a flutter of her dress down the long palm-tree avenue that led to the palace and the beach. The Lizard itself was not swifter or more silent than the Queen, when so she chose.

She was back at the palace a good ten minutes before any one could reasonably have expected her. The moonlight burned white on the eastern terrace walk, but all the western side was in shadow, black as the nethermost caves of deepest ocean. The Queen gathered up her robe, and glided along the grass underneath the western windows, where the maids' dormitory looked out.

"O—ya—wè!—to-morrow night!" sounded a voice out of the darkness overhead. "After to-morrow night. . . . Now, Otea, daughter of pigs, why have you come back? Go and look out at the west door, and see if the Queen is returning."

The Queen could have cursed Otea herself when she saw that all chance of unraveling the mystery was gone for the present. There was a mystery—of that she had been certain since the moment when she had seen the flash of relief in Laka's eyes. Instead of cursing, however, she dodged round the corner of the palace as quickly as a rat, and had got half-way down the avenue by the time that the lazy Otea was at the west door. Then she came slowly out into the light, and entered the palace openly. And Laka and Fusi ran to meet her, bowing deeply.

The Queen slept little that night. She smelt danger in the air, and there was not much time to find out wherein it lay. Little Melappé's crying seemed to be the key to the mystery, if one could but fit it to the lock. Melappé was the only one of the maids who loved the Queen, and the only one who had found something like a soft spot in Vaiti's flinty heart.

It would be too much to say that the handsome Queen was incapable of human affection, yet, outside a certain liking for her disreputable old father, and a beaten-down and buried fire deep in her heart, of which none but her own heart knew, there was no one in the wide world of the great South Seas whose death or misfortune would have caused her a serious pang—except Melappé. Melappé had worshiped the Queen from the very first; not, perhaps, for her virtues, which were few, but for her beauty and bravery. The little girl had never seen anything so wonderful as this half-white woman who had come from far off to marry their King, and, being a plain little soul herself, she worshiped the Sea-Queen's beauty with something very like idolatry.

Vaiti knew this, and half laughed at, half tolerated it. She really liked the child. If Melappé were so extremely distressed without reason, and if Laka and Fusi—whom the Queen would not have trusted as far as she could throw them—were so obviously afraid of her talking about something or other, that they had got her banished from the palace—then ——

"*To-morrow night!*"

She sat up on her mat, and flung her long hair back from her forehead, for the heat was terrible, and she wanted to think clearly. The King slept on his own mat at the other side of the room, snoring softly. The moon, dropping low toward the sea, looked in at the great open French windows, its pale face barred by black simitars of palm. The sea was almost silent, only from the never-resting barrier reef came the faintest ruffle of crumbling surf. Oh! to be out there among the cool waves under the moon, on the tiny, white deck of a flying, leaning schooner, the stars shivering into spangles under the vessel's bow, the lip-lap-lip of the water laughing along her sides! To be there, free, wandering, and—alone! Alone?

Out of the darkness of the vaulted room a face seemed to form itself, floating an instant in the air, and fading almost as quickly to dusk again. Vaiti put it by with a fling of her hand. She must think—she must think. It was not the past—that past which had "never found its earthly close"—with which she had now to do, but the present. Let the moon and the wild seas and the wilder memories go. Of what had she been thinking?

Of "to-morrow night." She knew now what Laka meant. An attempt was to be made on her life, to-morrow night, away in the lonely little house on the lagoon. They knew the King would refuse to go, and that the Queen would sleep there by herself, her maids occupying the palm house hastily put up on the bank. The occasion was well planned—and the Queen knew she was not loved in Liali.

"Fools, to think I can be caught with any silly trick they may devise!" said the Queen scornfully, as she lay down again on her mat. "I will go, for the very sport of it, and I think, however things may be, that it will not be they who come out on the right side in the end!"

. . . .

From the coral reef in the sunset, with the tide just beginning to flow in over the marvelous giant toadstools, and cannon-balls of creamy rose, and the delicate fans of ivory, and the masses of amethyst heather-bloom corals, brittle as glass, and the beds of olive-colored china twigs, tipped each one with splendid heliotrope, and the dark crimson boughs and brushwood and the cracking basket-work of violet, and the black and cramoisie velvet eels, and bright blue, enormous starfish, and all the thousand wonders of the marvelous sea-garden, came the Queen and her maids, after a long afternoon's wandering and shellfishing at the lowest of the tide.

They were all dressed alike in simple cotton, loose gowns, girded up to the knee, and if Vaiti had a coronet of scented stephanotis in her hair it was scarce a mark of royalty, for Laka had a crown of scarlet passion-flowers, and Otea's sleek head was bound with gardenias and papaw flowers, of a scent powerful enough to have made a European woman faint. There was no part of the reef so good for shellfish as that opposite the entrance to the Lagoon of the Lizard, and the heavy palm-leaf baskets carried by the girls bore witness to the fact that they had been earning their salaries this afternoon, at least.

Shells with long vermilion spikes, with white and pink and crimson whorls, with yellow tiger spots; huge clams, a meal apiece, pink and chocolate and blood-colored sea-eggs, were there, all alive and sputtering faintly, as they crawled over one another in the baskets. There was the material of a real island feast there, not even a wriggling, gray devilfish or two being absent from the mass of extraordinary dainties. Fat Otea's eyes glistened as she looked into her basket, and, lazy as she was, she made no complaint about its weight. They had had a pleasant afternoon's sport, and now they were on their way to the house on the lagoon, where the Queen intended to sleep, so that she might fully establish her rights to the property she had bought. By the island laws of Liali, land that is never slept on by its owner passes quickly out of tenure.

It was like the Queen to spend in fishing the very afternoon that might, for aught she knew, be the last of her life. Cool as she was, however, she had not been able, for all her watchfulness, to glean another scrap of information about the plot that she suspected, and her admiration for Laka had unwillingly risen a good deal. It was truly something to have mystified the Queen as the girl and her accomplices had done, and her Majesty did not underestimate the feat. She could only guess that open violence was improbable. With the British High Commissioner liable to come down upon the group and ask inconvenient questions, actual and tangible murder of an Englishman's daughter was not likely. Nor would the Lialians willingly face the vengeance of the King. Treachery was to be feared, but of what kind Vaiti had yet to discover.

And the sun was touching the horizon, and night was almost here—it might be her last night on Liali, or anywhere on earth.

Vaiti took out a cigar from the gold case inside the breast of her frock, and lit it as she marched along before the girls. Nothing helped one to think like tobacco.

There was a fine fire on the bank of the lagoon when they arrived. All the cousins of the maids to the tenth degree had come on from the town, with baskets of yams and sucking pig, taro, and dog, and shark, ready to make a great feast and enjoy a dance. No one approved of the Queen's design, but it was an excuse for a gathering and an entertainment, and any pretext for such is readily seized upon in Liali. The Mistress of the Robes, who was old and scant of breath, had dragged her skinny bare legs and pink and yellow satin gown all the way from the town, to see that the frivolous maids behaved themselves. The Prime Minister was there, with a bottle of gin (only the Cabinet, outside of the royal family, were allowed spirits by the laws of Liali); and the Clerk of the Town Council was there also, looking unaffectedly gloomy, but ready,

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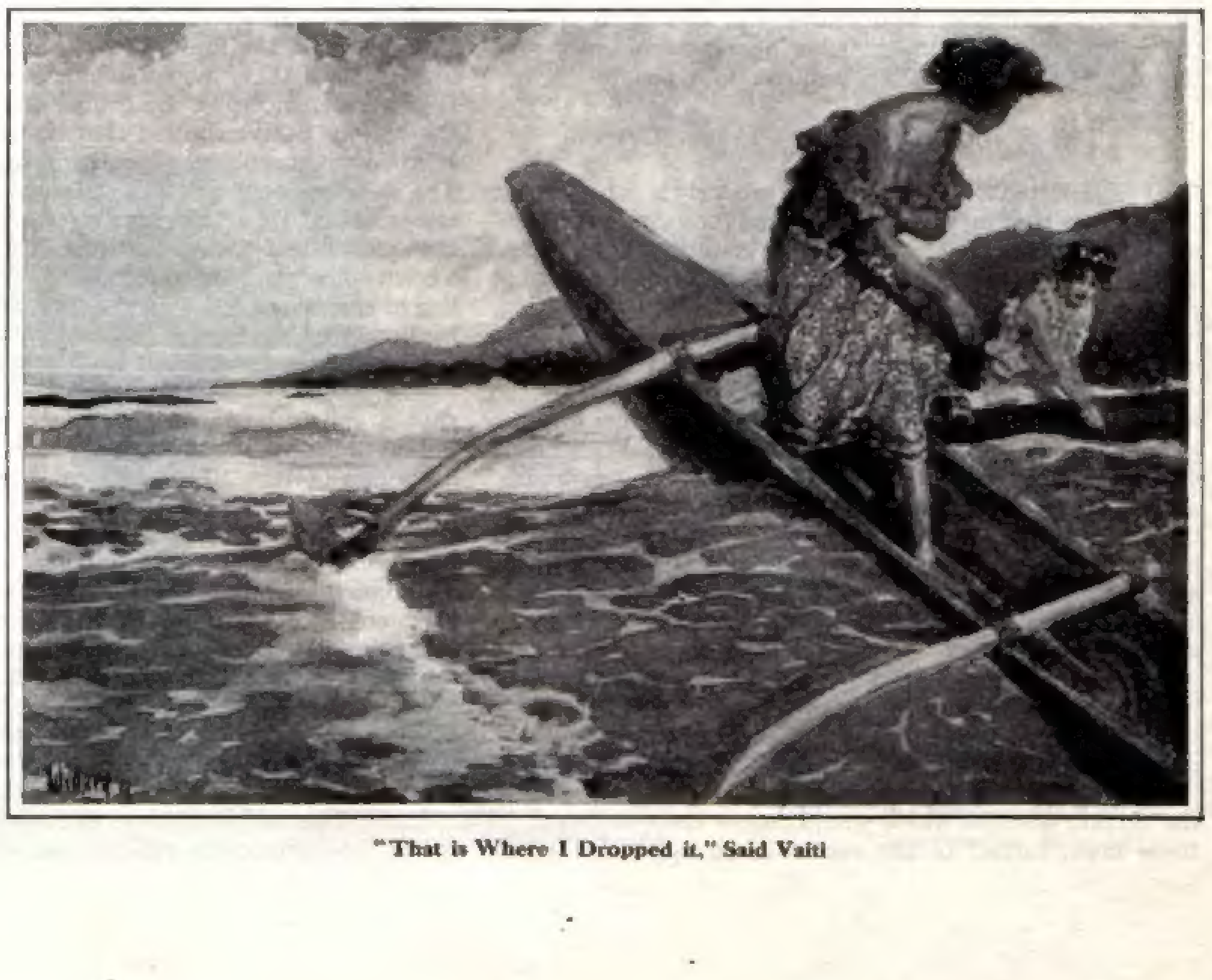
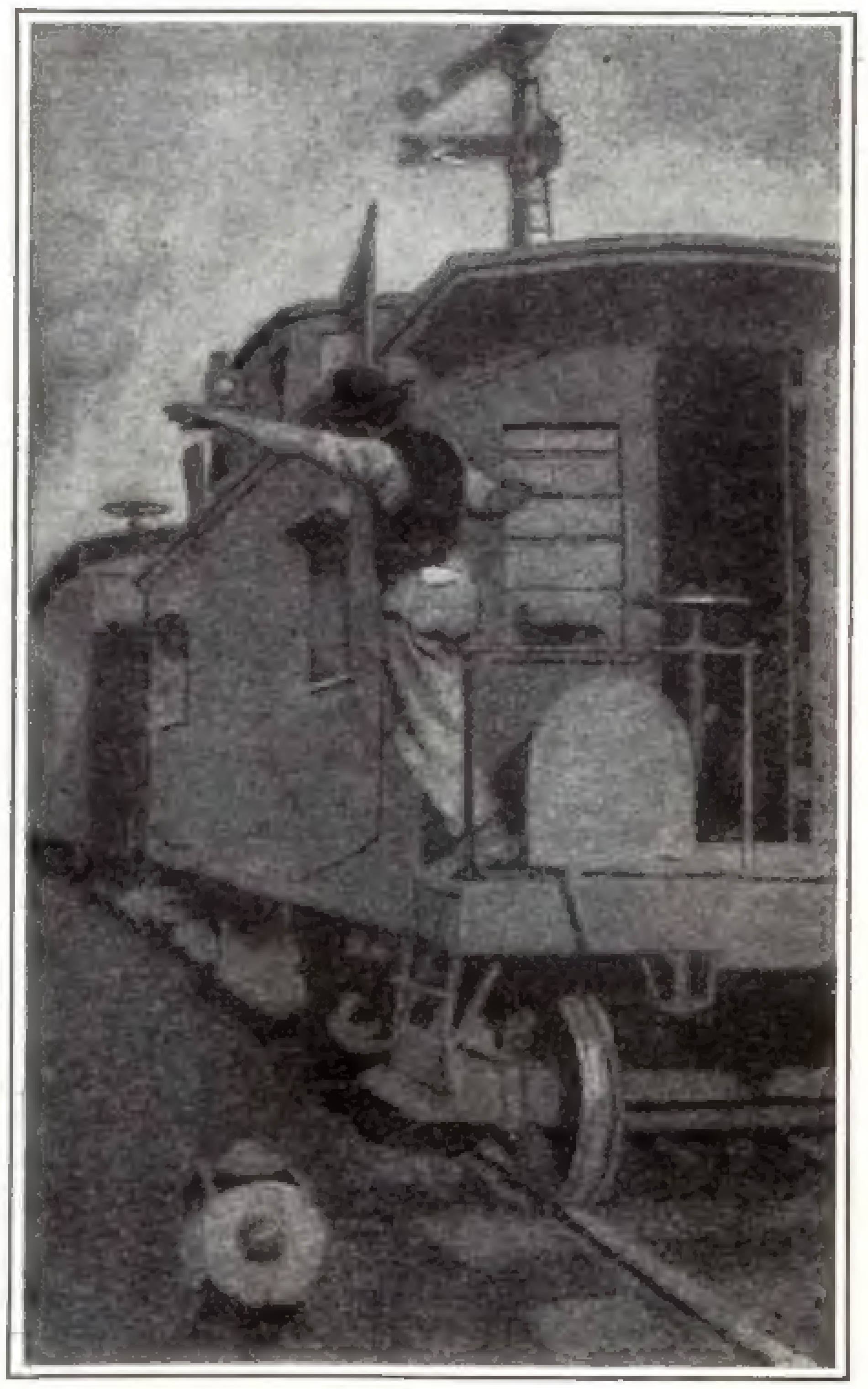


"That is Where I Dropped it," Said Vaiti

What Railroads Owe the People

By HERBERT S. HADLEY, Attorney-General of Missouri

DRAWN BY HUGH A. BODINE



SINCE men established an organized government and began to buy and sell for the sake of profit there has been a contest between the laws of business and the laws of man. As government became better organized and as commerce increased and became more complicated this contest has become more acute. The desire for gain in trade has never been entirely in accord with the laws that men have made as to how trade should be conducted. Business has wanted to establish its own rules for its own game. This contest has not always been due to the fact that the laws of trade are wrong and the laws of man are right. In many instances the laws of man have been an unwarranted interference with business methods and the rules of trade. But in the great majority of cases the laws of man are just and fair, because they are but an expression of the moral instincts of the period to which they apply. This contest has resulted in recent years from the efforts of executives, legislatures and courts to require the railroads to conduct their business in accordance with the obligations that the law imposes upon them.

The Fight Against the Granger Laws

TO UNDERSTAND this contest properly it is important to know that for nearly forty years following the beginning of railroad construction in this country, the railroads were allowed to carry on their business practically free from governmental regulation and control, and, in addition, received large gifts from the public of lands, of bonds and of money. And the charters that the railroad companies received from the States were practically dictated by the railroads themselves, free from any reservations or safeguards for the protection of the public interests. During that time, that which the people wanted was railroads, and they trusted to the future and to the railroads for fair treatment. But, in the Seventies, the excessive charges levied by the railroads for the transportation of persons and of property, and the indifferent attitude that those in charge of such interests assumed toward the public, created a public feeling which found expression in the laws of various States regulating freight and passenger charges, or creating administrative boards charged with the duty of fixing rates and with supervision and control of the operation of the roads.

The railroads, with the most doleful predictions as to the certain disaster which would follow the enactment of these laws, turned to the courts in an aggressive effort to have such laws declared unconstitutional. There was also a persistent effort on the part of the opponents of this legislation to make these laws appear as merely the result of the prejudices of rural communities by referring to them as "Granger laws." All of these efforts were unavailing, and the constitutionality of the laws was sustained in many decisions by the Supreme Court of the United States, and the predictions of disaster were fortunately discredited by subsequent events. The railroads adjusted themselves to the new conditions created by these laws, or by the persistency of opposition in the courts prevented their effective operation.

The agitation of this question in the various States found expression in 1886 in the enactment of the Interstate Commerce Law, against which the railroad officials again made loud protests and bold assertions of certain disaster to railroad interests in case the law was enacted and enforced. But the railroads again adjusted themselves to the new conditions created by this law, or resisted its enforcement by suits in the Federal courts; and the steady progress and development of the railroads of the country continued.

But questions of this nature are never settled until a correct solution has been secured. The railroad problem in this country is necessarily a technical and a difficult one. The people have been slow to understand it. But with increasing understanding has come an increased demand for legislation to secure the protection of the people's rights and the performance by the railroads of the obligations that the law imposes upon them. The work of the Interstate Commerce Commission, while not a failure, failed to realize the expectations of those who were responsible for its creation; and, in response to the insistent demand of President Roosevelt and the people, Congress took up the question of the enactment of such laws as would confer upon the Interstate Commerce Commission the needed additional powers to accomplish the full measure of its effectiveness. Against this proposed legislation the railroad officials again made violent outcry, and the testimony given during the summer of 1905 in the city of Washington by many of the leading railroad officials and experts of the country indicated that if such a law as was then advocated should be enacted, bankruptcy, and bankruptcy alone, would confront the railroad companies of the country. But Congress enacted the law, railroad construction and development continued unchecked, and the railroad officials now refer to that act as beneficent and proper legislation.

The People and the Railroads as Partners

BUT, by this legislation, the interest of the people in the railroad question increased rather than abated. The report of the Committee of Congress in 1886, which report resulted in the passage of the Interstate Commerce Law, disclosed that while there were many abuses and inequalities in interstate traffic, yet that the rates that were charged by the railroads for intrastate traffic, or traffic wholly within the limits of a State, were proportionately much higher than the rates charged in interstate traffic. Investigations during the course of the last few years by the various States showed that the same disproportion in railroad rates still existed after a lapse of twenty years. The debates incident to the passage of the Hepburn Bill also resulted in a fuller realization of the importance of the question of transportation. This question is always a controlling problem in commercial life. The great problem of commerce is the carrying of that which is produced by human labor from the place where it is of little or no value to the place where it is of larger value.

The people came to understand that when the law said that a railroad company was a common carrier and a public highway it meant something more than to apply descriptive terms. The people also remembered that they were, at least, silent partners in the railroad business by reason of the franchises they had granted and the investments they had made in the railroad properties themselves. The figures of reliable statisticians told them that of the thirteen billions of dollars of railroad properties in the country, the people had, through national, state and municipal governments, contributed over eight hundred millions of dollars in gifts of money, lands and bonds, and that a large portion of the capitalization of the railroads upon which they paid dividends or interest was based upon the franchises which the different States had granted.

In the Central West this record of donation, which established the partnership relation, showed a heavier balance upon the people's side of the ledger. The State of Missouri will serve as an example, although its case may perhaps be somewhat extreme. During the first period of railroad construction in that State from 1850 to 1860, the State, together with its counties and municipalities, contributed to the railroads approximately twenty millions of dollars, while private individuals contributed less than two millions.

All of these facts and conditions brought to the minds of the people a conviction that the railroad companies owed obligations to the public of a most solemn and binding nature, which had been indifferently and imperfectly performed; and so they busied themselves to see that men were elected to the legislatures of the various States who would vote for laws which would require the railroad companies to conduct their business with regard to the rights and convenience of the public, as well as the profit of the owners.

This demand for fair treatment from the railroads became the "paramount issue" of State politics. For the people had come to know from past experience that there is no question in public life that is more important than the question of transportation. For there is nothing that we eat; there is nothing that we wear; there is no part of the house that shelters us from the winter's cold or the summer's heat, of the building in which we transact our business or pursue our occupations, or of the tools or implements with which we labor, but that its cost is affected by a freight rate. No man makes a success or a failure of a business enterprise but that his success or his failure is determined, to a large extent, by the question of freight rates. Manifestly, it is through the railroads of the country that the life-blood of commerce flows; and experience has shown that the people cannot safely leave to those who control these great corporate enterprises, the right to fix the rates at which shall be carried from the producer to the consumer that which constitutes the commerce of the nation.

Trying to Regulate Passenger Rates

SECOND in actual importance to the question of freight rates, but first in importance in the minds of the people, was the question of passenger rates. That was a question that everybody could understand. The freight-rate problem was a technical one, with schedules and tariffs requiring the assistance of an expert before they were intelligible. Nearly a quarter of a century ago in the

States of the Central West the maximum rate of three cents a mile had become the established charge in the passenger traffic. The people came to know that, while during that time there had been an increase in the cost of material and in the cost of labor, there had also been an immense increase in the amount of travel and in the carrying capacity of the roads. They also came to know that a large portion of the passengers carried by the railroads were carried at much less than three cents a mile, and a considerable portion were carried free of charge. In addition to all of these facts, there was added a further realization that a railroad company was different from the ordinary business enterprise. That while men in ordinary business undertakings had the right to make as much profit as they could make by conducting their business along honorable and legal lines, in the case of a railroad company the law said the owners were entitled only to a reasonable return upon a fair valuation of their investment.

The result of all this was that the legislatures which met during the course of the last twelve months passed laws reducing railroad freight and passenger rates, and otherwise regulating the operation of the roads. And at this legislation the railroad managers of the country have raised a new cry of alarm, and it is charged that the responsibility for the inability of the railroads to borrow money and for the recent financial stringency rests, to a large degree at least, upon those who are responsible for this legislation.

It is important that this question should be fairly considered and investigated. No honest man wishes to see a law enacted which will do the railroad companies an injustice. No honest man connected with a railroad company should object to a law which will require the railroad company to do justice to the public. What, then, is the truth of this charge?

In a recent article by the chairman of the Board of Directors of the Rock Island and 'Frisco System, one of the largest systems of the country, the railroads' side of this controversy is ably stated and the legislatures of the different States severely criticised for what is there called "unfair and ill-considered legislation." While we should take this new cry of alarm with a certain degree of allowance, in view of the fact that former cries of "wolf" have been unfounded, yet it may be that there is at last a real danger.

It is stated that during the course of the last year 560 laws were enacted, affecting railroad companies in the fourteen States in which the 9067 miles of the 'Frisco and Rock Island System are located, and "that not one of these laws was calculated to increase railroad earnings or increase the ease and comfort of railroad operation; and very many of them were radical and unjust." It is impossible to consider, within the scope of this article, all these laws for the purpose of determining whether this general charge is true. But approximately one-fourth of the 9067 miles of this railroad system, and fully one-fourth of its $317,000,000 of investment, are located in the State of Missouri.

The Companies More Scared than Hurt

THAT State in its attitude toward the railroad companies will serve as a fair example of the States of the Central West. Missouri was the first State lying wholly west of the Mississippi to be admitted to the Union. While it has always been conservative in its tendencies, in recent years it has not been backward in the enactment and enforcement of laws for the correction of evils and abuses in public life and in our commercial and industrial affairs. While it can be said to possess some of the radicalism of the West, it also has some of the conservatism of the East.

In that State there were passed by the legislature in 1907 twenty-one laws affecting railroad companies. Of these, sixteen have been complied with by the railroads, and the enforcement of only five resisted in the courts. Of the five resisted, the railroads have been compelled to comply as yet with but one—the two-cent passenger rate law. Eleven of these laws were amendments to existing statutes and ten were new enactments. Three were simply declaratory of the common law already existing; three were for increasing the safety of travelers and employees by requiring roadbeds to be ditched, switch frogs to be blocked and automatic couplers to be used—methods already practiced by most of the roads. Two regulated bridge tolls; two fixed the period of demurrage more favorably for the railroad companies than the custom then in existence; two subjected railroads to the same liability as individuals for assessments for levies and special improvements; two fixed freight rates, and *one of these acts raised the rates and increased the earnings under a previous law.* One of the laws enacted was asked for by the railroad companies to simplify the procedure for the condemnation of land. Another required the railroad companies to furnish transportation to a caretaker for carload shipments of live stock, a humanitarian provision, the justness of which had been previously recognized by the railroads. One fixed passenger rates at two cents a mile; one made eight hours in a day of twenty-four a day's labor for a railroad telegraph operator; one required each road to operate daily passenger trains; one required the building of joint depots at crossings, and one sought to prevent the removal of lawsuits from the State to the Federal courts.

Not such a bad lot of laws, after all! It would probably have been as well if some of these laws had not been enacted; it would have been much worse, however, if none of them had been passed. At all events, no impartial judge would say that they do not make a fair average, and that they do not give a complete refutation to Mr. Yoakum's general indictment.

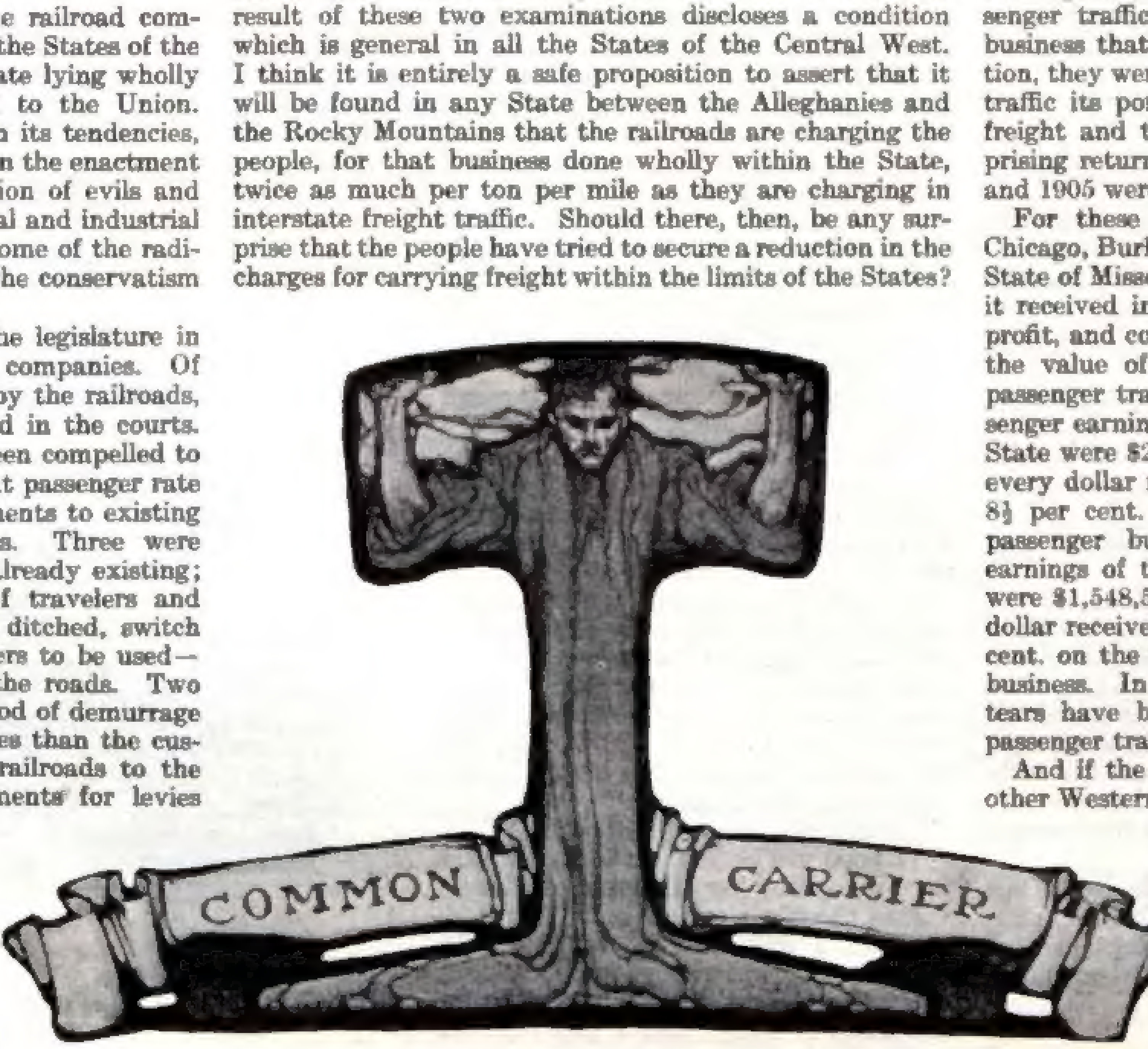
It is not unfair to say that these laws are a fair example of those which have been enacted in other States of the Central West, or, for that matter, in the entire country. And the enforcement of those laws which have been objected to by the railroad companies as unnecessary and unfair has been enjoined in the Federal courts or resisted in the State courts with the result that the railroads have not yet been affected thereby. It is difficult, therefore, to see how the railroads have suffered actual harm.

The Justification for Reducing Rates

IT IS contended, however, that these State laws reducing railroad freight and passenger rates indicate an unfair attitude on the part of the people toward the railroads, and that, therefore, it has been impossible for the railroads to borrow money to increase their mileage or to add to their equipment. If this is true it is unfortunate. But if the reductions in freight and passenger rates attempted to be secured by these State laws are justified, then it is better that those laws should have been enacted, whatever the result, than that the railroads should continue to impose unfair rates upon the people.

What, then, are the facts as to the treatment that the people of the several States have received from the railroads in the rates that have been charged for the transportation of persons and of property? For the sake of accuracy, reference will be made to certain facts developed during the course of the last year in the trial of the suits brought by the eighteen railroads doing business in the State of Missouri to enjoin the officers of that State from enforcing a maximum freight rate law passed in 1905. In that litigation it was shown, through an examination of the waybills of the Burlington Railroad Company for the month of September, 1906, that intrastate rates were twice as high as interstate rates; that for every 100 tons of freight that the Burlington Railroad carried one mile wholly within the limits of the State it received $1.70, and for every 100 tons of freight that it carried one mile across the State, or from another State into Missouri, or from Missouri into another State, it received only 82½ cents.

Similar investigations for the month of October of the waybills of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company disclosed the same disparity between intrastate and interstate rates. There is every reason to believe that the result of these two examinations discloses a condition which is general in all the States of the Central West. I think it is entirely a safe proposition to assert that it will be found in any State between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains that the railroads are charging the people, for that business done wholly within the State, twice as much per ton per mile as they are charging in interstate freight traffic. Should there, then, be any surprise that the people have tried to secure a reduction in the charges for carrying freight within the limits of the States?



The same disparity of rates has existed for years between the intrastate and the interstate passenger business. When residents of New York or Philadelphia have found it necessary to take a trip to St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver or Chicago, or when persons living in those Western cities have found it necessary to take a trip to the Atlantic Coast, they could make the trip in a car provided with every accommodation and luxury which would contribute to the safety and the convenience of travel. The trains in which they rode traveled faster than any others; the cars were much heavier and safer than the ordinary passenger coaches, and it was the exception for them to be occupied by as many as fifteen people; meals were served in an elegantly-appointed dining-car by specially trained waiters, and a menu presenting the most delicate viands was offered to tempt the appetite of the passenger. The cost of the operation of the train, for the coal, water, trainmen and in the wear and tear upon the track, was heavier than in the case of ordinary passenger trains; and yet passengers in such trains have for years been carried at an average charge of approximately two cents a mile, and frequently as low as a cent and a half a mile.

But, if the same men found it necessary to travel fifty or one hundred miles in their own States, they would doubtless find that the best accommodations they could secure would be to ride in a day coach, light in comparison with the cars of the through train, filled with the dust and the dirt and the smoke of travel, with no conveniences except such as were absolutely necessary, crowded in with some fifty to seventy-five other unfortunate passengers, and the train of which such a car was a part was operated more slowly than the through train and compelled to "take sidings" even for freights; and for such transportation the passengers were charged three cents a mile.

It would be idle for the railroads to contend that it does not cost more proportionately to carry on their interstate passenger business than it does to operate their local passenger trains. While it may be true, as contended by the railroad officials, that the two-cent fares, established by the legislatures of fifteen States during the course of the last year, have been fixed without intelligent investigation as to whether they would be compensatory to the roads, yet it is also true that in the contrast between the two classes of traffic to which I have referred the railroads have themselves furnished the public a demonstration of the reasonableness of the two-cent fare.

The Truth About Passenger Earnings

BUT this was not the only discrimination which was incident to the passenger traffic. Through a system of mileage and credential books the railroads have for years carried a large portion of their passengers at two cents a mile, and over one per cent. of their passengers have been carried free of charge. It has always been the claim of the railroad companies that their money is made in the freight business, and that their passenger traffic has been conducted with little, if any, profit. And yet, in the maximum freight-rate litigation in the State of Missouri, in which case the railroads were trying to establish the unreasonableness of a schedule of freight rates fixed by the legislature, their own figures showed that the passenger traffic had been by far the most remunerative business that they conducted. Of course, in that litigation, they were not conservative in assigning to the freight traffic its portion of the expenses common to both the freight and the passenger business. The following surprising returns in the passenger traffic in the years 1904 and 1905 were disclosed:

For these years the net passenger earnings of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company in the State of Missouri were $3,164,047.25. Out of every dollar it received in the passenger business it had 38 cents of profit, and could have paid a dividend of 11½ per cent. on the value of that portion of its property used in the passenger traffic. During the same period the net passenger earnings of the Wabash Railroad Company in the State were $2,517,849.98; it had 43 cents of profit out of every dollar received, and could have paid a dividend of 8½ per cent. on the value of its property used in the passenger business. During those two years the net earnings of the Missouri Pacific in its passenger traffic were $1,548,567.79; it made 26 cents profit out of every dollar received, enough to have paid a dividend of 5½ per cent. on the value of its property used in the passenger business. In the light of these figures, how many useless tears have been shed over the unprofitableness of the passenger traffic?

And if the Rock Island and 'Frisco Railroads and the other Western roads would strictly comply with the law of their creation and be common carriers in fact as well as in name, they would not have much reason to complain against the two-cent passenger rate laws. For the years ending June 30, 1905, and June 30, 1906, the average returns per passenger mile, throughout

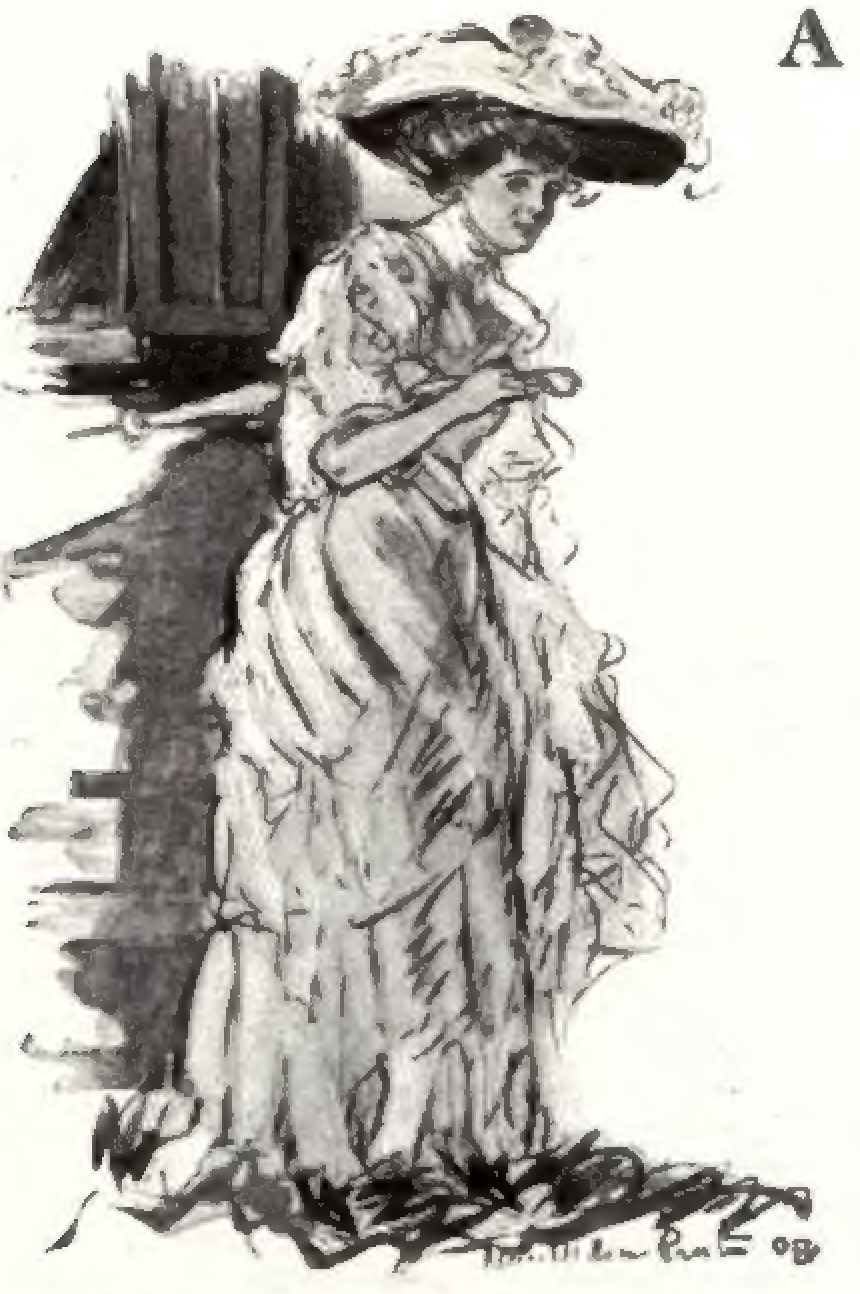
(Concluded on Page 29)

Sunshine for Uncle George

A Little Cloud With a Silver Lining

By Dorothea Deakin

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON



She Looked Like a White Camellia and She was Smiling to Herself

"DON'T you want to be a comfort to your poor Uncle George?" I asked sorrowfully.

"No," said Jane frankly; "not if it makes me uncomfortable, I don't."

She was balancing herself on the arm of the sofa, and one of her black curls had fallen into her eyes. She looked at me comically and shrewdly with her little head on one side, and I gave up in despair any attempt to put the thing to her on moral grounds.

"Jane," said I solemnly, "your Uncle George is rich beyond the dreams of avarice. You know he is. He is simply rolling."

Jane sniffed. "I do so enjoy my life, mother. If uncle's going to be allowed to make it a burden to me I shall hate him."

"Your education has been a great expense to us."

Jane flounced off to the window in disgust.

"Youth is the springtime of life," she said. "It says so in every book I've ever read. It's simply brutal of you and father. Here I am, young, pretty, fascinating ——"

"My dear," I said, shocked, "one doesn't talk about these things ——"

"I do," said she; "and besides, you know it's true. Why —why should I waste it all on Uncle George?"

"I am sure you'll enjoy your uncle's beautiful garden," I suggested diplomatically.

"Oh, mother, you *are* feeble. He'll go and expect me to take an intelligent interest in it. I know he will."

I looked up from my Mountmellick embroidery eagerly.

"But that's just what your father and I wish," I cried. "We want you to go and cheer your poor uncle up. Since Aunt Emily died he has been terribly lonely. And he *must* leave his money to some one, Jane; so why not to you? And for your father's sake—we're not nearly so comfortably off as we could wish. Your uncle doesn't care for us, but a little tactful affection from *you*—you can be winning enough, if you like. Dear Jane."

"I wish you wouldn't try to work on my feelings," said she in injured tones. "It isn't fair."

"There's your Cousin Milly," I pursued earnestly. "I saw her going in yesterday with an enormous bunch of roses. I don't suggest that you should take flowers to him, because, with his garden so full, it's like taking coals to Newcastle. He would very likely regard it merely as an insult; but just run in often, and be sunny and bright and sweet. Take an interest in the violets and the early peas. Amuse him with your happy, childish chatter ——"

Jane moved her foot hastily, and upset all the fireirons with a shrieking clatter.

"What unspeakably hateful pictures you do draw," she said. "If you think I mean to waste my life bringing sunshine into Uncle George's, you're jolly well mistaken. I don't want his horrid riches. If you'll only let me alone I'll marry money. I'd much rather."

"Jane!"

"One way's every bit as mercenary as the other," said she airily, "and not nearly as exciting. Now, mother, you're not going to cry? If you talk about the serpent's tooth I shall leave the room. It isn't fair. No, I'm not an ungrateful child. No, I sha'n't be sorry when it's too late. I've done nothing to be sorry for. Oh, all right, all right; I'll go to Uncle George's if only you won't cry over me. Yes, of course I love you. No, I haven't changed a bit, mother. I do wish you wouldn't misunderstand me so. Oh, Lord! I'll go and see Uncle George *now*."

She went out and slammed the door. I hastily dried my eyes and went on with the Mountmellick. Children may be a blessing, but there *are* moments ——

She didn't come in to tea. Her father and I had it alone and sadly missed the child's bright presence. What was home without pretty Jane?

When I told her father where she was he said: "I see. Any place better than her home. Well, it's what we must expect now, I suppose."

"We must let the child enjoy herself while she's young," I said with a sigh.

It was seven o'clock before she came in, glowing and excited, her dark eyes dancing, her cheeks pink. I was surprised, I confess, to see how happy she looked.

"We've had no end of a time," she cried. "I *am* glad I went."

I breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"Did you play at cribbage with your Uncle George?" I asked with interest. Her father looked surprised, too. You see, we both knew George so well.

Jane shook her head.

"Oh, I didn't see much of uncle," she cried. "He was having a nap till teatime, and, afterward, we got so interested in what we were doing we forgot him altogether."

"We?"

Jane giggled.

"Milly was there," she said. "And Gwennie Hall. *They'd* come to be a comfort to uncle, too. And, afterward, Ronald Lowe turned up. He didn't know I'd left school, and he was awfully glad he'd happened to drop in and help uncle with his chrysanthemums when his mother suggested it. It's the first time he's been, and he didn't like the idea much."

I sat up in alarm.

"Oh, Jane," I said, "I might have known that your uncle would be besieged by fortune-hunters, now that poor Emily has been taken."

"Flies around the jam," her father growled.

"I hope *you* weren't a worry to him."

"I didn't notice," said Jane doubtfully. "You know, mother, it's all very well to talk, but it isn't nearly as easy to be a comfort to uncle as you might think. Milly says, when she went in weeks ago, she meant to be a sweet little thing, and his golden-haired darling, and all the rest of it, but uncle was awfully standoffish from the first. When she sat on the arm of his chair, and leaned her fresh young cheek against his grizzled locks, he told her not to breathe in his ear because it tickled. You and father seem to have forgotten what Uncle George is really like."

"I expect your uncle sees through Milly," I said severely.

"Oh, it isn't only her. Gwen says she soon found out he wasn't going to look upon *her* as the light of his old eyes, either. He's not at all encouraging. I heard her ask him to let her read to him, just as if he'd been the deserving poor. I don't wonder he didn't let her. He said he'd got quite as much of Nature's music as he could manage with the corncrakes in the meadow and the frogs in the marsh. Poor Gwennie had meant it for the best, and she was quite crushed. She couldn't think of anything else to suggest."

I breathed a deep sigh of relief.

"I hope you let your uncle see that *you* were moved by very different motives."

Jane thought a minute.

"Well, I did, rather," she said. "I guessed that it was no good fussing around him, when I saw the mess Milly and Gwen had made of things, and I just left him alone and enjoyed myself. I made them all play hide-and-seek with me."

"What!" cried I. A horrible picture of her uncle's trim garden under these conditions floated into my mind.

"It *was* rather a good idea," said she modestly. "We pretended we weren't grown up, and had a ripping time. I don't believe uncle would have minded much, only I fell over a frame and broke off some weedy-looking things inside it, which were some of his most cherished seedlings; but I couldn't help it, could I?—and if he is cross he'll get over it."

"I am beginning to wish"—I rose in some agitation, and crossed the room to find the scissors—"that I had never suggested ——"

"Oh, but you wouldn't if you knew what a time I've had," Jane pursued, with a wicked side-glance at me. "Ronald and I found a splendid hiding-place behind the old summer-house, and they didn't find us for hours. I suppose we did make rather a noise while uncle was having his nap, but, I dare say, it cheered him up for all that, to hear our glad young voices in the summer air. Don't you think so, father?" But her father said grimly that he had his doubts, and wouldn't she better go and dress?

When she'd gone upstairs he told me, rather shortly, that he didn't think I'd better encourage her to drop in upon her uncle very often. He said he thought we'd better trust to the claims of blood and Uncle George's inherent sense of justice toward his only sister, but I couldn't feel any such confidence myself. If only Jane had been different.

"She shall not be asked to go again," I thought.

It was very wet the next morning, and she was late for breakfast. When she did come, all fresh and smiling in her new white muslin, I thought I'd never seen her prettier.

"Why not have worn an old dress on such a dreadful day," I suggested as she kissed me.

"Well, I thought of running round to Uncle George's," she said softly. "Poor Uncle George, I expect he'd like to see me in a pretty frock, don't you?"

"What!" In my agitation I nearly upset the coffee I was handing to her.

"Yes," said Jane. "Ronald's going, too. We're going to use the lower lawn for croquet. It's wasted on uncle."

"You'd better stay at home and help your mother." Her father put down his paper. I don't think he'd found the money market cheerful reading.

Jane looked up in surprise.

"Oh, father, why?"

"I won't have your Uncle George upset. That's why."

"But, father, we won't go near uncle if we can help it."

"Jane, dear," I said hurriedly, "you mustn't take such liberties with your uncle. I'm sure he won't like it."

"Oh, he'll bear up," said Jane indifferently. "It's time some one woke him up a bit."

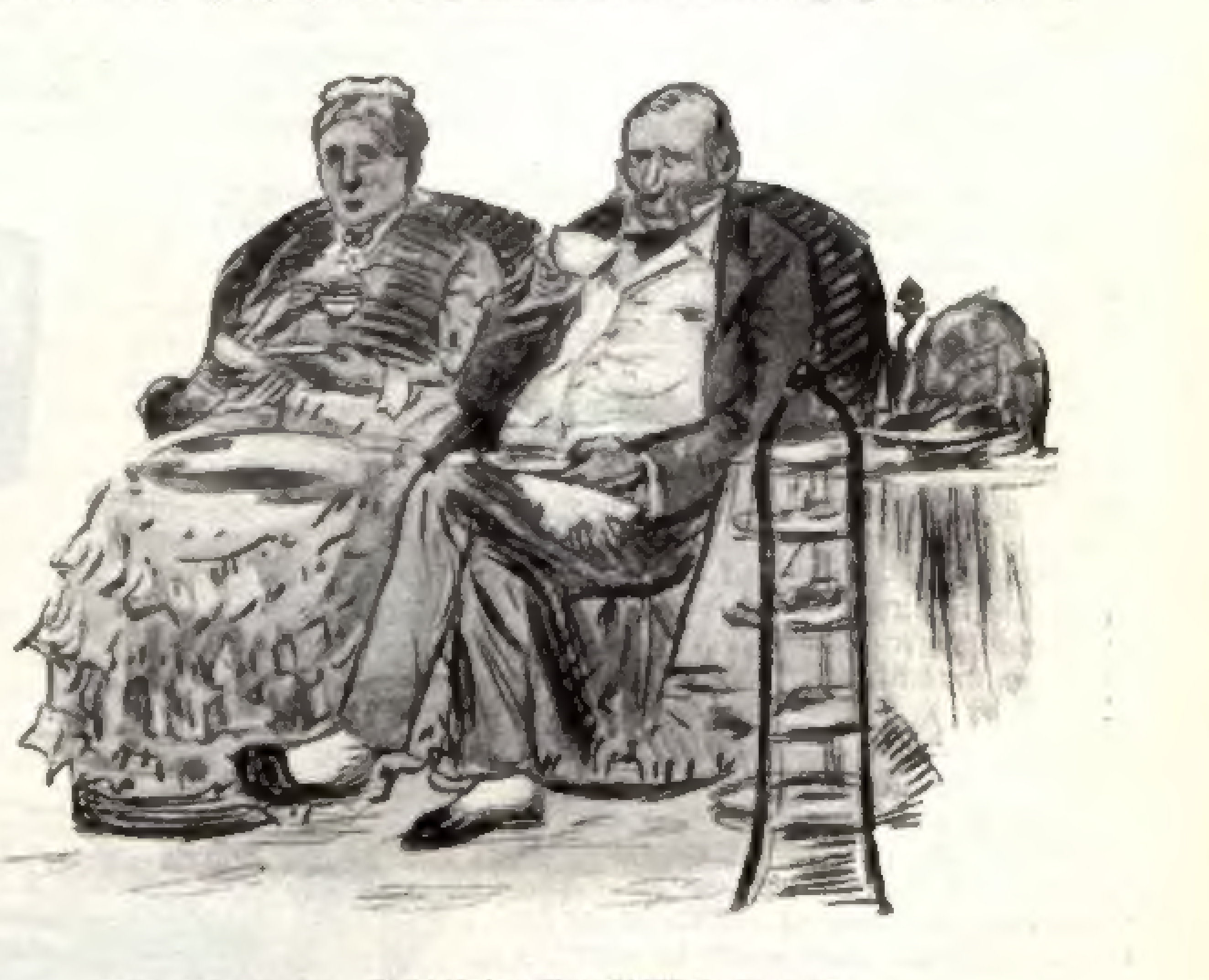
I gasped.

"You're not to go," said her father sharply. "And there's an end of it."

It wasn't—not with Jane.

"You'd better not go, dear," I said persuasively.

"There!" she broke in with injured tones, "it's just like you, mother, to persuade me to do a thing against my will,



"We Must Let the Child Enjoy Herself While She's Young," I Said with a Sigh and then blame me for it. You said you wanted me to run in and cheer uncle up very often, and I can't be cheerful unless I'm happy, and I *was* happy yesterday, very. Besides, I've promised Ronald."

"Ronald," said her father, "is the kind of young man your uncle most dislikes. He will never do any work. His one idea is amusement "

"So is mine," said Jane. "That's why we get on so well at uncle's. Gwen and Milly are going, too. We told uncle what we'd arranged, and he said that, as it was all settled, he supposed he'd got to put up with it. I shouldn't like to disappoint uncle. Father, you know what Uncle George is if you break an appointment ——"

"Oh, have your own way," said her father sharply. She always did.

"It's stopped raining, but you'd better put on a short skirt and thick boots," said I, as she left the room; "and don't forget your mackintosh, dear."

"Oh, would you?" said Jane in an uninterested tone, and I saw her, presently, go past the window, in the large white hat covered with pale hydrangeas, a chiffon parasol under her arm, and her full, long skirts lifted to show her little brown shoes. She looked like a white camellia, and she was smiling to herself with her little dark head on one side as usual.

She didn't appear again until dinnertime, and I wondered uneasily how George *could* have put up with that rackety crew the whole day. Jane looked tired but quite contented as she dropped into a chair.

"How is your poor uncle?" I inquired anxiously.

Jane considered for a moment. "I never thought of asking," she said. "He's rather cross about the frame, and I've avoided him ever since. Gwennie's been hanging about him all day and trying to be a little ray of sunshine to him. We ordered lunch on the veranda, and when uncle came in and saw it he said he wasn't fond of picnics, and so he had his alone in the dining-room. It seemed a pity, and Gwennie thought of what her mother had said and took hers in and had it with him, but he only told her what a bad habit it was to drink with her meals and asked her who'd brought her up to bolt her food. She was nearly crying, but we cheered her up afterward when uncle was having his nap. Ronald made a seesaw on an old tub we found lying about, and we *did* have a time. Uncle's nap was over sooner than usual owing to the way I couldn't help screaming when the tub broke. It turned out to be rather an important tub, but it was a rotten old thing, anyhow."

"Jane!"

"I'm afraid uncle isn't going to take to me," said she thoughtfully. "But he seems to like Milly better to-day. He was so nice to her at teatime that she got quite talkative with him and even made jokes. I never dare joke with Uncle George. She asked him if he wouldn't like to adopt her to be a comfort to him in his old age; she never *had* been satisfied with the parents God gave her, she said."

"How dreadfully Clara has brought up that child!" I said in horror.

"Yes, that's what Milly thinks," Jane admitted cheerfully. "And uncle thinks so too. But he said he hadn't thought of adopting any one. He'd been brought up to do without luxuries, he said."

I breathed a deep sigh of relief. I think it would have broken *my* heart if George had taken one of Clara's children to *his*. That little pale, anæmic Milly, and Jane there with her face like a June rose.

Jane went every day after that. I couldn't stop her, neither could her father, and we hadn't a glimmering of the awful truth until the blow fell. We were uneasy all the time, but, of course, we were simply astounded, thunderstruck, when Jane came in one day a fortnight later and told us she was engaged to be married to her penniless Cousin Ronald.

I shall never forget her father's face. I simply sat down and cried. Jane didn't cry—she stared at us sulkily; and the end of it was that she was locked up in her bedroom on bread and water. I am afraid we ought to have remembered sooner than we did that she was grown up, but think of it! Ronald had no money, no application, and not even expectations from his Uncle George. It was outrageous.

With Jane's beauty she might marry *any one.* And now she had by her willfulness not only shocked and disgusted her Uncle George, but had endangered her own future. I went upstairs that evening and knocked at her door. There were a few things I wanted to say to her, but she was still sulking and did not answer. I thought, perhaps, she *was* better left alone, after all. The next morning I took up her breakfast myself and unlocked the door nervously, composing my features severely to what I ought to feel. But I needn't have troubled. Her dinner of bread and water lay untasted on the tray, the bed was unslept in; Jane had disappeared. The window was wide open, and a knotted rope, made of strips of my best linen sheets, hung from the one iron bar which still stood there, a relic of the days when the room was Jane's nursery. She had climbed down the pear tree. With an inspiration I rushed to the pincushion and found a little note:

> *Dear Mother:* I have gone to my only friend.
>
> JANE.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. I abandoned my first idea of hysterics and flew down to the wretched girl's father, and we tore our hair together over our only child's parting words.

"Order the dogcart!" said my husband wildly. "I must go first to the young scoundrel's parents to see if *they* have any clew ——"

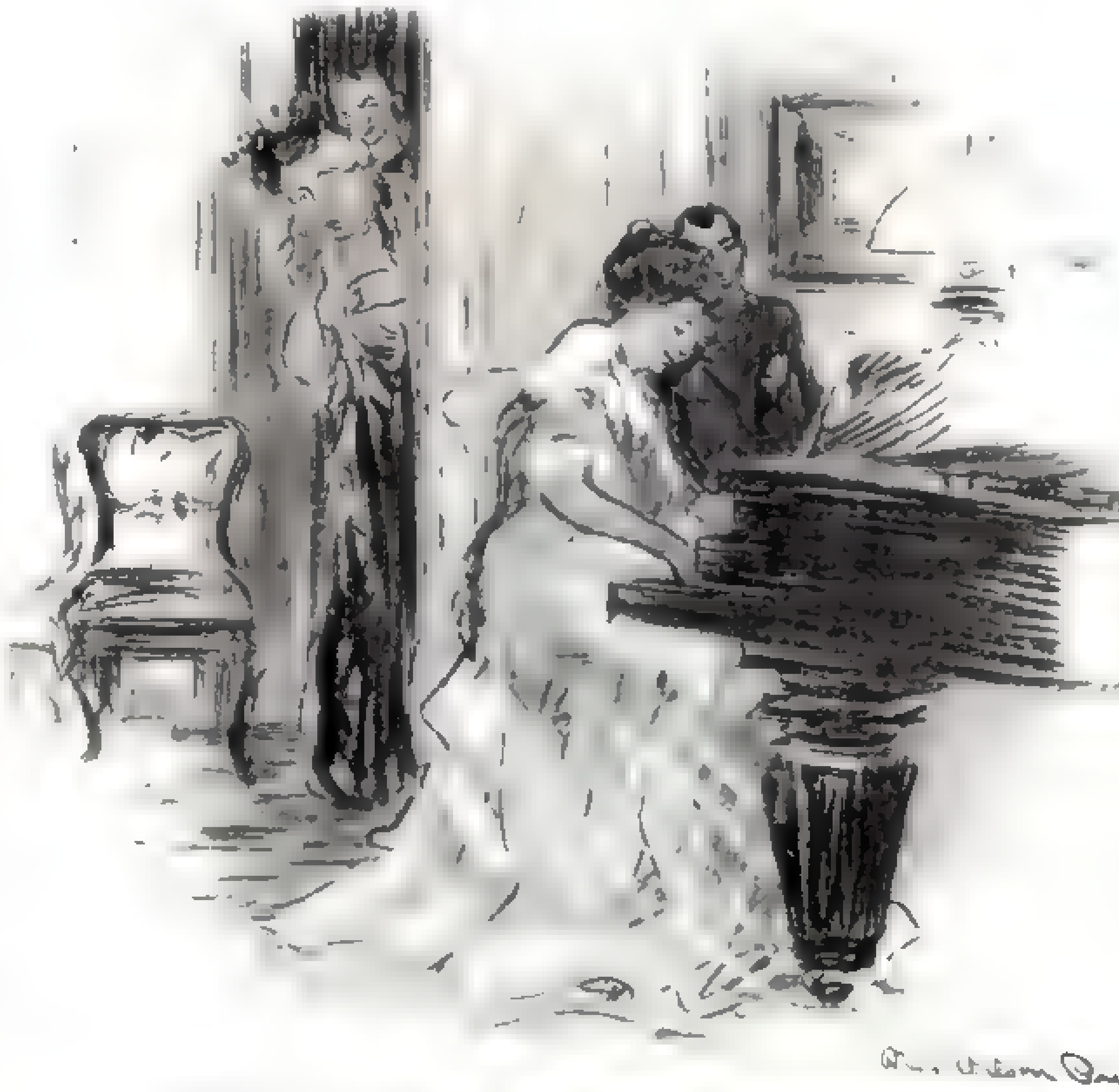
"I'll go, too," cried I with a sob, and rushed up to dress.

At the end of a two-mile ride the sight of Ronald's mother quietly weeding her rose-bed was a further outrage.

"Where is your son?" I asked harshly.

Kate took off a gardening glove and looked surprised.

"Ronnie?" she said. "I don't know. He was in to lunch yesterday, but I haven't seen him since. He often stays the night with his friends without telling us. We just leave the door open."



My Horror at the Sight Almost Swamped My Relief at Finding Her Safe

Jane's distracted father lashed the pony and turned the dogcart on one wheel. At least it felt like it, and, in another minute, we were tearing down the road to the nearest station. I told my husband freely what I thought of the way Kate brought up her children, and then relapsed into heartbroken silence.

At the station I held the reins while James went and inquired, and I could have fainted when I saw his face as he came out.

"They've not been here," said he. "We must try Malinder. I've wired to every one I can think of. We'll drive at once to Malinder."

Malinder is five miles away, and the pony had been out at grass. It seemed like a hundred years before we finally got there, and then it was only to hear the same baffling story.

"If her uncle finds out," I said blankly, abandoning all wish to comfort James, "he'll cut us all off with a shilling."

"I consider your brother George entirely responsible for this disaster," my husband remarked savagely. "I wish I could afford to tell him so."

"There may be a wire waiting for us at home."

There was. There were, in fact, several wires, each and all disclaiming any knowledge of our Jane's movements. And what could we do now?

"I shall have to go around and tell George," I suggested miserably. "He's my only brother and he ought to help me now."

It was a desperate resolve, but I could not, dare not, sit down and face my husband for the rest of that terrible day. And at least, I thought, when George knew, it couldn't make him angrier with Jane than he must be already, and it would certainly lessen any chances Ronald Lowe might have.

I trembled as I walked up the drive, and was astonished to notice that the hall door stood wide open. Such a thing had never happened in poor Emily's time. As I waited I heard a shriek from the other side of the house, and a giggle; this giggle I knew well, of my niece Gwen. She and Milly were here, then. The parlor-maid, who answered to my ring, came smiling down the hall. I had never before seen a smile in my brother George's house. I looked around the drawing-room, always before so stuffy and shabby, and nearly sank to the ground. It was full of flowers. Every table, the sacred polished surface of the piano, the window-ledges, even all poor Emily's elegant what-nots, were covered with bowls and jugs and glasses of flowers—roses, sweet peas, single sunflowers, mignonette. The fustiness was gone, the windows wide open, and I heard in the distance another shriek from Milly, another giggle from Gwen.

"Poor George," I said, and trembled again as I heard his step in the hall.

He kissed me lightly on the forehead and told me that my hat was on one side. I broke into a sudden sob at this unexpected mark of affection.

"What on earth is the matter with the woman?" George has a round red face and a hard blue eye. He has been selfish and unsympathetic all his life. I might have expected this.

"I came ——" I faltered. "I came to speak to you about poor Jane."

He sat down heavily.

"Um!" he said; "come to apologize, have you?"

"Dear brother," I said, "Jane has been a naughty, naughty girl, but we must forgive her now."

"Why *now?*" said he gruffly. "Hope it's been a convenience to you, sending her over here morning, noon and night?"

"No, indeed," I cried, "we have missed the child more than I can say. But she *would* come. Wild horses wouldn't keep her away from her Uncle George. She—she's so fond of you." I thought I might as well put in a word for the wretched girl while I could.

"Oh, is she?" said her uncle meaningly. "She's a precious queer way of showing it, then. She came here and behaved as if the house and garden were her own. She not only ignored *me* and corrupted the servants, but she absolutely spoiled her nice, little, well-behaved cousins. She made a bear garden of the place. She's broken two frames and trodden down ever so many young plants looking for her confounded croquet balls. She's torn off the roses instead of cutting them. Look at this room! She's taken the polish off all Emily's tables. She's given me neuralgia and lumbago and sciatica and influenza and chilblains with her passion for fresh air. She drags me into her games now. Me! Hide-and-seek and croquet and every damn thing. I've never seen a more badly brought-up child in my life. Bless me, woman, don't cry!"

I dried my eyes and looked up.

"George," I said, "the child is lost to us now. Whatever her faults may have been ——"

"Lost!" said Uncle George with a heartless stare. "What the devil do you mean?"

"Last night," said I in heartbroken tones, "she eloped with her Cousin Ronald. God knows where they are now."

George had risen from his seat—now he sat down again heavily and the chair cracked. I heard it. Then he burst into a roar of laughter.

"So do I," said he. "They're in here."

I rose unsteadily. "Oh, George—what—what?"

"Come here," said he. He took me across the hall to the library. "Look," said he. "And don't sniffle, if you can help it. I don't want to disturb them."

I gasped. My horror at the sight almost swamped my relief at finding her safe.

They were both sitting on the piano stool. She was softly playing, and he was singing in a low voice. Her head was on his shoulder, and the words of the song sank in my ears like a knell.

"My pretty Jane, my dearest Jane,
Ah, wherefore look so shy?
But meet, oh, meet me in the evening ——"

Her uncle shut the door again softly, and I followed him in speechless dismay back to the drawing-room.

"A pretty pair," said he grimly as he shut the door.

"I can't tell you how bitterly ashamed ——" I began.

"Stuff!" said George. "Sit down and listen to me. I want to talk to you. I wish to tell you that six months

(Continued on Page 28)

JACK SPURLOCK—PRODIGAL

In Which the Prodigal Gets a Job

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

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Dear Uncle Bill:

The morning after our visit to Handy's I was rudely disturbed by a blow in the face and a cry of "Hey, youse in dere, wake up!" Naturally, I woke up, and woke up mad; for a bellboy and a district messenger were grinning at me over the transom, and preparing to hurl another shoe after the one which had just glanced off my face. I said something strong and hasty to them.

"We t'ought youse was doped," the bellboy explained cheerfully, as he prepared to jump from the doorknob to the floor. "We tried paper balls before we trun the shoe, an' youse brushed 'em off as if de flies boddered youse."

I jumped out of bed and looked into the Major's room, but it was empty. "Why the deuce has the old fellow skipped out and left me to sleep all day?" I thought crossly, as I unlocked the door to admit the messenger, for there was that undefinable something in the air which tells one that the whole world has been hard at work for hours.

"What time is it?" I asked of the messenger, as he shoved a note at me.

"Twelve-thoity, boss, an' gettin' later," he grinned.

I growled and glanced at the note. It was addressed to me in the Major's handwriting.

"Where did you get this?" I demanded, a sharp and thoroughly unworthy suspicion flashing through my brain as I thought of our winning of the night before and of the Major's unaccountable disappearance without awakening me. For we had a clear understanding that I was not to be trusted until after I had had my bath, and that all pleas and promises that I would get up "in just a minute," no matter how plausible, were to be disregarded.

"From a chesty old guy in de Battery Loan and Trust," the boy returned.

"Did he want an answer?"

"Nope; he asked if I could carry a message to Garcia, an' when I said sure, he didn't give me none—just de horse laugh an' a letter to youse."

I dug up the quarter that the boy was lingering for and sat down on the edge of the bed to read the letter. As I unfolded it a slip of paper fluttered to the floor. It was a check for $9900, drawn to my order on the Battery Loan and Trust.

"My dear Jack," the Major wrote. "Not since I said good-by to my old commander, the gallant and universally-beloved Buckner, have I faced a situation which caused me so much sorrow, but I am afraid that we have reached the parting of the ways. For some time I have suspected that you were nearer kin to Mr. Jonas Spurlock than you admitted, and yesterday, after our accidental meeting with him, I confirmed this suspicion. Now, my dear boy, your father is prepared to forgive you if you will go to him in the proper spirit, and it would be the sheerest folly for you either to continue this unfortunate quarrel or your association with me, for after a night's reflection I am reluctantly forced to the conclusion that I am not, perhaps, the safest guide for a young man during his plastic and formative years, especially for one who will sooner or later be called to shoulder responsibilities with which I have had no experience. It would be superfluous for me to hint to one so resourceful as yourself that it might influence your father favorably if you would show him this check for your half of our earnings, and intimate that it represents savings from fortunate business speculations, made during the period of your regrettable separation from him. Of course, I would not counsel you to deceive your father, for I have always strongly urged the importance of perfect confidence between parent and child; but, at worst, this is only a justifiable stratagem, such as the complexities of modern business life compel our leaders of finance to practice every day, and it would give Mr. Spurlock a respect for your business abilities which, I fear, he does not at present entertain.

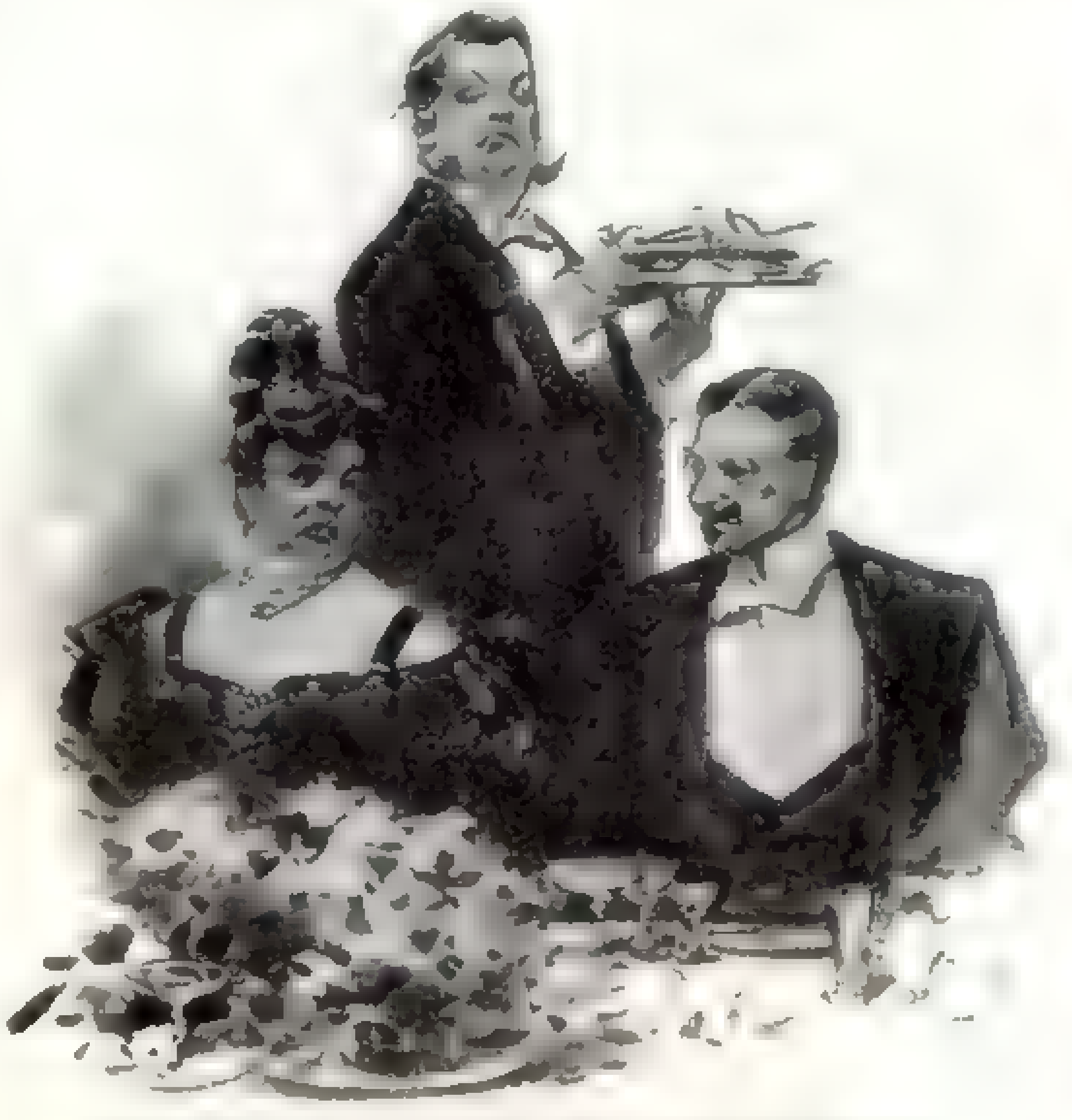
"And now, my dear Jack, you are called to a great position, in which, I know, you will use your opportunities wisely. From that little Sabine farm in Kentucky, to which I propose shortly to retire, there to spend my declining years in improving, so far as my humble means will permit, that noblest of God's animals, the trotting horse, I shall watch your career with pride and satisfaction. And I shall always look back on the months which we have spent together as the happiest of an old fellow's life. Knowing how quixotic you are, and how easily I yield to specious representations when my affections are concerned, I write, instead of saying, Good-by and God bless you.

"Yours to command,
"GEORGE MAGOFFIN JACKSON,
"*Lately Major C. S. A.*

"P. S.—I have paid the hotel and slipped a hundred-dollar bill in your vest pocket, the balance of your ten thousand. Your clothes came from the East Shore this morning, and are checked downstairs. With them I received a note from Miss Lynn, saying that when those Maryland mudsills returned to the church, after their scoundrelly and dastardly treatment of us, Miss Roby had taken alarm and refused to go on with the wedding. So at least we were able to save that charming woman from the clutches of an infamous and blackguardly hound."

"The dear old damn fool" were the only words that came to express my feelings as I finished, but these seemed to cover the situation so adequately that I repeated them. Then I verified the hundred-dollar bill and sat down to write an answer.

"You blithering old idiot," I began. "If you are mine to command, I command you to come back to the hotel instantly, for if you're caught wandering the streets in your present condition you'll land in the psychopathic ward. And if I went to father and showed him all that money, he'd simply think I'd added crime to incompetence; besides, not a penny of it belongs to me. I'm going to get a job, and then I'll go to the Governor and eat dirt or Wiener wurst or any other symbol of abasement; but, until then, stop butting into my family affairs, and don't shake your old college friend, JACK."



Lord Strathmore's Old Butler Passed the *Poulet Rôti* as if He Were Handing Around a Platter of Insults

That addressed, I jumped into my clothes and hurried down to the Battery Loan and Trust. There I indorsed the check back to the Major and deposited it to his account. I don't know that I'd have had the courage to give it up if it had been currency, but that's the beauty of a check—it doesn't seem like real money. My letter I persuaded the paying teller to hold for the Major, knowing that he was likely to see the old fellow often.

For three days afterward I haunted the hotel lobbies and that magic mile of Broadway where, according to the Major, one could always meet the man that one wanted, but neither there nor at the bank did I meet mine. The Major had not been back, and so he had not received my letter. Then, one noontime, as I was turning out of Wall Street into Broadway, a familiar voice boomed out just ahead of me. "You should be proud of that boy, suh!" it was saying. "He is an honah to the name. And sharp! Why, suh, he has a perfect genius fo' finance! To my own knowledge, suh, just in one transaction, and startin' with an exceedin'ly moderate capital, he cleaned up ten thousand dollars!"

"What was the transaction and where did he get the capital?" another familiar voice asked dryly.

"Where did he get the capital, suh? Where did he get the blank capital?" the Major thundered, evidently casting around in his mind for a suitable place. "Why, suh, he got that capital by husbandin' his resou'ces, by—er—denyin' himself the luxuries and comfo'ts; yes, suh, the dashed little comfo'ts to which he had been accustomed. It would have made yo' heart bleed if you could have seen that po' boy, as I have seen him, scrimpin' and starvin' and savin'——"

"Yes, yes," the Governor broke in impatiently, "and a fine thing for him, too! But how was he earning the money he was saving?"

I trembled for the Major, knowing how little used he was to being asked or to answering impertinent questions; but he replied, with a fine mingling of delicacy and discretion in his tone:

"That, suh, is something I am not at liberty to tell without violatin' a—er—sacred confidence. Yo' son, suh, at partin' from me, asked that I leave the relation of these—er—er—intimate personal details to himself. A quite pardonable, little filial vanity, suh! I can only assure you that every blank dollar of his modest competence was acquired in ways that reflect the highest credit on both his mind and his heart," and then the Governor and the Major, arm in arm, swung aside and into the Café Savarin.

I knew, of course, that the Major must have gone to the Governor with news of me, but I was astounded at this evidence that such cordial relations existed between the ill-assorted pair.

If it hadn't been for those fool remarks of the Major's, I should have followed them into the café, but all his bombast about that modest competence, which I was no longer able to produce as proof of my business prowess, had erected a new barrier between the Governor and me, at least so it seemed to that distorted vision on one's affairs which comes with hard luck. For when a fellow's down, he's apt to lose his real pride and to acquire an imitation, which makes him abnormally sensitive about a lot of things for which nobody else cares a hoot. Big troubles unite, little ones divide a family.

I took myself off down Broadway to a modest restaurant, and there, while the waiter was getting my order, I resumed my regular occupation of looking through the want ads. for one that didn't want me to meet dashing, brunette widow for mutual improvement; or that didn't offer light, congenial work, provided I bought a ten-dollar outfit; or that didn't insist on my investing a thousand in the business, purely as a guarantee of good faith and that I was a sucker. Finally, among the educational items I struck this:

WANTED, a Harvard graduate of good manners and address, with experience in tutoring, to prepare bright, but backward, youth for Harvard. Call to-day at 2 P. M., at office of R. M. Bonsall, Equitable Life Building.

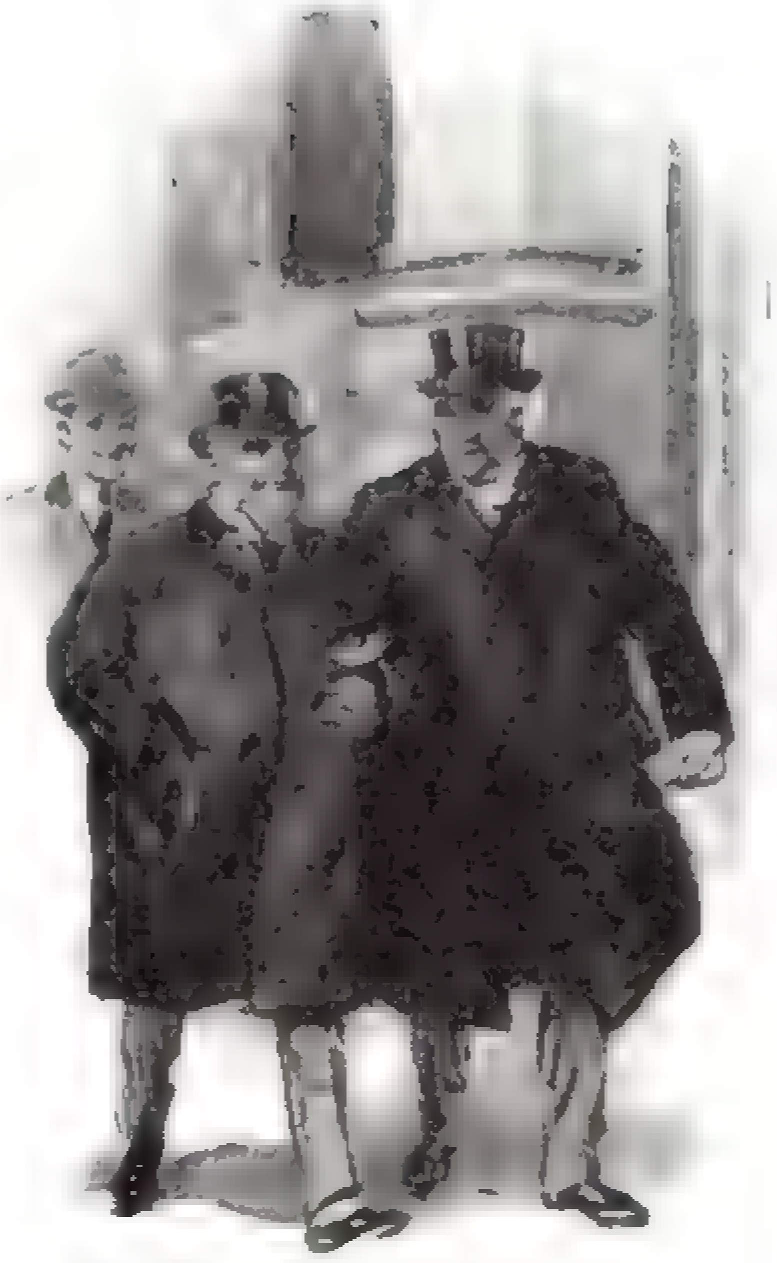
"Harvard graduate of good manners and address," I repeated. "That's me. I've had experience in toots and tutoring, the latter as a natural sequence to the former. And he can't be too backward in his studies to suit me. This is where I become Professor Spurlock," and, hastily swallowing my luncheon, I put for the Equitable Building, as it was already getting on toward two.

R. M. Bonsall was a broker, and, judging from the size and splendor of his offices and the dejected appearance of those hanging around them, a prosperous one. When I stated the nature of my errand a clerk showed me into a private room, where half a dozen pear-headed young men were waiting. They looked so all-fired intellectual that I was discouraged for a moment. Then I cheered up. I saw that if they had me stung on culture, I had them buffaloed on address, for they all seemed scared and ill at ease. Not having anything to lose, I didn't see why I should be afraid of losing it.

One by one they were passed into a mysterious inner room, and, apparently, dropped through a trapdoor into the safety deposit vaults below, for none of them returned. As the latest comer I was ushered into the presence last.

I was received by a woman—not Mr. Bonsall, as I had expected—a large woman, with easy-chair curves, thickly cushioned and richly upholstered in green. She was standing when I entered the room, and she greeted me in the tone of one who is afraid that if she isn't very loud and determined when she orders the servants to do anything, they may tell her to do it herself. She was evidently on the way up from the kitchen, and not quite parlor-broke yet; for upstairs the voice of authority is low. So I greeted her with the young prince manner and handed her the high shake. She struck back gamely, if a little blindly, but I knew that I had her cowed and that the job was mine, quite regardless of where I stood on the *pons asinorum*. Take it all in all, she was as perfect a specimen of the new rich as one could find in a year's botanizing at the Waldorf

Of course, the Governor and I are so new that the paint comes off when you touch us, but he's rather proud of his blacksmith father, and I'm reconciled, because, as he pointed out to me once when I was asking questions with a view to blaming our family on William the Conqueror, though grandpa's face did get a little brunette from his work at the forge, it might have been worse—he might have been a coon. The Governor had always dismissed society as rot, but because he had a love of real comfort and simplicity, and a talent for picking and attaching capable people to him, I was not long in finding out, after we came to New York and I had been around a little, that we were living like the descendants of a hundred earls—and probably a hanged sight better than if ninety-nine sporty old three-bottle ancestors, with a genius for throwing deuces and picking also-rans, had had a hack at the estates first.



"It Would Have Made Yo' Heart Bleed if You Could Have Seen that Po' Boy, Scrimpin' and Starvin' and Savin'"

I never could understand why so many of the new rich have such a passion for getting servants who hate to associate with them. But they never feel perfectly happy until they have hired the sometime coachman of the Astors to sit on their box, with his nose uptilted as if he were driving a bad smell. And I've dined with them when Lord Strathmore's old butler passed the *poulet rôti* as if he were handing around a platter of insults, and, simply by the moral force of his superior manner, had every one talking in their most refined tones on topics which they fondly hoped were meet for ears that once had listened to the conversation of an earl. Whenever I'd spring a bully new one they'd only smile in a shocked, uneasy way, as if to warn me that the butler was present.

Mrs. Bonsall was right off that bolt, and as soon as her snobbish soul grasped the fact that I could give the high shake with just the right degree of languid interest in the performance, her questions about my educational qualifications became perfunctory. And when I concluded a modest statement of my virtues with a significant pause, implying that there were a lot of perfectly bully things about myself which I could tell her, if I were the sort of man who could do anything that was in such bad taste, she almost reached for me. Then I added delicately: "Of course, there are a great many things besides books that a young man who will occupy your son's social position at Harvard should know," and it was all over but the references. In fact, she forgot to ask for them, but, as I was rising to leave, I thought it wise to say:

"And, oh! I'd almost forgotten. I've been traveling lately with Major Jackson as a sort of companion and all that kind of thing—the Kentucky Jacksons, you know."

She didn't, but she nodded eagerly, for I said it in that of-course-everybody-knows-the-Kentucky-Jacksons tone.

"He's out of town for a few days," I continued, "but a letter in the care of his bankers will find him." And then I left, engaged at sixty dollars a month, and under instructions to report at Mrs. Bonsall's Long Island country place the following morning.

When I got back to the hotel I addressed a letter to the Major in the care of the bank, telling him about my new job and begging him to turn loose all his adjectives on Mrs. Bonsall if she wrote him for a reference. With what remained of my hundred dollars I paid my hotel bill and withdrew another installment of my wardrobe from the moth balls of Israel.

Chiddingston Manor, the Bonsall country place, at which I duly reported next morning, was in the Hempstead district of Long Island. It was a large Tudor house, with a Louis-Quinze terrace out front and an Italian pergola leading to an Indian temple out back. There were stables and garages, and dairies and henneries, and conservatories and graperies, and shrubberies and nurseries, with English sundials and French statuary scattered tastily through the grounds, not to mention a Dutch windmill, an Italian well, and a bronze fountain which looked as if it might have been erected to the memory of the brave boys who fell at Appomattox.

Inside, it was like one of those ideal sections of fossiliferous strata from which one can gather the age and previous condition of our little planet. Most American houses tell their owners' stories in just the same way. The lower floor, or flush time deposit in the Bonsall mansion, was a decorator's dream of an order to go as far as he liked, just so the money showed. The result was as perfect an example of the begilt, the bedizened and the begosh school of decoration as I have ever seen. Everything was new, even the things which looked old, and everything was as overdone as a soubrette taking supper at Rector's, from the walls, which were hung in heavy, figured stuffs, to the tortured and tapestried furniture. Mrs. Bonsall explained to me later that the decorator had robbed Europe of its treasures for the house, and I answered—to myself—that he deserved twenty years for it.

The second floor was furnished from the city house which the Bonsalls had occupied just before the big bulge in Southern Pacific landed them on top, and everything there was as shiny and plushy as bad taste can demand and a cheap department store supply. My own room, on the third floor, dated back to their Harlem-flat period, and it was an installment plan outrage.

Outside, the place was a combination of public park and zoo; inside, it was a combination of hotel and hell. There was a little of everything in the world on that two hundred acres except comfort and good taste. It had been dedicated to its owners' vanity in having things that other people couldn't afford, and they had them.

One felt instinctively that no one had ever been born or had ever died in the house; that no self-respecting person ever would consent to be born or to die in it. One knew that the only keen joys which people who would live there could feel would be over winnings; the only bitter griefs over losses.

From Mrs. Bonsall's manner of receiving me I saw that she was determined to put me in my proper place right at the start, but, when she explained in her most determined manner that I was to act as a sort of household secretary, in addition to my work as tutor, I foiled her by being as humble as a poor relation, instead of saying, as she had evidently expected, that "I wasn't hired to do all them works." Mrs. Bonsall wouldn't keep a housekeeper, and she couldn't keep her servants, for she was torn with dark doubts of their honesty, filled with agonized certainty of their wastefulness. Life for her was one long snoop about the house, looking for things to which a woman who has been accustomed to an establishment closes her eyes.

My charge, Master Clarence, was out taking a spin in his motor, so, after settling myself in my room, I wandered over to where the daughter of the house, Dorothy, aged seven, was sitting on the grass and making ineffectual efforts to coax a half-grown collie to her side. The dog knew Dorothy, but I didn't then, so I approached with confidence.

"Good-morning," I said in a merry-sunshine voice; "I'm Mr. Spurlock, your brother's new tutor."

Dorothy looked me over coldly, but didn't say it.

"Aren't you going to speak to me?" I persisted, trying to convey in my tone that I just doted on little girls.

"Yes; go away."

Even that didn't discourage me. I was hired to please, and this seemed the place to start right in to earn my salary. So I persisted coaxingly:

"But I've come to play with you, Dorothy; I know a lovely new game."

"What is it?" she demanded.

"Well," I started in, rather taken aback by her directness, "you choose a bush and I'll choose a bush, and we'll make believe that they're perfectly beautiful palaces, and that we're dreadfully rich, and ——"

"Rats!" interrupted young hopeful; "I don't have to make believe that; I *am* rich." And she turned her back on me.

I gave Dorothy up. When Clarence returned I found him worse, because he was older, but I couldn't give him up and keep my salary. He was a pasty, pimply-faced youth of sixteen, who had come home in disgrace from a very "exclusive school for young gentlemen," so it must have been something pretty bad. There he had been taught a little Latin, a little Greek, and everything about being a little bounder that he hadn't learned at home. He smoked cigarettes on the sly, and never told the truth except to hurt somebody's feelings.

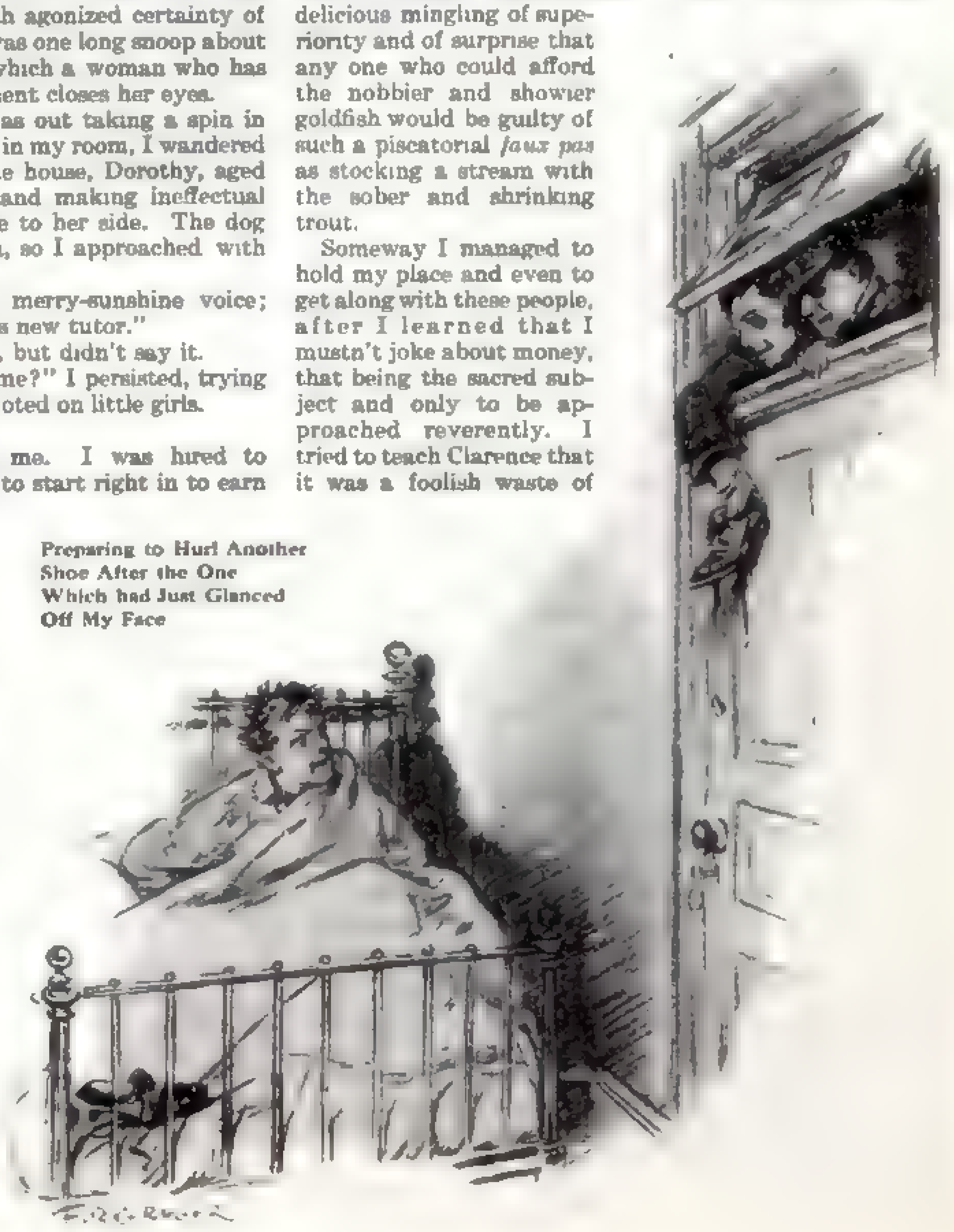
Naturally, I expected that the husband and father of this outfit must be a colossus of weakness and vice, but when I met him at dinner he proved to be a quiet, forceful man, who neither smoked nor drank, and, with the fatalism of the average American father, rarely questioned his wife's primacy in the household. He was proud of his big place, not because he enjoyed it, for he contented himself with an hour's walk around the grounds Sunday afternoons, but because it advertised him as being just as successful as the next fellow, and more so than most. Mr. Morgan bought old masters; so he bought them. Mr. Vanderbilt kept fancy cows and horses; so he kept them. If he had heard that Mr. Astor had a penchant for monkeys, he would have gravely built a monkey house and have cabled for a supply of the most expensive breed. Apparently it had never occurred to him that he could do anything or like anything which other rich men hadn't stamped as the correct things to do and to like. Sometimes, when he wasn't too busy, he would show vague signs of uneasiness at his son's tastes, and wonder if he wouldn't really be better off if he were taught something useful, but usually he was too busy. He had a big deal on, and almost every evening two or three of his business associates came out from town with him, and they spent half the night planning to take the hide off a little bunch of Wall Street citizens whom they were engaged in rounding up.

Other nights madam would entertain those neighbors who were as rich as we were, and who, like ourselves, were waiting, striving and abasing themselves for an invitation from those other neighbors who were just as rich, but had had their money longer. I was called in sometimes to fill out at these dinners, and it diverted me immensely to hear these friends, each of whom was prepared to cut the others at the first sign of recognition from the elect, lie about their acquaintance with the superior beings who let them subscribe to their charities, but couldn't remember their names except on a check. I saw that the much-advertised Digger Indians are pikers at dirt-eating beside a bunch of new rich who are trying to get in.

And does money talk? The conversation dripped dollars! No name was mentioned without a rating; no emotion, but was interpreted in terms of money. I remember one night, when Mrs. Bonsall, trying to impress an even richer guest with the completeness of our place, told her that our brook had just been stocked with trout.

"Trout! Tre-out!" repeated the richer one. "*Our* brook is stocked with goldfish." There was in her tone a delicious mingling of superiority and of surprise that any one who could afford the nobbier and showier goldfish would be guilty of such a piscatorial *faux pas* as stocking a stream with the sober and shrinking trout.

Someway I managed to hold my place and even to get along with these people, after I learned that I mustn't joke about money, that being the sacred subject and only to be approached reverently. I tried to teach Clarence that it was a foolish waste of



Preparing to Hurl Another Shoe After the One Which had Just Glanced Off My Face material to lie except in a case of necessity; that unlimited cigarettes would give Dorothy a chance to hog the whole inheritance; and that there was nothing inherently disgraceful in not getting drunk whenever he was allowed to go to the theatre with one of his puppy friends. But, failing in these things, I settled down to make his lessons as unpleasant for him as possible. This necessitated the first hard studying that I had ever done, so every night I went to my room and boned up for the next day. Then, too, I was indulging a vice of my own, for I had become fired with an ambition to become a reporter, and I was engaged in writing a novel—that, to my guileless mind, seeming the natural way to break in.

My first month was almost up, but the letter from the Major, for which I had secretly been hoping all along, had not come. So finally I began to plan a trip to town to see how the Governor was disposed toward me. If he were friendly I'd ask him for a modest blessing; if he weren't I could fall back on my present job.

And then, right after luncheon one day, the Major's card was brought in to me. He was standing by a window when I came into the reception-room, a truly splendid figure, well-groomed and well-poised, the first man I had seen in that house who looked the thoroughbred.

"Well, Benedict Arnold Iscariot!" I called from the threshold, and the Major came running. "Jack, my deah boy!" he exclaimed, and he grasped my hand and pumped it up and down till tears began to run out of my eyes.

"Where the blank have you been all this time?" he asked reproachfully as I broke away. "We've been huntin' New York high and low fo' you fo' a month. Yo' father's mighty worried about you, Jack. You shouldn't do him this way."

"But my letters told you where I was," I protested.

"Yes, suh, and that's how I happen to be here now. But I never got those letters until this mo'nin'."

"Here, let's get outside, where we can talk," I suggested, and I piloted the Major out of the house.

"This is dashed sad, Jack," the Major commented as we passed through the great gates to the public road.

"I don't think there's anything so confoundedly sad about it," I returned. "I've got the first real job of my life, and I'm earning money, too, you bet."

"I didn't refer to you," the Major returned, "but to this blank piece of vulgah Neroism," and he indicated the grounds that we had just left. "To one, suh, whose tastes were fo'med in the old days, when the classic simplicity of our Southern homes expressed the breedin' of their owners, this so't of thing is very painful. Blood will tell, suh, and bad blood will tell on itself, no matter how hard the architect may try to impress reticence on it."

"True for you, Major; and now, how's the Governor?"

"Yo' father is well, Jack, and expectin' you; we're goin' to dine with him at eight sharp to-night."

"I'm not so sure about that," I countered. Though for weeks I had been ardently desiring such an invitation, now that the way was open I shrank from the awkwardness of that first five minutes. Besides, I wanted to find out just how far the Governor was willing to go in forgiving me before I committed myself to forgiving him wholly. I was feeling pretty tame, but I still had a little of that perverse pride which keeps up half the foolish quarrels in the world—that pride which makes a fellow fear that a generous overture will be construed as a confession of weakness.

The Major, however, proved to be the prince of peacemakers. I had overhead enough to guess what line he had been working along with father, and now the old fellow went right to my weak spot with:

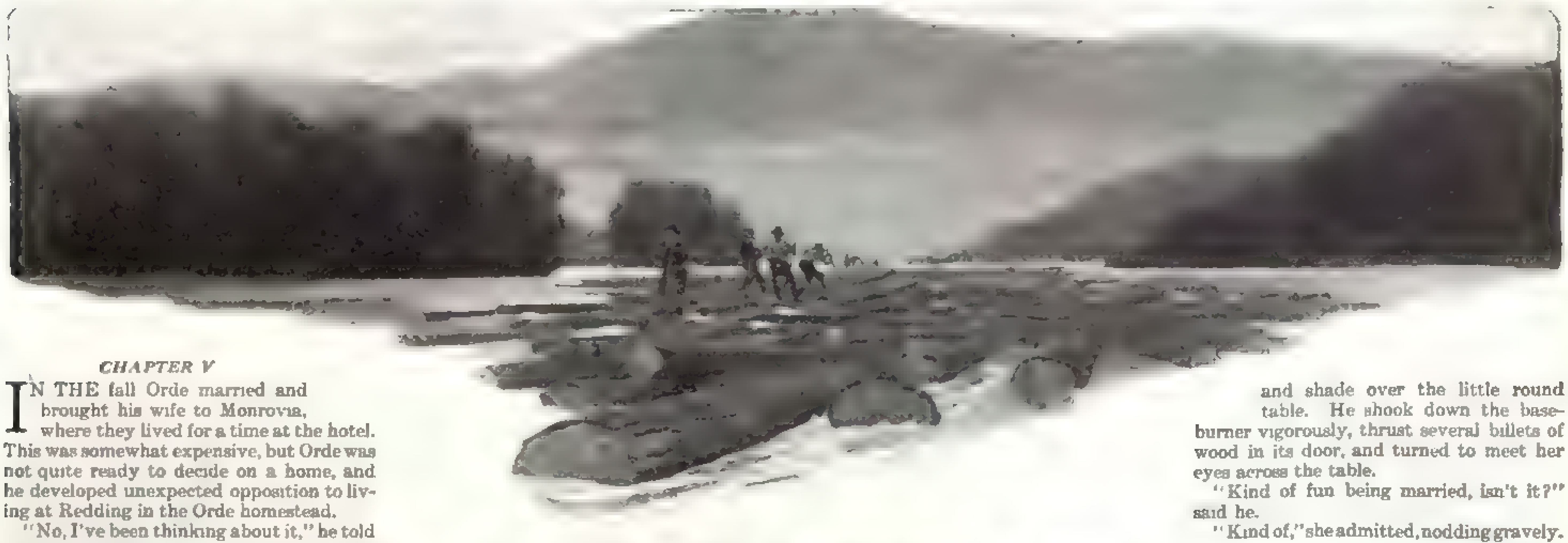
"Quit yo' meanness, Jack. Haven't you any human feelin's? Haven't you any blank bowels of compassion? Don't you know that yo' po' old father has been eatin' his dashed heart out, grievin', waitin', hopin', listenin', night after night, fo' the footsteps of his wanderin' boy?"

"He's had a queer way of showing it," I demurred.

"How else could he show it, suh, when his only son, the boy that he was dependin' on to be the prop and comfo't of

(Continued on Page 19)

THE PARTNERS



By Stewart Edward White

AUTHOR OF THE BLAZED TRAIL

ILLUSTRATED BY N. C. WYETH

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CHAPTER V

IN THE fall Orde married and brought his wife to Monrovia, where they lived for a time at the hotel. This was somewhat expensive, but Orde was not quite ready to decide on a home, and he developed unexpected opposition to living at Redding in the Orde homestead.

"No, I've been thinking about it," he told Grandma Orde. "A young couple should start out on their own responsibility. I know you'd be glad to have us, but I think it's better the other way. Besides, I must be at Monrovia a good deal of the time, and I want Carroll with me. She can make you a good long visit in the spring when I have to go up-river."

To this Grandma Orde, being a wise old lady, had to nod her assent, although she would much have liked her son near her.

At Monrovia, then, they took up their quarters. Carroll soon became acquainted with the life of the place. Monrovia, like most towns of its sort and size, consisted of an upper stratum of mill-owners and lumber operators, possessed of considerable wealth, some cultivation and definite social ideas; a gawky, countrified, middle-estate of storekeepers, catering both to the farm and local trade; and the lumber-mill operatives, generally of Holland extraction, who dwelt in simple, unpainted board shanties. The class first mentioned comprised a small coterie, among whom Carroll soon found two or three congenials—Edith Fuller, wife of the young cashier in the bank; Valerie Cathcart, whose husband had been killed in the Civil War; Clara Taylor, wife of the leading young lawyer of the village; and, strangely enough, Mina Heinzman, the sixteen-year-old daughter of old Heinzman, the lumberman. Nothing was more indicative of the absolute divorce of business and social life than the unbroken evenness of Carroll's friendship for the younger girl. Though later the old German and Orde locked in serious struggle on the river, they continued to meet socially quite as usual; and the daughter of one and the wife of the other never suspected anything out of the ordinary. This impersonality of struggle has always been characteristic of the pioneer business man's good nature.

Newmark received the news of his partner's sudden marriage without evincing any surprise, but with a sardonic gleam in one corner of his eye. He called promptly, conversed politely for a half-hour, and then took his leave.

"How do you like him?" asked Orde when he had gone.

"He looks like a very shrewd man," replied Carroll, picking her words for fear of saying the wrong thing.

Orde laughed.

"You don't like him," he stated.

"I don't dislike him," said Carroll. "I've not a thing against him. But we could never be in the slightest degree sympathetic. He and I don't—don't ——"

"Don't jibe," Orde finished for her. "I didn't much think you would. Joe never was much of a society bug."

It was on the tip of Carroll's tongue to reply that "society bugs" were not the only sort she could appreciate, but she refrained.

The winter was severe. All the world was white. The piles of snow along the sidewalks grew until Carroll could hardly look over them. Great fierce winds swept in from the lake. Sometimes Orde and his wife drove two miles to the top of the sand hills and looked out beyond the tumbled shore ice to the steel-gray angry waters. The wind pricked their faces. And going home the sleigh-bells jingled; the snowballs from the horses' hoofs hit against the dash; the cold air seared the inside of their nostrils. When Orde helped Carroll from beneath the warm buffalo robes she held up to him a face glowing with color, framed in the soft fluffy fur of a hood.

"You darling!" he cried, and stooped to kiss her.

When he had returned from the stable around the corner he found the lit lamp throwing its modified light and shade over the little round table. He shook down the base-burner vigorously, thrust several billets of wood in its door, and turned to meet her eyes across the table.

"Kind of fun being married, isn't it?" said he.

"Kind of," she admitted, nodding gravely.

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The business of the firm was by now about in shape. All the boom arrangements had been made; the two tugs were in the water and their machinery installed; supplies and equipments were stored away; the foremen of the crews engaged; and the crews themselves pretty well picked out. Only there needed to build the wannigan and to cart in the supplies for the upper-river work before the spring break-up and the almost complete disappearance of the roads. Therefore Orde had the good fortune of unusual leisure to enjoy these first months with his bride. They entered together the Unexplored Country, and found it more wonderful than they had dreamed. Almost before they knew it January and February had flown.

"We must pack up, sweetheart," said Orde.

"It's only yesterday that we came," she cried regretfully.

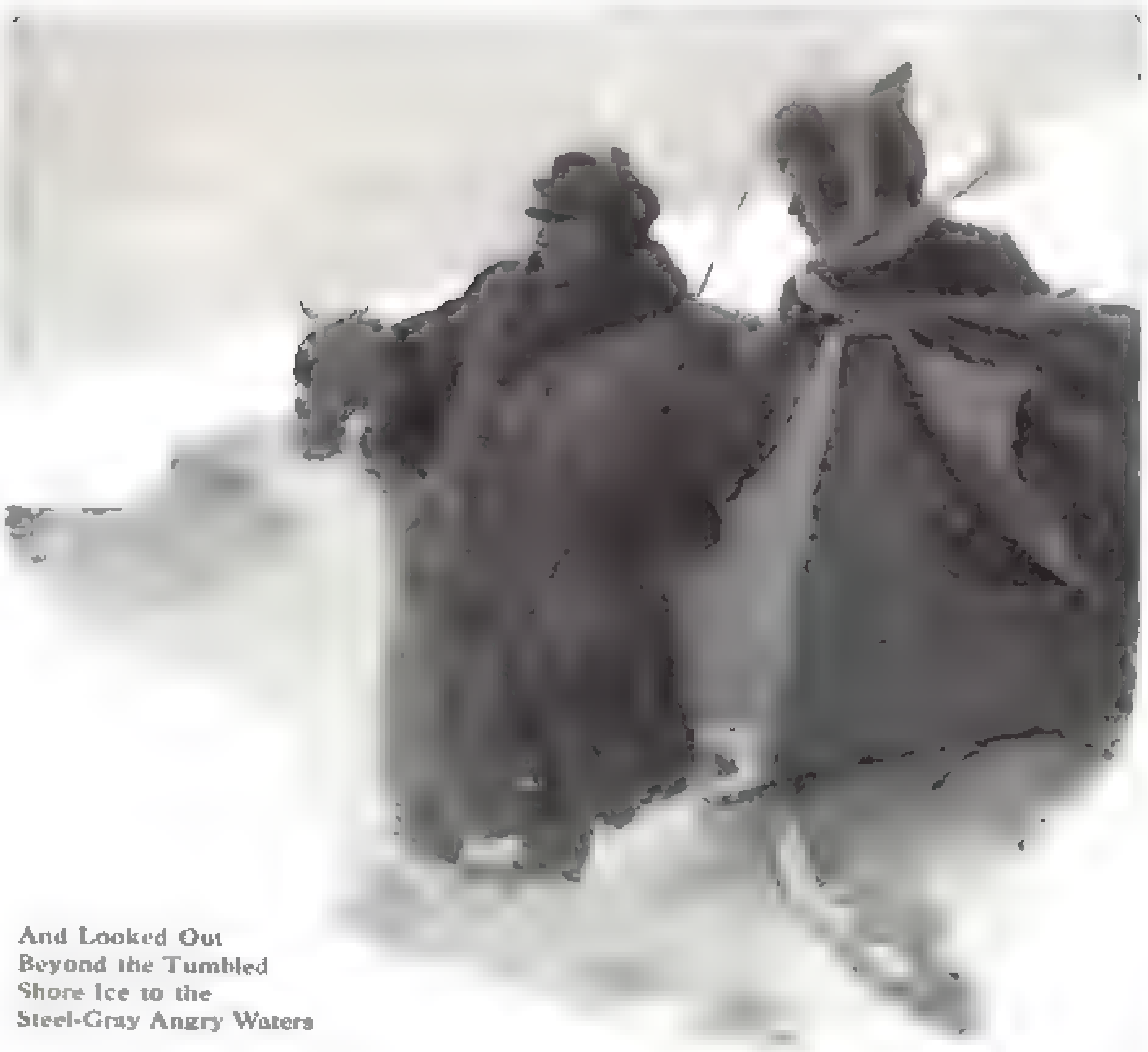
They took the train for Redding, were installed in the gable room, explored together for three days the delights of the old-fashioned house, the spicy joys of Grandma Orde's and Amanda's cookery, the almost adoring adulation of the old folks. Then Orde packed his "turkey," assumed his woods clothes, and marched off down the street carrying his bag on his back.

"He looks like an old tramp in that rig," said Grandma Orde, closing the storm-door.

"He looks like a conqueror of wildernesses!" cried Carroll, straining her eyes after his vanishing figure.

CHAPTER VI

ORDE had reconnoitered the river as a general reconnoitres his antagonist, and had made his dispositions as the general disposes of his army, his commissary, his reserves. At this point five men could keep the river clear; at that rapid it would require twenty; there a dozen would suffice for ordinary contingencies, and yet an



And Looked Out Beyond the Tumbled Shore Ice to the Steel-Gray Angry Waters

emergency might call for thirty—those thirty must not be beyond reach. In his mind's eye he apportioned the sections of the upper river. In the remoter wilderness every section must have its driving camp. The crews of each, whether few or many, would be expected to keep clear and running their own "beats" on the river. As fast as the rear crew should overtake these divisions, either it would absorb them or the members of them would be thrown forward beyond the lowermost beat to take charge of a new division down-stream. When the settled farm country or the little towns were reached, many of the driving camps would become unnecessary; the men could be boarded out at farms lying in their beats. A continual advance would progress toward the lake, the drive crews passing and repassing each other like pigeons in the sown fields. Each of these sections would be in charge of a foreman, whose responsibility ceased with the delivery of the logs to the men next below. A walking-boss would trudge continually the river trail, or ride the logs down stream, holding the correlation of these many units. Orde himself would drive up and down the river, overseeing the whole plan of campaign, throwing the camps forward, concentrating his forces here, spreading them elsewhere, keeping accurately in mind the entire situation so that he could say with full confidence:

"Open dam number one for three hours at nine o'clock; dam number two for two hours and a half at ten-thirty," and so on down the line; sure that the flood-waters thus released would arrive at the right moment, would supplement each other, and would so space themselves as to accomplish the most work with the least waste. In that one point more than in any other showed the expert. The water was his ammunition, a definite and limited quantity of it. To "get the logs out with the water" was the last word of praise to be said for the river driver. The more logs, the greater the glory.

Thus, it can readily be seen, this matter was rather a campaign than a mere labor, requiring the men, the munitions, the organization, the tactical ability, the strategy, the resourcefulness, the boldness and the executive genius of a military commander.

To all these things, and to the distribution of supplies and implements among the various camps, Orde had attended. The wannigan for the rear crew was built. The foremen and walking-boss had been picked out. Everything was in readiness. Orde was satisfied with the situation, except that he found himself rather short-handed. He had counted on three hundred men for his crews; but scrape and scratch as he would, he was unable to gather over two hundred and fifty. This matter was not so serious, however, as, later, when the woods camps should break up, he would be able to pick up more workmen.

"They won't be rivermen like my old crew, though," said Orde regretfully to Tom North, the walking-boss. "I'd like to steal a few from some of those Muskegon outfits."

Until the logs should be well adrift Orde had resolved to boss the rear crew himself.

As the rear was, naturally, the farthest up-stream, Orde had taken also the contract to break the rollways belonging to Carlin, which in the season's work would be piled up on the bank. Thus he could get to work immediately at the break-up, and without waiting for some one else. The seven or eight million feet of lumber comprised in Carlin's drive would keep the men below busy until the other owners, farther down and up the tributaries, should also have put their season's cut afloat.

The ice went out early, to Orde's satisfaction. As soon as the river ran clear in its lower reaches he took his rear crew in to Carlin's rollways.

This crew was forty in number, and had been picked from the best—a hard-bitten, tough band of veterans, weather-beaten, scarred in numerous fights or by the backwoods scourge of smallpox, compact, muscular, fearless, loyal, cynically aloof from those not of their cult, outspoken and free to criticise—in short, men to do great things under the strong leader, and to mutiny at the end of three days under the weak. They piled off the train at Sawyer's, stamped their feet on the board platform of the station, shouldered their "turkeys," and straggled off down the tote-road. It was an eighteen-mile walk in. The ground had loosened its frost. The footing was ankle-deep in mud and snow water.

Next morning bright and early the breaking of the rollways began. During the winter the logs had been handed down ice roads to the river, where they were "banked" in piles twenty and even thirty feet in height. The bed of the stream itself was filled with them for a mile, save in a narrow channel left down through the middle to allow for some flow of water; the banks were piled with them, side on, ready to roll down at the urging of the men.

First of all the entire crew set itself, by means of its peavies, to rolling the lower logs into the current, where they were rapidly borne away. As the waters were now at flood, this was a quick and easy labor. Occasionally some tiers would be stuck together by ice, in which case considerable prying and heaving was necessary in order to crack them apart. But forty men, all busily at work, soon had the river full. Orde detailed some six or eight to drop below in order that the river might run clear to the next section, where the next crew would take up the task. These men, quite simply, walked to the edges of the rollway, rolled a log apiece into the water, stepped aboard, leaned against their peavies, and were swept away by the swift current. The logs on which they stood whirled in the eddies, carromed against other timbers, slackened speed, shot away; never did the riders alter their poses of easy equilibrium. From time to time one propelled his craft ashore by hooking to and pushing against other logs. There he stood on some prominent point, leaning his chin contemplatively against the thick shaft of his peavey, watching the endless procession of the logs drifting by. Apparently he was idle; but in reality his eyes missed no shift of the ordered ranks. When a slight hitch or pause, a subtle change in the pattern of the brown carpet, caught his attention, he sprang into life. Balancing his peavey across his body, he made his way by short dashes to the point of threatened congestion. There, working vigorously, swept down-stream with the mass, he pulled, hauled and heaved, forcing the heavy, reluctant timbers from the cohesion that threatened trouble later. Oblivious to his surroundings he wrenched and pried desperately. The banks of the river drifted by. Point succeeded point, as if withdrawn up-stream by some invisible manipulator. The river appeared stationary; the banks in motion. Finally he heard at his elbow the voice of the man stationed below him, who had run out from his own point.

"Hallo, Bill," he replied to this man, "you old slough hog! Tie into this!"

"All the time," agreed Bill cheerfully.

In a few moments the danger was averted. The logs ran free. The rivermen thereupon made their uncertain way back to shore, where they took the river trail up-stream again to their respective posts.

At noon they ate lunches they had brought with them in little canvas bags, snatched before they left the rollways, from a supply handy by the cook. In the mean time the main crew were squatting in the lee of the brush devouring a hot meal, which had been carried to them in wooden boxes strapped to the backs of the chore boys. Down the river and up its tributaries other crews, both in the employ of Newmark and Orde and of others, were also pausing from their cold and dangerous toil. The river bent its mighty back to the great annual burden laid on it.

By the end of the second day the logs actually in the bed of the stream had been shaken loose, and a large proportion of them had floated entirely from sight. It now became necessary to break down the rollways piled along the tops of the banks.

On the evening of this day, however, Orde received a visit from Jim Denning, the foreman of the next section below, bringing with him Charley, the cook of Daly's last year's drive. Leaving him by the larger fire, Jim Denning drew his principal to one side.

"This fellow drifted in to-night two days late after a drunk; and he tells an almighty queer story," said he. "A crew of bad men from the Saginaw, sixty strong, have been sent in by Heinzman. He says Heinzman hired them to come—not to work, but just to fight and annoy us."

A pause ensued, during which the two smoked vigorously.

"What are you going to do about it?" asked Denning at last.

"What would you do?" countered Orde.

"Well," said Denning slowly, and with a certain grim joy, "I don't bet those Saginaw river-pigs are any more two-fisted than the boys on this river. I'd go up and clean 'em out."

"Won't do," negatived Orde briefly. "In the first place, as you know very well, we're short-handed now, and we can't spare the men from the work. In the second place, we'd hang up sure then; to go up in that wilderness fifty miles from civilization would mean a first-class row of too big a size to handle. Won't do."

"Suppose you get a lawyer," suggested Denning sarcastically.

Orde laughed with great good humor.

"Where'd our water be by the time he got an injunction for us?"

He fell into a brown study, during which his pipe went out.

"Jim," he said finally, "it isn't a fair game. I don't know what to do. Delay will hang us; taking men off the work will hang us. I've just got to go up there myself and see what can be done by talking to them."

"Talking to them!" Denning snorted. "You might as well whistle down the draft-pipe of hell! If they're just up there for a row there'll be whisky in camp; and you can bet McNeil's got some of 'em instructed on *your* account. They'll kill you, sure!"

"I agree with you it's risky," replied Orde. "I'm scared; I'm willing to admit it. But I don't see what else to do. Of course he's got no rights; but what good does that do us after our water is gone? And Jim, my son, if we hang this drive, I'll be buried so deep I never will dig out. No; I've got to go. You can stay up here in charge of the rear until I get back. Send word by Charley, who's to boss your division while you're gone."

Orde tramped back to Sawyer's early next morning, hitched into the light buckboard the excellent team with which later, when the drive should spread out, he would make his longest jumps, and drove to head waters. He arrived in sight of the dam about three o'clock. At the edge of the clearing he pulled up to survey the scene.

A group of three small log cabins marked the Johnson, and later the Heinzman camp. From the chimneys a smoke arose. Twenty or thirty rivermen lounged about the sunny side of the largest structure. They had evidently just arrived, for some of their "turkeys" were still piled outside the door. Orde clucked to his horses, and the spidery wheels of the buckboard swung lightly over the wet hummocks of the clearing to come to a stop opposite the men. Orde leaned forward against his knees.

"Hallo, boys," said he cheerfully.

No one replied, though two or three nodded surlily. Orde looked them over with some interest.

They were a dirty, unkempt, unshaven, hard-looking lot, with bloodshot eyes, a flicker of the daredevil in expression, beyond the first youth, hardened into an enduring toughness of fibre—bad men from the Saginaw, in truth, and, unless Orde was mistaken, men just off a drunk, and therefore especially dangerous; men eager to fight at the drop of the hat, or sooner, to be accommodating, and ready to employ in their assaults all the formidable and terrifying weapons of the rough-and-tumble; reckless, hard, irreverent, blasphemous, to be gained over by no words, fair or foul; absolutely scornful of any and all institutions imposed on them by any other but the few men whom they acknowledged as their leaders. And to master these men's respect there needed either superlative strength, superlative recklessness or superlative skill.

"Who's your boss?" asked Orde.

"The Rough Red," growled one of the men without moving.

Orde had heard of this man, of his personality and his deeds. Like Silver Jack, of the Muskegon, his exploits had been celebrated in song. A big, broad-faced man, with a red beard, they had told him, with little flickering eyes, a huge voice that bellowed through the woods in a torrent of commands and imprecations, strong as a bull, and savage as a wild beast. A hint of his quality will suffice, from the many stories circulated about him. It was said that, while jobbing for Morrison and Daly in some of that firm's Saginaw Valley holdings, the Rough Red had discovered that a horse had gone lame. He called the driver of that team before him, seized an iron starting-bar, and with it broke the man's leg. "Try th' lameness yourself, Barney Mallan," said he. To appeal to the charity of such a man would be utterly useless. Orde saw this point. He picked up his reins and spoke to his team.

But before the horses had taken three steps a huge riverman had planted himself squarely in the way. The others, rising slowly, surrounded the rig.

"I don't know what you're up here for," growled the man at the horses' heads, "but you wanted to see the boss; and I guess you'd better see him."

"I intend to see him," said Orde sharply. "Get out of the way and let me hitch my team."

He drove deliberately ahead, forcing the man to step aside, and stopped his horses by a stub. He tied them there and descended to lean his back against the log walls of the little house.

After a few moments a huge form appeared above the river-bank at some forty rods' distance.

"Yonder he comes now," vouchsafed the man nearest Orde.

Orde made out the great, square figure of the boss, his soft hat, his flaming red beard, his dingy mackinaw coat, his dingy black-and-white-checked flannel shirt, his dingy blue trousers tucked into high socks, and, instead of driving boots, his ordinary lumberman's rubbers. As a spot of color he wore a flaming red knit sash with tassels. Before he had approached near enough to be plainly distinguishable he began to bellow at the men, commanding them, with a mighty array of oaths, to wake up and get the sluice-gate open. In a moment or so he had disappeared behind some bushes that intervened in his approach to the house. His course through them could be traced by the top of his cap, which just showed above them. In a moment he thrust through the brush and stood before Orde.

For a moment he stared at the young man, and then with a wild Irish yell leaped upon him. Orde, caught unawares, and in an awkward position, was hardly able even to struggle against the gigantic riverman. Indeed, before he had recovered his faculties to the point of offering determined resistance, he was pinned back against the wall by his shoulders, and the Rough Red's face was within two feet of his own.

"And how are ye, ye ould darlint?" shouted the latter with a roll of oaths.

"Why, Jimmy Bourke!" cried Orde, and he burst into a laugh.

The Rough Red jerked him to his feet, delivered a bear hug that nearly crushed his ribs, and pounded mightily on his back.

"Ye ould snoozer!" he bellowed. "Where the blankety blank in blank did ye come from? Byes," he shouted to the men, "it's me ould boss on th' Au Sable six year back; that time ye mind whin we had th' ice jam! Glory be! but I'm glad to see ye!"

Orde was still laughing.

"I didn't know you'd turned into the Rough Red, Jimmy," said he. "I don't believe we were either of us old enough for whiskers then, were we?"

The Rough Red grinned.

"Thrue for ye!" said he. "And what have ye been doing all these years?"

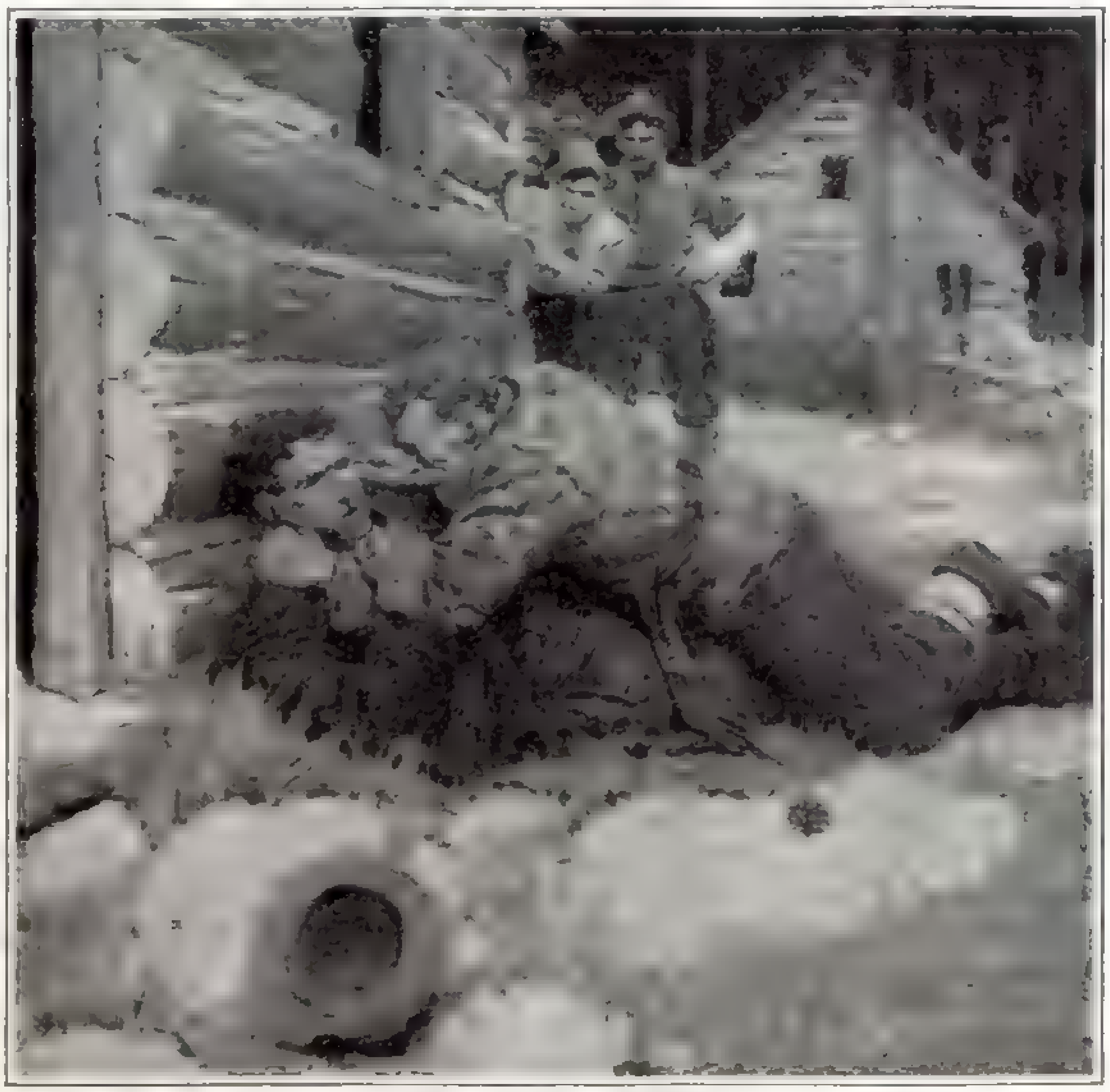
"That's just it, Jimmy," said Orde, drawing the giant one side out of earshot. "All my eggs are in one basket, and it's a mean trick of you to line out for filthy lucre to kick that basket."

"What do ye mane?" asked the Rough Red, fixing his twinkling little eyes on Orde.

"You don't mean to tell me," countered Orde, glancing at the other's rubber-shod feet, "this crew has been sent up here just to break out those measly, little rollways?"

"Thim?" said the Rough Red. "Thim? Hell, *no!* Thim's my bodyguard. They can lick their weight in wildcats; and I'd loike well to see the gang of highbankers that infists this river thry to pry thim out. We weren't sint here to wurrk: we were sint here to foight."

"Fight—why?" asked Orde.



"And How are Ye, Ye Ould Darlint?"

"Oh, I dunno," replied the Rough Red easily. "Me boss and the blank of a blank blanked blank that's attimptin' to droive this river has some sort of a row."

"Jimmy," said Orde, "didn't you know that I am the gentleman last mentioned?"

"What!"

"I'm driving this river; and that's my water you're planning to waste!"

"What?" repeated Jimmy, but in a different tone.

"That's right," said Orde.

In a tone of vast astonishment the Rough Red mentioned his probable deserts in the future life.

"Luk here, Jack," said he, after a moment, "here's a crew of whitewater 'bilers that ye can't beat nowheres. What do ye want us to do? We're now gettin' four dollars a day *an'* board from that murderin' ould villain, Heinzman, *so we can afford to wurrk for ye cheap.*"

Orde hesitated.

"Oh, please do now, darlint," wheedled the Rough Red, his little eyes agleam with mischief. "Sind us some oakum and pitch, and we'll calk yure wannigan for ye; or maybe some more peavies, and we'll hilp ye on yure rollways. And till us afore ye go how you want this dam, and that's the way she'll be. Come now, dear, and ain't ye short-handed now?"

Orde slapped his knee and laughed.

"This is sure a huge joke!" he cried.

"And ain't it now," said the Rough Red, smiling with as much ingratiation as he was able.

"I'll take you boys on," said Orde at last, "at the usual wages, dollar and a half for the jam; three for the rear. I doubt if you'll see much of Heinzman's money when this leaks out."

Thus Orde, by the sheer good luck that sometimes favors men engaged in large enterprises, not only frustrated a plan likely to bring failure to his interests, but filled up his crews. It may be remarked here, as well as later, that the "terrors of the Saginaw" stayed with the drive to its finish and proved reliable and tractable in every particular. Orde scattered them judiciously, so there was no friction with the local men. The Rough Red he retained on the rear.

CHAPTER VII

NO TROUBLE was experienced until Heinzman's rollways were reached. Here Orde had, as he had promised his partner, boomed a free channel to prevent Heinzman from filling up the river-bed with his rollways. When the jam of the drive had descended the river as far as this, Orde found that Heinzman had not yet begun to break out. Hardly had Orde's first crew passed, however, when Heinzman's men began to break down the logs into the drive. Long before the rear had caught up, all Heinzman's drive was in the water, inextricably mingled with the sixty or eighty million feet Orde had in charge.

The situation was plain. All Heinzman now had to do was to retain a small crew, which should follow after the rear in order to sack what logs the latter should leave stranded. This amounted practically to nothing. As it was impossible, in so great a mass of timbers and in the haste of a pressing labor, to distinguish or discriminate against any single brand, Heinzman was in a fair way to get his logs sent down-stream with practically no expense.

"Vel, my boy," remarked the German quite frankly to Orde, as they met on the road one day, "looks like I got you dis time, eh?"

Orde laughed, also with entire good humor.

"If you mean your logs are going down with ours, why, I guess you have. But you paste this in your hat: you're going to keep awful busy; and it's going to cost you something yet to get 'em down."

To Newmark, on one of his occasional visits to the camps, Orde detailed the situation.

"It doesn't amount to much," said he, "except that it complicates matters. We'll make him scratch gravel, if we have to sit up nights and work overtime to do it. We can't injure him or leave his logs; but we can annoy him a lot."

The state of affairs was perfectly well known to the men, and the entire river entered into the spirit of the contest. The drivers kept a sharp lookout for Heinzman logs, and, whenever possible, thrust them aside into eddies and backwaters. This, of course, merely made work for the sackers Heinzman had left above the rear. Soon they were in charge of a very fair little drive of their own. Their lot was not enviable. Indeed, only the pressure of work prevented some of the more aggressive of Orde's rear—among whom could be numbered the Rough Red—from going back and "cleaning out" this impertinent band of hangers-on. One day two of the latter, conducting the jam of the miniature drive astern, came within reach of the Rough Red. The latter had lingered in hopes of rescuing his peavey, which had gone overboard. To lose one's peavey is among rivermen the most mortifying disgrace. Consequently the Rough Red was in a fit mood for trouble. He attacked the two single-handed. A desperate battle ensued, which lasted upward of an hour. The two rivermen punched, kicked and battered the Rough Red in a manner to tear his clothes, deprive him to some extent of red whiskers, bloody his face, cut his shoulder and knock loose two teeth. The Rough Red, more than the equal of either man singly, had reciprocated in kind. Orde, driving in toward the rear from a detour to avoid a swamp, heard, and descended from his buckboard. Tying his horses to trees, he made his way through the brush to the scene of conflict. So winded and wearied were the belligerents by now that he had no difficulty in separating them. He surveyed their wrecks with a sardonic half-smile.

"I call this a draw," said he finally. His attitude became threatening as the two up-river men, recovering somewhat, showed ugly symptoms. "Git!" he commanded. "Scat! I guess you don't know me. I'm Jack Orde. Jimmy and I together could do a dozen of you." He menaced them until, muttering, they had finally turned away.

"Well, Jimmy," said he humorously, "you look as if you'd been run through a thrashing machine."

"Those fellers make me sick," growled the Rough Red.

Orde looked him over again.

"You look sick," said he.

When the buckboard drew into camp Orde sent Bourke away to repair damages while he called the cookee to help unpack several heavy boxes of hardware. They proved to contain about thirty small hatchets, well sharpened, and each with a leather guard. When the rear crew had come in that night Orde distributed the hatchets.

(Continued on Page 22)

IS ACTING DEGENERATING?

Methods of Player and Playmaker To-day and Yesterday

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THERE are certain parrot-cries that are forever echoing down the corridor of Time. Every young generation hears them and is forced to wonder how much truth they may contain. Perhaps the most insistent of these immortal complaints is that which keeps on declaring the decline of the drama. That the theatre is going to the dogs, with the star-system and the theatrical syndicate and the prevalence of variety shows—this is what we may hear on every hand. But a little knowledge of the last century is reassuring, since we learn then that our fathers and our grandfathers and the grandfathers of our grandfathers were all of them told that the stage had fallen on evil days, and that its future would certainly be inferior to its past. Sometimes it is the organization of the theatre which is said to be at fault; sometimes it is dearth of good actors; and sometimes it is the scarcity of good plays and the steady deterioration of the art of the dramatist.

When Colley Cibber asked Congreve why he did not write another comedy, the old wit retorted promptly, "But where are your actors?" And Colley Cibber was one of a group of actors and actresses as brilliant and as accomplished as ever graced the stage in Great Britain. Sir Philip Sidney almost wept over the pitiful condition of the theatre just before Shakespeare came forward with his swift succession of masterpieces. If we go back many centuries to Greece we find Aristophanes lamenting the decay of dramatic literature as evidenced in the plays of Euripides. And when Thespis first started out with his cart—the earliest recorded attempt of any star actor to go on the road with his own company—we may be certain that there were not lacking many veteran playgoers who promptly foresaw the speedy decline of the drama.

Just now, at the beginning of the twentieth century, when our theatres are more beautiful and more artistically adorned than ever before, and when scenery and costumes and all needful accessories are more carefully considered, attention is loudly called to the feebleness of the average play and to the inefficiency of the average actor. And yet a moment's reflection ought to make it plain that there never has been any period when the average play and the average actor deserved unfailing praise. Even in the greatest epochs of the drama the average play was not any too good. We are all familiar with the comedies of Sheridan and Goldsmith, but we do not recall the forgotten efforts of Cumberland and Kelly, who shared the stage with them. We point with pride to Shakespeare, but we do not pine for a revival of the pieces of Dekker and Heywood. We know that Corneille and Molière and Racine were the masters of the French theatre under Louis XIV, but most of us are absolutely ignorant even of the names of their faded contemporary rivals on the stage.

The Playmaker has Gone Ahead

OBVIOUSLY it is unfair to crush the average playmaker of to-day by a comparison with the greatest dramatists of other days. And every one who has studied the recent history of the theatre will admit, if he is both competent and candid, that the outlook for the future is far more hopeful than it was forty or fifty years ago. The technic of the dramaturgic art is far better understood now than it was a little while ago; and, in every modern language, there are men of ability who have mastered this technic and who are now striving to set on the stage the themes, the manners and the characters of this new century. Ibsen has just died, but Björnson still survives in distant Norway. Hervieu and Brieux, Rostand and Lavedan are writing in France, as Sudermann and Hauptmann are in Germany and d'Annunzio in Italy. In England there are Mr. Jones and Mr. Shaw and Mr. Pinero; and here, in America, there are half a dozen men, still young, most of them, and still learning how to see the life about them and how to reproduce it on the stage, who are earnestly seeking as best they can to hold the mirror up to Nature.

If the theatres are beyond all dispute better than they were a few years ago, and if the dramatic literature of the present bids fair to be more satisfactory in the future, the sole remaining point of attack is the acting. What is the profit in a rebirth of dramatic literature if there are no performers to embody it? Where are your actors? Where are the Booths, the Kembles, the Garricks of our time? Where is even that much-vaunted old-fashioned stock company, capable of presenting the old comedies because every member was a trained artist? With our syndicates and our star-system and our long runs, the art of acting is doomed without hope of recovery; who is bold enough to deny this? It calls for little hardihood to deny this and for little knowledge of the theatre to disprove it. The Booths and the Kembles and the Garricks did not all live at once; and it is absurd to suppose that we can match all the mighty actors of the past in a single quarter of a century.

We may even admit that although Salvini and Duse still adorn the Italian stage, and Coquelin, the incomparable comedian, is still delighting all who appreciate brilliancy and force and finish, the English-speaking stage happens for the moment to be without any histrionic artists of the acknowledged preëminence of Irving and Jefferson and Booth.

But to say this is not to admit that we are poverty-stricken, and that our theatre is devoid of many players of admirable accomplishment both in Great Britain and the United States. We all know better. We can easily call the roll of a dozen or a score of actors who are artists gifted by nature and cultivated by long exercise of their powers, possessing each of them an individuality of his own. Indeed, the list of these performers of high merit is so long that it would be invidious to attempt to set it down here. We can each of us make it up to suit our own likings.

And yet in fairness the admission must be made, not only that our stage just now happens to lack any performers of the acknowledged preëminence of Booth and Irving and Jefferson, but also that there is some foundation for the assertion that we do not now see the "Old Comedies" as well acted as we did twenty years ago at Daly's.

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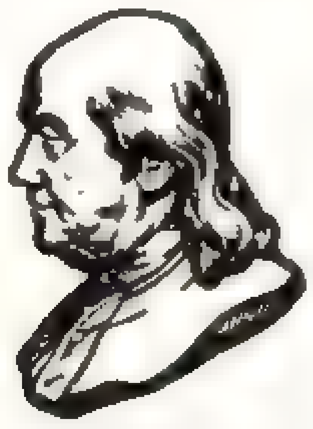
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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Restraint Here, Ginger There

IT IS not at all worth while to search out particular differences between what the President said in his special message to Congress and what Governor Hughes said in his New York speech on the same day. The real difference appears at first glance—and is not important.

The President reaffirms his faith with the passion and vehemence which characterize him. The Governor states principles with a caution that would seem colorless, even timorous, if his character and achievements were not read between the lines. He says nothing about predatory wealth; but he uncovered the insurance corruption and compelled a reluctant Assembly to pass the Public Service Laws. In each case it is the man himself who gives the real meaning to the utterance; and they both mean very much the same thing.

The stock-market, we notice, derived as little discouragement from the one as hope from the other. Whether a large and law-breaking corporation should be unmercifully fined or some of its officers sent to prison is a matter of detail concerning which opinion may well differ. The really vital question is whether it should be punished or let alone.

Personally we should wish somewhat more restraint in the President and somewhat more ginger in the Governor; but that is merely a matter of rhetorical taste, and other things are more important than rhetoric.

Can a Common Carrier Obey the Law?

SAYS a Kentucky dispatch: "It was announced last night by the Louisville and Nashville Railroad that it will no longer receive shipments of liquor into Georgia or Alabama, which have recently passed Prohibition acts."

Suits, we understand, will be instituted for the purpose both of compelling the road to refuse such shipments and to accept them; and whether or not an interstate carrier can lawfully obey a State or local Prohibition law even when it is willing to do so will presently be determined. That it cannot be made to obey such a law when it does not wish to is already settled.

Every one knows, no doubt, that here is the crux of Prohibition. There is no reasonable doubt that the liquor traffic can practically be suppressed in any territory into which liquor cannot be shipped. That it can be really suppressed when the carriers are free to bring in liquor is an open question.

Those who wish real Prohibition will press for a law under which the carrying trade in liquor will be amenable to State and local acts. It may be noted, however, that much action at the polls in favor of Prohibition does not really mean Prohibition, but only a vantage-ground for regulation of the traffic in certain of its forms and with regard to certain classes.

The Do-Say Circles

SAVING and excepting that men are barred, Parson McIlray's gossip circle excites our most enthusiastic approval.

As nearly as we can make out from the somewhat confused press reports, any female citizen, in good standing, of Utica, New York, who feels herself bursting with a bit of spicy information concerning a neighbor, and who, at the same time, is in a state of alert receptivity as to like bits of information about other people's neighbors, may join the circle. It appears to be a sort of clearing-house for protested conversational checks. All the banned items of parole news pass current there. The great principle that what we most wish to know about others is exactly what we have no business to know is frankly acknowledged and put, so to speak, upon an organized, conventional basis.

But why bar the men? It is an undeserved reflection upon their humanity. Surely the ideal gossip circle would take them in, preferably as honorary members—which means that they would have all the advantages and none of the responsibilities of the organization. A few men we have known who were not interested in gossip, and they were dull, self-centred brutes. Let every city have a gossip circle, with membership unrestricted by race, color, previous condition of servitude or sex.

Thaw and the Law

WITH the second Thaw verdict there is no fault to find. The plea was insanity, and evidence was adduced which did at least strongly tend to raise a reasonable doubt as to his mental responsibility. In this trial, that is, Thaw's counsel acknowledged the law and answered to it. An acquittal on the first trial would have been a disgrace to the State of New York and to the country. Then the whole defense was a defiance of the law. If that defense had succeeded it would have established in New York the barbarian's code—which still shamefully lingers in some communities.

The case was really important, for the law itself was put on trial. Considering the unlimited means at the prisoner's disposal, and all the theatric accessories calculated to stir a jury's emotions, it seemed not impossible, at first, that law would be struck down in its own house. But in the second trial no question that we live by civilized rule was raised. On the whole, in the Thaw affair the State of New York has done well.

The prisoner himself is acquitted. No doubt steps will be taken to loose him again upon the community. But the particular fate of one man is of comparatively small importance.

The One Sure Thing

THE Boston Consolidated Gas Company points out that the price of gas in that city is not "ninety cents, to be further reduced under a sliding scale," as we said recently, but has already been reduced, under the scale, to eighty cents—"a price," writes President Richards, "lower than in any other city in the country, so far as I know, equally removed from the coal and oil fields."

This price is twenty cents lower than that charged by the gas trust in New York, and if the Boston price is tolerable, the New York price is plainly intolerable. The Public Service Commission of the latter city has been pondering Judge Hough's decision that an eighty-cent gas in New York is confiscatory and unconstitutional. This judicial conclusion, as we remarked some weeks ago, was arrived at by including in the company's legitimate investment a large "franchise" value, and assuming that it is entitled to earn six per cent. upon the investment so computed.

The Public Service Commission now finds that even under Judge Hough's rule as to how the investment shall be reckoned and what return the company shall earn thereon, a price of eighty-four-cent gas would be ample. While the Commission's eighty-cent rate, in short, was four cents too low, the company's dollar rate is sixteen cents too high. That rate, also, is the lowest that the company has charged in the many years of its existence.

The episode illustrates a common condition in American cities respecting public service monopolies. There is abundant surety that the public will never be undercharged, but very little that it will not be overcharged.

Flapdoodle About Morgan

UPON the currency, if upon any subject, one might expect, from the well-informed, a tolerable accuracy of statement.

Congressman Fowler, chairman of the House Committee on Currency, enjoys considerable reputation among the thoughtful. Discussing the October panic in the House recently, he used the following extraordinary language—according to the report in the valued New York Sun:

> What happened in New York? The people of this country never will know what might have happened in this country. This man Morgan, a giant of giants, the Hercules of finance, a banker statesman, a banker patriot, a man with a great heart as well as a great intellect, stood like a Gibraltar protecting the nineteen billions resources of our banks, protecting the occupations of twenty-five million American men and women, protecting the national welfare against the consequences of a more destructive, terrifying and appalling cataclysm than has ever swept over the commerce of our country.

Now, if this statement can be accepted as bearing that sober relationship to the facts which one might reasonably expect under the circumstances, then, obviously, it is foolish to waste further time upon currency and banking reforms. All we need is a law nationalizing Morgan, under the rule of eminent domain, and requiring the Secretary of the Treasury to put him in operation when a crisis threatens. Possessing a protective agent who is not only a giant of giants, but combines the solidity of Gibraltar with the agility of Hercules, we should fear no more panics.

What Mr. Morgan did, in October, was to exercise admirable, yet quite human, sagacity and courage. Having no more real money than anybody else, he advised the New York banks to stand firmly together and pool their depleted assets for the common good of the financial community. It was sound advice, and his great personal prestige enabled him to enforce it. For this valuable service he deserves much praise; but he no more added ten cents to the available stock of cash in New York than the magician who picks silver dollars out of the hair of his subjects adds to the supply of currency in the country.

Any discussion of the currency which embraces a suggestion that Mr. Morgan is a sort of financial Zeus who moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform can hardly be conducive to right thinking upon the subject.

Are Stock-Gamblers Immune?

WITH hesitation and uncertainty, with only a dim hope, the President approaches the subject of gambling in stocks and grain. "I do not know whether it is possible," he says, "but, if possible, it is certainly desirable to prevent at least the grosser forms of gambling in securities and commodities."

This baffled tone, this half-discouraged groping, is especially significant when the man is considered. Mr. Roosevelt, certainly, is not one to magnify obstacles when an object whose righteousness he feels is in view. Indeed, to many who know the evil of stock and grain gambling, the mere suggestion that a way may possibly be found to stop it will seem daring. The preponderance of well-informed opinion is that, bad as it admittedly is, it simply can't be stopped by law.

Maybe so. Just what strong bulwarks of the Constitution may shelter this particular form of gambling is a question for the lawyers. But we notice, on the day the President's message appeared, a dispatch from Chicago saying that Judge Kohlsaat's injunction against speculation in railroad tickets had been made permanent, and the ticket brokers, in consequence, were shutting up their offices.

Now, speculation in railroad tickets, or ticket-scalping as it is called, harmed the general public not in the least. It harmed merely the railroads. Them it harmed mostly by providing an agency through which a road could secretly dump a lot of its own transportation on the market at cut rates. People said a man had a right to buy and sell railroad tickets if he wished, and the practice couldn't be stopped.

But as it harmed the railroads they procured laws forbidding it, and the laws are enforced. If stock-gambling were an especial injury to the steel industry, say, instead of to the body politic, we wonder if a way to stop it wouldn't be discovered.

Give Tillman Air

"I WANT light!" thundered Senator Tillman. But his essential need is for air. Vocal powers do not depend for their exercise upon the presence of light. It has been demonstrated by specific tests that a given agitation of the atmosphere will produce precisely the same succession of sounds on a moonless night as at high noon.

Indeed, an absence of light is favorable rather than otherwise to the impression of sound; for when our eyes do discharge their watch some of the released energy, as it were, spills over into the sense of hearing. It is well known that sounds which one ignores under a full light arrest the attention in a dark room.

The Senator, with the best possible intentions, easily mistakes his needs. He thought he needed a report from Secretary Cortelyou upon the operations of the Treasury Department in the late panic. But when the report, in twenty-eight printed pages, was forthcoming he demanded, with passion, to be illuminated upon the tremendous question whether it is lawful for a Cabinet officer to make a report to the Senate in printed form, instead of in typewriting.

Had the Senator paid attention to the report instead of to the cover he might have found out the truly astonishing fact—which, certainly, nobody expected—that it did contain one bit of new and interesting information—namely, that under the Department's absurd practice, introduced by Secretary Shaw, of receiving bids for bonds from anybody, irrespective of responsibility, there were received, for the $25,000,000 Panama bonds, bids to the amount of $2,220,604,580, nearly all from people of no credit whatever.

The rest of the report might have been compiled by any intelligent page from a newspaper file.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Wise Old Owl of the Senate

Julius Cæsar in the Senate

UNCLE JULIUS CÆSAR BURROWS, of Michigan, is the Moral Regenerator of the Senate. You would never think it to look at him. He has a mild and beneficent eye and mild and beneficent whiskers. When he shakes hands with you he always puts his other hand on your shoulder and pats you and says: "Now, my boy-y-y" — one of those you-have-only-to-name-it-and-you-can-have-it tremolos, you know—and, eleven times out of twelve, he has forgotten who you are and what your name is. But that makes no difference. Uncle Julius Cæsar greets all comers with a wealth of affection that holds the whole boundless universe in its scope.

There was that time when the young man came in from Michigan and called on Uncle Julius, though it is only fair to add that this story has been told on others. "Ah, my boy-y-y," said Uncle Julius, doing his patting act so caressingly that the young man began to swell up a bit and think he was of some consequence, inasmuch as a United States Senator was making such a fuss over him—"Ah, my boy-y-y-y, I am so glad to see you. And how did you leave the dear ones at home? How is your dear old father, whom I know very well?"

"Senator," replied the young man, "father is dead."

"Dead?" exclaimed the Senator. "You don't tell me. I am grieved more than I can tell," but he told it just the same.

Later in the day the young man ran across the Senator again. "Ah, my boy-y-y-y," said Uncle Julius, "I am so glad to see you. Tell me, how did you leave the dear ones at home. And your father? How is your father, who is one of my best friends?"

"Senator," replied the visitor, "father is still dead."

But, to return: Uncle Julius Cæsar is the Moral Regenerator of the Senate. Every once in a while he lets off a thirteen-inch gun that keeps the echoes booming for months. He is chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, which has the say as to the qualifications of Senators. A few years ago he made a speech and led the fight against the late Matthew Stanley Quay, who was trying to get back into the Senate through the medium of his Pennsylvania pull, and he defeated Quay, although it was by the narrowest of squeaks. After he had rested up from this he let go at Reed Smoot, the angular and artless apostle of the Mormon Church. He didn't get Smoot, but he put a dent in the Mormon Church that was hailed with glad acclaim by most of the other religious bodies of the country.

When Burrows Flew the Jolly Roger

IT IS Uncle Julius Cæsar's theory that no man in public life can go amiss if he follows and fosters any movement backed by the women and the churches of the country. Not to say that his tendencies are not in this direction, but Uncle Julius has been in politics a few years, and he knows a thing or two. When you come down to studying the ornithology of the Senate, the first classification is Wise Old Owls. Uncle Julius competes for leading honors in this classification with Uncle William B. Allison, of Iowa. The two of them have all the rest of the Senate crowded off the perch for soft, silent, secretive wisdom. They think of things six months before you get a flash at them.

At the risk of being called a Nature-faker, it is necessary to say that Uncle Julius Cæsar is, also, a sly old fox. He goes padding around, beaming on everybody, sitting for hours in his seat without saying a word, but keeping tabs so closely that he can tell what is going to happen before most of the other statesmen know what has been proposed. From time to time, colleagues have thought Uncle Julius was dozing with his duties, but whenever there was anything suggested that ran counter to his ideas Uncle Julius was found to be as wide-awake as the passengers on a Sound steamboat on a foggy night with the siren going.

There was that time, a few years back, when we were stirred to our depths by the question of Cuban reciprocity. It appeared then that the country must go out of business, that we must smash to smithereens if the loud demands for Cuban reciprocity were not heeded. It was a parlous occasion—at the time; and the statesmen ran around in circles like sandpipers, uttering nervous cheep-cheeps—all but Uncle Julius Cæsar. Instead, he corraled a band of anti-reciprocity persons in his committee-room, made them prick their thumbs and sign their names in blood that they would do nothing without consulting him—using a good brand of red ink for those who had no blood—and then walked down into the forum and asked mildly, "What are you going to do about it?"

They couldn't do anything about it, because there was nothing to be done. The mild and soft-spoken Julius Cæsar had suddenly run up the Jolly Roger, and he commanded a piratical crew, sure enough. After the excitement had subsided, which is always the case, he resumed his padding around, noiseless as a rubber-tired buggy on an asphalt pavement. He went out of the insurgent business as quietly as he went in, but not until he had announced the immortal doctrine on which reciprocity, as it appeals to our statesmen, is based.

It came about in this way: Henry Cabot Lodge, Senator from Massachusetts, was willing there should be reciprocity on Cuban sugar, for Massachusetts produces no sugar. Mr. Lodge was making quite a stir about it. He was holding up our duty to the Cubans, dangling it before our eyes, and asking, in impassioned tones, if the great United States of America, having pulled Cuba out of the fire, intended to desert her now in the hour of her direst need!

"Not so," said Uncle Julius Cæsar. "Not so, by a long shot. The United States is never recreant to responsibilities, however incurred. I fully agree with the Senator from Massachusetts that we must do something for Cuba. I am aware that the State of Michigan, which I have the honor, in part, to represent in this body—how unworthily none knows better than myself—produces beet sugar. It is a great and growing industry, with millions of capital invested. I cannot conscientiously, with the interests of my constituents at heart, consent to any tampering with sugar, but I can and I will do something. I am in favor of the freest and fullest reciprocity with Cuba on that magnificent staple of food, the salt mackerel."

And Lodge Exploded with a Loud Report

AT THIS precise moment Henry Cabot Lodge blew up like a bottle of soda pop. "No, Mr. President," he shouted; "no, I am not in favor of that. I object. I protest. I demand, deny, deprecate and declare ——"

And Uncle Julius Cæsar padded out of the Senate, for, you see, Massachusetts does produce salt mackerel. He had Henry Cabot Lodge macerated to a pulp, and he knew it, for Mr. Lodge is in favor of reciprocity on goods not produced in his own State, that being the usual attitude of all reciprocity persons. Also he had added another tag of commendation to the doctrine of the late Winfield Scott Hancock, who said the tariff is a local issue, thereby producing a truth that was scoffed at at the time, but has since won out handsomely, as all truth must, so we are informed.

In his early days, when he was younger, Uncle Julius Cæsar was one of the star orators of the Congress. In the House he made the big speeches for his party. He has a voice that is as deep and resonant as the heavy tones of an organ, and when he let it loose in protest against some of the numerous outrages of the opposition, or in defense of some of the outrages of his own party, his paragraphs echoed and reverberated through the Capitol until you thought they had moved the sixteen-inch rifle up from Sandy Hook and were testing it in the rotunda.

He doesn't speak so often now, but when there is a job of moral regenerating to do he gets into action. It is probable he will be remembered longest by his speech against Quay, which was one of the really great speeches of the past decade. However, the fact that he is not resounding so much these days signifies nothing. He is up there in the Senate padding around, patting people on the shoulder, beaming through his eyeglasses, saying: "My dear fellow—of course—of course—I shall be only too happy ——" But do not think he is not in the game and does not know what is going on. Wise Old Owl!

A Mint-Bed in a Street Car

JUSTICE HARLAN, of the United States Supreme Court, was coming from the Capitol in a Fourteenth Street car in Washington. A lady who had a small package in her hand got on at the Centre Market and sat next to the Justice.

After they had ridden a block or two the learned Justice began to sniff. Apparently, he smelled something that pleased him, for his face relaxed into an expansive smile.

"Seems to me," he said to the lady who sat next to him, "that I smell something?"

"Do you?" she asked politely.

"Yes," replied the Justice, as he sniffed again, "it smells to me like mint." The lady laughed.

"Smells like juleps, too," said the Justice. "Nice fresh mint, I take it, from the fragrance."

The lady held up her package. "I found some bunches of mint at the market this morning," she said, "and I bought some of it. I have it here in the package."

The learned Justice leaned over and sniffed at the package "It's fine," he said wistfully.

"Would you like some?"

His eyes gladdened. "Indeed I would," he said

So she divided her package of mint, and when the Justice got off the car at Euclid Street he had his mint clasped tight in one hand and was already smacking his lips.

Where the Whales Came In

YEARS ago, when Gresham was Secretary of State, and the seal fisheries matter was in active dispute, Admiral Evans, who was then a commander in the Navy, was called to Washington to appear before Gresham and tell the Secretary about the seal conditions in the northern waters.

Evans had been patrolling the seal fisheries for a long time and knew all about seals. He was primed with information, and when he got before Gresham he delivered a two-hours' speech, which covered the fisheries' dispute in all of its bearings, political, physical and otherwise.

Secretary Gresham listened patiently. When Evans had finished he waited for a word of commendation for his masterly summing up of the complicated subject. He thought Gresham most understood everything.

"Evans," said Gresham, after a few minutes' deliberation, "do whales eat seals?"

The Hall of Fame

¶ Senator Tillman's hobby is rose culture.

¶ William Randolph Hearst is a total abstainer.

¶ Mayor George B. McClellan, of New York, is a student of Italian history.

¶ David Graham Phillips, the author, has written a play and intends to write more.

¶ Representative J. C. Needham, of California, was born in an emigrant wagon near Carson City, Nevada.

¶ Paul Armstrong, the playwright, invented a rotary engine once, but was switched to literature before he had a chance to perfect it.

¶ Irvin S. Cobb, the New York World humorist, began being funny in Paducah, Kentucky, but, after a few years, found it was easier in New York.

¶ Colonel Dick Bright, former sergeant-at-arms of the Senate, has the reputation of being able to carve a roasted pig more skillfully than any man in the South.

¶ Albert Payson Terhune, one of the editors of the Evening World in New York, wrote a novel once, with his mother, who is Marion Harland, as collaborator.

THE NEW REPORTER

And How He Views the Doings at the Capital

JUDGE BOLUS, the new Representative from our district, stood looking out of the window in the corridor that leads from the main door of the House to Statuary Hall when I came along the other day.

"Hello, Judge," I said and stopped beside him. He shook hands and drew me into the embrasure.

"Son," he said, "you know all about my standing back home, don't you?"

"Why, certainly, Judge."

"You know I am one of the leading lawyers of our city, that I have a good reputation for ability and learning, that I stand high in the community, and that I have some knowledge of and some influence in politics. Am I right?"

"Of course, Judge," I replied, wondering what was coming. "I know all those things and more."

"I am under many obligations to you. I had begun to think it was all a mistake, and that I came here under false pretenses, and am merely a shrimp who worked himself into Congress by some trick or other and had no standing at home or anywhere else."

"What made you think that?" I asked him, anxious to get at the facts.

"What made me think it?" exclaimed the Judge. "What made me think it? Why, everything that has happened to me since I got to this city, the Capital of our nation. Everything that has happened to me, I repeat, since I first set foot in this place."

"Tell me about it."

A Little Toad in a Big Puddle

"You listen and I'll tell you, all right. I have got to tell somebody or blow up. I came to Washington as a Representative in the Sixtieth Congress, elected by a large majority over my competitor in a district where there are more than two hundred thousand people. It had long been my ambition to be a national legislator, and I had many reforms I wanted to put in operation. As you may remember, I was given a farewell reception at home and made a speech telling what I hoped to accomplish.

"Hardly had I reached the hotel where I stopped when I first arrived when I was shocked by the attitude of Washington toward the Representatives in Congress, and especially new Representatives. I registered. I noticed one or two young men standing at the desk, and as I was arranging to have my baggage taken upstairs I heard one of them say: 'Who's Bolus?' 'Oh,' said the other, 'he's a dub elected from out West. First term. No consequence. Who else has blown in?'

"Do you know who those young men were? I have been at some pains to find out. They were newspaper correspondents waiting for arrivals, and I thought them exceedingly impertinent and ill-bred. It wasn't a week before I wondered why they had been so tolerant in their comment on me. Before the end of that first seven days I discovered a new member isn't of as much consequence in the House of Representatives as a sheep would be; not nearly so much, for a sheep is valuable for wool and mutton, and a new member isn't valuable for anything that I can discover.

"I had some ideas about legislation. I prepared several bills with great care and took them in to the Speaker to discuss them. I wanted an hour to talk about them, to formulate plans for their passage, and I had several speeches I desired to make in order to let the people back home know I am alert to the needs of the Republic and have remedies for ills that beset us. After waiting for a long time I got in to talk with the Speaker when he was alone. I had my bills with me. 'What is it you want?' he asked. 'Mr. Speaker,' I replied, preparing to outline the bills to him and point out their merits, 'I have here several bills I desire to introduce, and I thought I would explain them to you so you will be familiar with them and give me any suggestions you think proper. Then I desire to have them passed at once.'

"'Bills?' he said. 'Bills? Oh, drop them in the hopper. Good-morning.'

"I left much perturbed. Was it possible the Speaker did not care to discuss my reform measures? Apparently, it was possible. More than that, it was the surest thing on earth, for when I spoke to him again he had entirely forgotten my first visit to him, and said: 'My dear sir, if you have bills to introduce why the devil don't you introduce them? Who's stopping you? Don't bother me about them, I beg of you. They will come up in their regular order, perhaps.'

"Come up in their regular order? Not so far as I can discover will they come up at all. I have found that a new member is not expected to meddle in general legislation, that general legislation is suppressed rather than encouraged, that the committees deliberately smother great, far-reaching bills like mine, and if there is any general legislation, the committee chairman sees to it that the bill carries his name instead of that of a new member, no matter what the qualifications of the new member may be.

"I came here to save my country in various ways. I have found out that the country doesn't care a hoot about being saved by me and that the Congress isn't interested in saving her. I have arrived at the conclusion that I am of no consequence. Even the doorkeepers look on me with suspicion. Why, the other day, a man came up to me on the floor, gave me a slip of paper with names on it and said: 'Will you ask these gentlemen to meet me in my committee-room at three o'clock?'

"'Whom do you take me for?' I asked. 'I am Judge Bolus and a member of this House.' He looked me over and laughed. 'Excuse me,' he said, 'I thought you were one of the assistant sergeants-at-arms,' and a few minutes later I saw him telling about it to a group of old members who were laughing uproariously.

"My currency bill is well calculated to set the financial conditions straight. I asked for a hearing before the committee on my bill. They told me they had not taken up my measure as yet, and I do not think they ever will, from what I can learn. It was the same with tariff revision. There is a strong element in my district, as you know, that is in favor of revising some of the schedules of the Dingley law. I had made a tentative list of the revisions I desired to have made for the benefit of my constituents. I took that list to the chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, prepared to talk to him about it. He looked at me rather curiously and asked: 'Are you a member?' I told him I was. 'Well,' he said, 'what party do you belong to?' I was choking with rage, but I held myself in and told him I was a Republican."

Nothing Doing with the Tariff

"'Sir,' he said, 'from what you say I take it this is your first term in the House. After you have been here longer you will learn several things. One of the things you should know at once is that there will be no tariff revision this session.'

"'Who decides that?' I asked him. 'I have not been consulted and I am a member of this House.'

"He smiled at me the same way an indulgent father would smile at a child. 'Why,' he said, 'the men who run the House have decided it. Good-morning.'

"I stumbled out of the committee-room. I was mad. I decided I would make a speech, recount this experience, and urge the Republicans of the House to shake off this yoke and think and act for themselves. Five times I tried to make that speech in the House. Each time the Speaker asked: 'For what purpose does the gentleman rise?' and each time I was told I was out of order. Somebody told me I would be obliged to consult the Speaker for time to talk in, for he would recognize me in no other way. Think of that!—I, a member of the House, in a free country, obliged to beg for time in which to speak in a body where frank discussion is supposed to be the basis of our institutions! I consulted the Speaker. In a minute and a half, by the clock, I learned that my functions as a free and untrammeled member of this House are to do as I am told, to vote as the leaders indicate, and to obey the demands of the organization.

"'Have I no rights?' I asked a member who sits near me and who has been here for three terms. 'Certainly, you have rights,' he replied, 'but you can't get them. What you want to do is to play the game. If you don't, you won't get anything.'

"There are several appropriations for our district that I desire. I saw Chairman Tawney, of the Appropriations Committee, about them. I started to explain, elaborately, what was needed. 'No chance,' he said. 'We shall not appropriate anything along those lines in this Congress.' I glared at him. 'Do you mean to say,' I asked, 'that I cannot have these appropriations?' He patted me on the shoulder. 'That is exactly what I mean to say,' he said. 'But,' I insisted, 'I am a member of this House and I have a right to have some appropriations made for my district. Who can stop me?' Tawney patted me on the shoulder again. 'I can,' he said. And I have since discovered that he can. What do I amount to?"

Bolus Lucky to be Alive

"The Rules Committee framed a particularly obnoxious rule. It was aimed at debate on a certain measure I thought should be discussed fully. The rule allowed only twenty minutes' discussion, and I, personally, should have been glad to talk about it for three hours. I sought out Dalzell and Sherman, the Republican members of the Rules Committee. I protested. They said, 'Pish tush!' That is what they said to me, a member of this House: 'Pish tush!' Then they took a minute to go further into the matter, and Sherman said: 'This rule is decided upon. It will be put through with Republican votes. Get in line and do not break away from the organization. Do what you are told or you won't get anything.'

"This sort of business rapidly cowed me. In two weeks I was not certain whether I was a member of the House or not, except when they called my name in roll-call, and then I always voted the way the party did. In a month I was certain, as I am now, that, so far as I am concerned, my constituents might just as well have sent a counting machine to vote automatically, and let it go at that.

"I wanted to make a speech. The papers back home were commenting on the fact that I had taken no part in the discussions.

"I went to the leaders and said I wanted to make a speech. 'What about?' they asked. I told them, explaining at length. 'Do you need it for home consumption?' they asked. 'I do,' I said. 'Well,' they condescended, 'it will be fixed so you can have five minutes and extend your remarks in the Record. That will do just as well.'

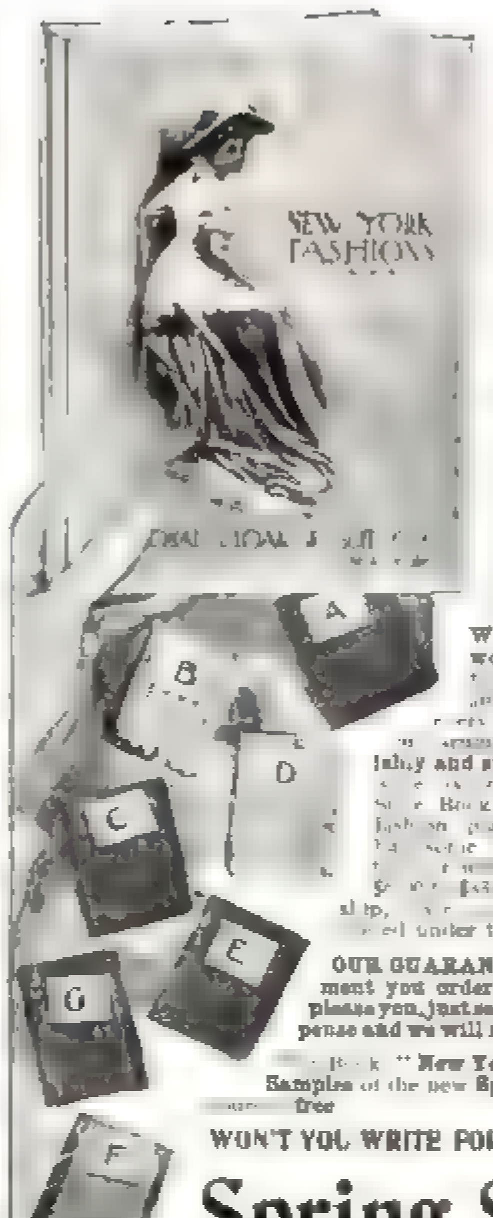
"What happened to me? I repeat, What happened to me? I was recognized for three minutes instead of five, talked that long and asked to extend my speech in the Record. I handed my manuscript to the clerk. He gave it to the man who looks out for the Record, and when it appeared I found they had sprinkled 'laughter' all through it, instead of 'applause,' and I was made to look as if I was a humorist, when I never made a joke in my life.

"I went up to see the President. He shook hands with me, told me he was glad to see me and hoped I would call often, and said the same thing to sixteen other men who were in the room with me at the time. I went to a White House reception, and they shot me through the room as if I had been Zazel, the Human Cannon-Ball.

"I prepared some interviews for the newspapers and sent them up to the press gallery, and not a line of them appeared in print so far as I have been able to discover; and I bought all the papers I could find for a week after each interview was prepared. I drew a good seat in the lottery, and was compelled to give it up because it was the seat of one of the old members of the House who always sat in it and was needed there for floor work.

"I am a new member. Everywhere I go it is rubbed into me that this is my first term and that I am lucky to be alive, to say nothing of having functions as a statesman."

And the Judge stopped, out of breath.



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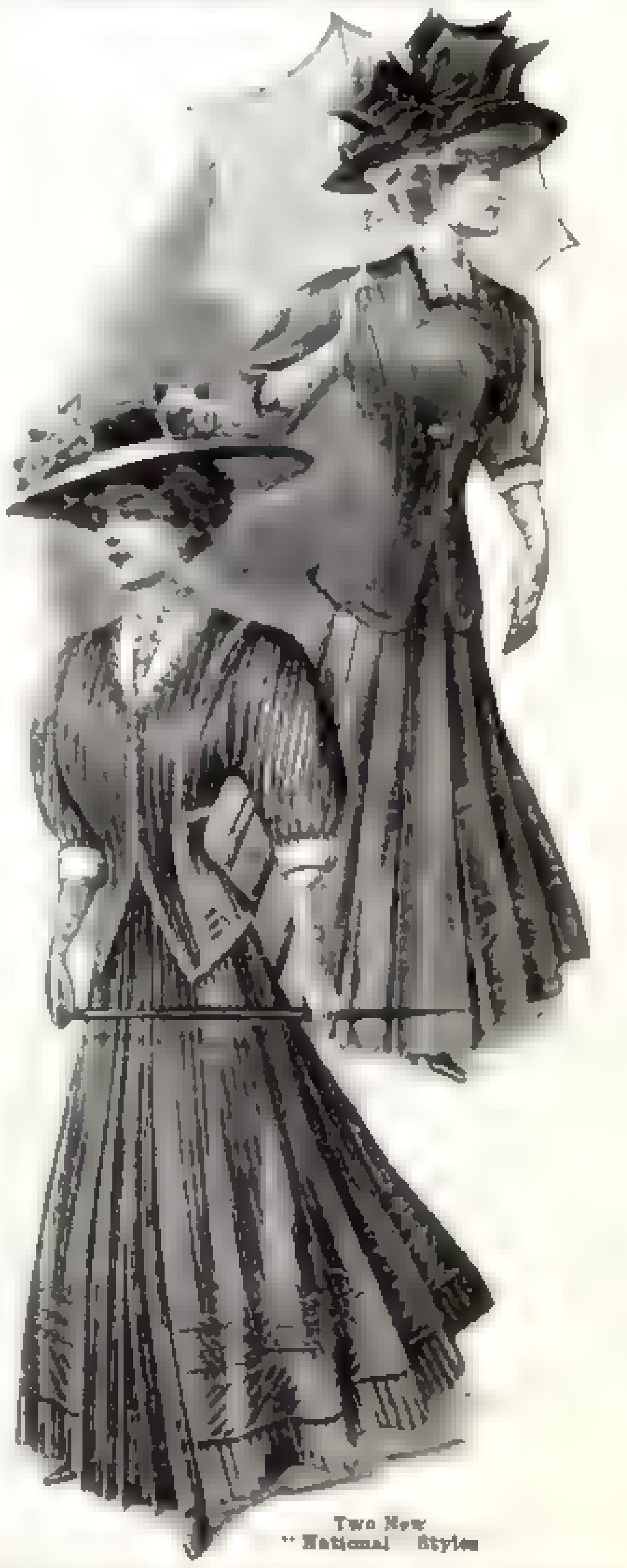

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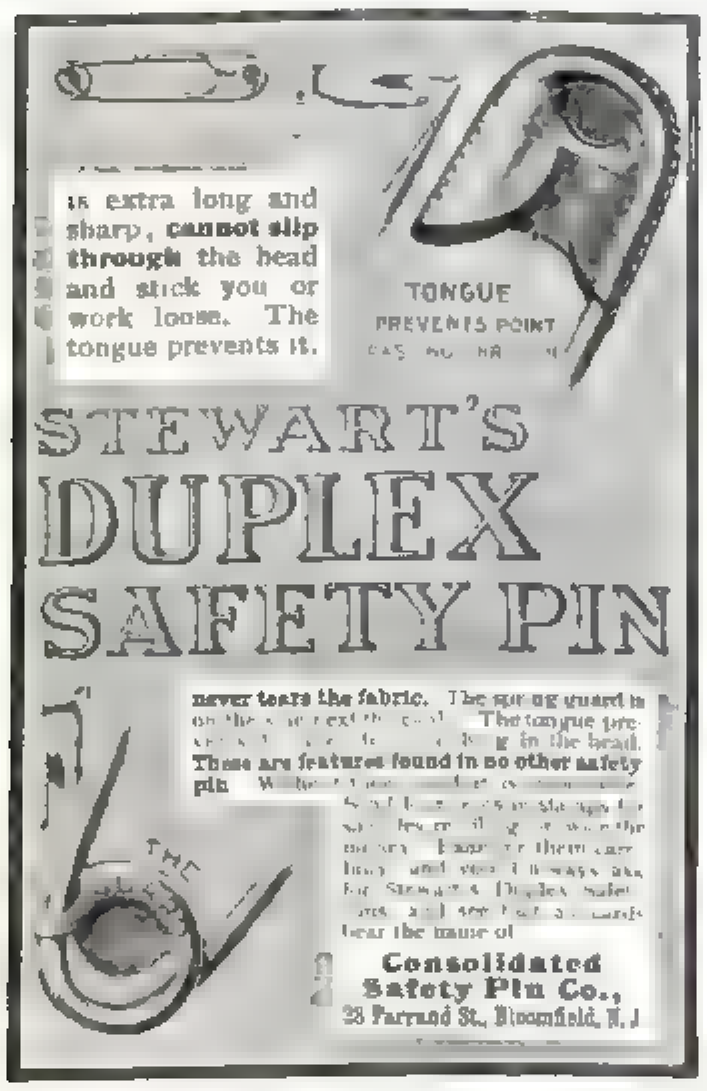

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JACK SPURLOCK—PRODIGAL

(Continued from Page 12)

his old age, after breakin' his heart, left his home to conso't with profligate companions? Naturally, suh, he felt outraged in his finest feelin's."

"You were the profligate companions, Major," I retorted with a grin. "And the rest of it wasn't so one-sided as you argue."

"I know that, Jack," the Major answered in a milder tone. "Yo' father's a powerful hand to make money, but raisin' children doesn't seem to be his game. Now I reckon he's beginnin' to understand that first he was too weak and then too harsh with you; that he tried to correct one series of mistakes with another; in sho't, suh, that he whip-sawed himself off the blank boa'd. He's not the kind to do any apologizin', but he wants to see you mighty bad, Jack, and just now he really needs you."

"Needs me? Why?" I questioned, impressed by something in the Major's manner.

"Don't you read the blank newspapers, suh? Haven't you seen how that man in the White House has been houndin' him, exhaustin' the vocabulary of vituperation on him and our other great leaders of finance, abusin' them as malefactors and criminals, and stirrin' up lawsuits against them. We've come to a pretty pass, suh, when the Chief Executive undermines confidence, destroys prosperity, and wrecks business by violent and ill-considered tirades against men like yo' honored father."

And this from the author of that speech against "the hell-houn's of the System!" I stopped short in the road and fixed the old fellow with an accusing eye.

"Major, you've been making money," I declared.

For a moment—but to do him justice, for only a moment—the Major looked foolish. Then his chest swelled up, as it always did when he was preparing to bluff a thing out.

"Dash it all, Jack!" he exploded, "why shouldn't I make money? Is it a blank crime to make money in this dashed country? Don't tell me, suh, that you, too, are infected with the prevailin' contagion! That, just because I have been tryin' to lay by some little provision against want in my old age, I am to be branded as a criminal and hounded to a felon's grave. I will not submit to it, suh—not even from you, Jack!"

"Where did you get it? Been speculating?" I asked, utterly ignoring this outburst.

"My operations on the Exchange have not been unsuccessful," the Major returned, his wrath abating, but still on his dignity.

"Bully for you! I hope you got away with a bale of their predatory wealth! I'm with Tom Lawson—all for busting the System by taking their hellish gains away from them," I explained.

At this condoning of his defection to the enemy, the Major immediately came off the defensive: "Why didn't I know about this speculatin' business sooner?" he demanded. "It's my game, suh. You can bet the market to win, or copper it, and the house gets its regular rake-off. It's just like faro and it's dealt crooked just as often, only, by Geo'ge, suh, *it's respectable!*"

"And the Governor's been giving you tips?" I hazarded.

"Ye-es; I suppose you'd call them tips," the Major replied hesitatingly, "though I haven't been playin' them exactly."

"How not exactly?"

"Well, suh, it's like this: While I did not doubt the sincerity of yo' father's belief in the stocks which he recommended—in fact, I have every reason to suppose that his misplaced confidence in them has cost him a considerable sum of money—my trainin' has made me exceedin'ly slow to follow the advice of any one that has an interest in the house—and yo' father deals oftener than he plays. So I coppered his info'mation, and, instead of buyin', sold sho't."

"Fine," I chuckled. "And made a hog-killing, by that self-satisfied gleam in your eye."

"Not as such things go on 'Change," the Major protested modestly. "But by pressin' the blank luck with a judicious doublin' of my bets, I have managed to clean up about *two hundred thousand dollars.*"

"Hush, Major, and quit your fooling. Talk figures that I can understand. Remember, I'm getting sixty a month and board, and so far I've only seen the board."

"I'm not foolin', Jack. I've bit every blank dollar a dozen times to make sure that I wasn't dreamin', till my teeth are wo'n down like an old houn' dog's."

I stopped short in the road and looked him over. He was undoubtedly in earnest and not crazy at least not crazier than usual. "Then, Major, salt it," I implored. "Bury it, tie it up in trust, buy an annuity, get yourself arrested and locked up, anything that'll fix you so you can't go back to Wall Street for more," and I grabbed his arm as if he were about to bolt back to break the bank.

"My dear Jack," the simple old fox answered. "I retired from business yesterday mo'nin' and invested my principal in bonds, a fo'm of wealth to which I have always been extremely partial. At the favorable prices prevailin', owin' to the injudicious attacks of the President on vested interests, they will yield me a little mo' than ten thousand a year—not much by the extravagant standards of the age, but enough fo' an old fellow of my simple tastes. As fo' goin' back fo' mo', only a blank business man would do that. One whose profession, like mine, suh, has necessitated a close study of the laws of chance, knows that to tempt Fo'tune again, after such a run of luck, is to tempt her to administer the chastisement that such unworthy hoggishness would deserve. I've been waitin' twenty years fo' the blank luck to change, and now that it has changed I'm goin' to play a certainty. The only certainty I know of, suh, is first mo'tgage bonds, with the interest payable semi-annually in gold at yo' bankers," and the Major parted with the last of his dignity in a whoop of joy. Then for ten minutes we fraternized all over the road, shaking hands, slapping each other on the back, and exchanging incoherent sentences beginning, "You told me the blank luck was due to change when we were ——" and, "To think, suh, that only a few weeks ago, in Baltimo', we were sufferin' fo' the bare ——"

A long squabble over the check which I had turned back to the Major's account followed, but finally I made him see that I couldn't take half his winnings when he had furnished the stake, the luck, and the wit to know that he had been cheated. My contention that, if the Governor and I were to be friends, I should start fair with him and not employ even a "justifiable stratagem" to win his good opinion, brought him grudgingly to my way of thinking. Then I persuaded him that in common decency I couldn't leave the Bonsalls' before the next morning, so we pushed on to the village, where the Major telephoned the Governor that it was all right, but to postpone the dinner for twenty-four hours and on no account to forget the terrapin.

As it was still early and lessons were over for the day, the Major decided to return to the Bonsalls' with me. Half-way there we stepped aside to yield the road to a horseman who was cantering toward us on a hunter which the Major viewed with approving eyes. But, instead of keeping on, the man pulled up when he saw us, and sang out joyously:

"Hullo, sporty boy Spur.! Where did you come from?"

It was Owen Corliss, an old Harvard pal, whose family I had often heard the Bonsalls mention with mingled despair and reverence, for they had held their union cards in the Four Hundred for a generation.

I wasn't glad to meet Owen, but I answered cordially and sought to divert his attention from myself by introducing the Major. But he persisted in being glad to see me.

"Where you stopping?" he demanded.

"At the Bonsalls'," I admitted, and added by way of palliation, "but I'm going back to town to-morrow." On occasion I can be something of a snob myself.

"Oh," he commented politely, but expressively. Then: "I say, can't you cut out to-night and dine at our place; there's an awfully jolly crowd staying with us? And bring Major Jackson," he concluded hospitably.

I hesitated. It was a long time since I'd had any fun that I hadn't had to keep to myself, and the thought of an evening with a lot of jolly young people was more than a temptation; it was a fall. "We'll be there," I answered, and Owen rode away with a farewell, "Bully! Dinner at eight."

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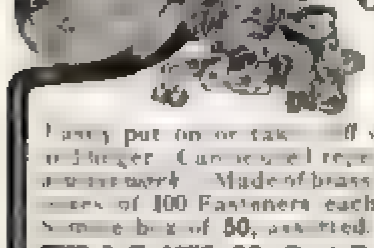

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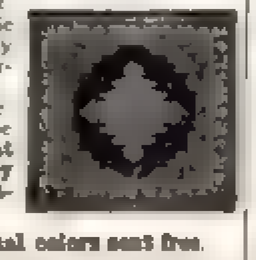

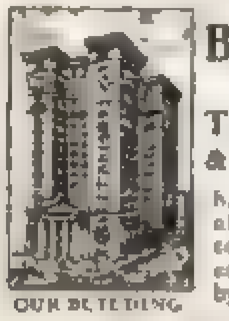

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Mrs. Bonsall was out calling when we got back, so we went up to the schoolroom and, as the Major expressed a curiosity to see how the blank cards would run after his colossal luck of the past month, we started a friendly game of freeze-out.

We had hardly picked up our first hands when that tiresome cub Clarence, whom I had thought safely out of the way for the afternoon, burst into the room.

"Ho! Ho!" he exclaimed. "Caught in the act! Playin' poker! Gimme a stack."

I nodded in answer to the question in the Major's eye, for the youth's father sometimes played with him of an evening.

"What's the limit?" Clarence demanded as the Major pushed a stack toward him.

"The ceiling," I answered, for we were, of course, playing "for fun."

"And what are you calling the chips?"

"Oh! call 'em anything you please. It doesn't make any difference."

"Well, let's say a dollar apiece," and Clarence cut with a deftness that made the Colonel open his eyes.

It was lucky, I thought as the game proceeded, that we weren't playing for real money. I held wretched hands, and, as the Major repeatedly observed, the game was a Heaven-sent warning to him. For Clarence, little demon that he was, the devil's picture-cards seemed to run in any combination which he needed to beat us.

Finally, both because the game was tiresome, now that we couldn't talk freely, and because Clarence's impertinence was heating up the Major to the danger point, I made an excuse for stopping.

Clarence assented readily and began to count his chips. "These call for eighty-three bones from the Major and fifty-six from you," he said as he finished.

"Yes; you were very lucky," I replied pleasantly. "And now, if you'll excuse us, we have a little business to talk over."

"All right; but cash in first."

There was a moment's stony silence while I looked Clarence in the eye, and saw his shriveled little soul there, though he tried to stare back unconcernedly.

"Tut! tut! Master Clarence," the Major exclaimed. "You know very well, suh, that we were playin' fo' fun. I'm not in the habit of gamblin' with little boys."

"Yes; I see you play for fun when you lose," sneered Clarence. "You heard me make these chips a dollar apiece. Ain't that so, Spurlock?" But he didn't look at me again.

I was too ashamed for the boy to have any heart in denying it, so I only answered: "I did not understand it that way."

But the Major had already taken out his pocketbook and handed eighty-three dollars to Clarence. "Shall I pay him fo' you, too, Jack?" he asked, more cheerfully than the circumstances seemed to warrant.

"No; I can't permit that."

"But you can give me your I O U till to-morrow," Clarence suggested. "Your wages are due then; though you shouldn't have played at all unless you could pay cash if you lost," he added virtuously.

"Do it, Jack," the Major commanded grimly, and I handed the young pup an I O U for fifty-six dollars of my pitiful salary.

"Well, so long," said Clarence defiantly, as he buttoned up the spoils.

"Not so fast, suh," the Major demurred. "You haven't got all that's comin' to you yet," and, seizing the astounded youth, he laid him across his knees and spanked him lovingly, lingeringly and artistically, until he roared for mercy.

"Now go back to the servants' hall where you belong, suh," he admonished.

Once free, Clarence paused only long enough to shake his fist at us and to call back: "I'll fix you, you damned old sharper; and you, too, Jack Spurlock. You'll be fired for this, you see if you ain't."

"And I wanted to leave a nice impression!" I exclaimed ruefully. "Well, it's taught me one lesson: I'll never play poker for fun again as long as I live."

There was small fear that Clarence would tell his mother about the game; he would have to invent some lie to get even. So when I saw the carriage roll up to the door a little later I went down to meet her confidently. The Major, though a brave warrior, never courted unnecessary danger, so he slipped out to a near-by summer-house to wait for me.

I caught Mrs. Bonsall in the hall, and, as usual, began with a blunder.

"Oh! Mrs. Bonsall!" I announced, "I'm going to dine with some friends to-night, and I may not be back until late."

There was an assurance in my manner that didn't just please my lady.

"Who are these friends?" she demanded sharply. "You know I don't like to have any one out late." From her, any one meant a servant.

Even then I should have lied to her out of sheer goodness of heart, if I'd thought, for I might have known that she wouldn't relish the idea of my dining at a house where she wasn't received. But she seemed to be in such a hurry for an answer that she rattled me, and, rather than keep a lady waiting, I told her the truth.

"With the Corlisses," and then I saw that I had done it.

"What Corlisses?" she demanded in an awful voice.

"Our neighbors," I answered with a little secret gratification, I confess, now that the mischief was done. "Owen Corliss is an old classmate of mine."

"You can't go," she snapped. "I need you to fill a place at the table here."

"I'm afraid I'll have to go," I answered, politely, but firmly. "You see, I've already accepted."

"Then unaccept."

I still kept my temper, though I saw that, quite regardless of the quality of Clarence's lie, I wasn't going to leave that pleasant impression behind me. "I'm sorry, but it's quite impossible ——"

"If you go out to-night you needn't come back."

"As you please," I answered with aggravating coolness. "I was planning to leave you to ——"

"Pack your things and get out instantly. I'll send a check for your wages to your room."

"There's only four dollars due," I informed her. "And you might hand that to the butler for me; he's been very attentive. The balance belongs to Clarence."

"So that's where the poor child's spending money has been going to! You've been borrowing it of him, you rascal."

"Not exactly," I laughed. "The little devil won it from me at poker," and I left her stuttering for vowels to fill out the dashes in her expletives.

I wasn't long about packing and getting one of the men to take my trunk out to the stable. As I followed it past the nursery door I saw Dorothy sitting there, scowling her dislike at me. On the instant I had a holy inspiration. Stepping inside I laid the unsuspecting brat over my knees, and gave her the first spanking she had ever had. And it was a sound one — sixty dollars' worth. Then I politely restored her to her place on the floor, and left her gathering breath for a howl which would properly proclaim the insult to her dignity.

On the way to the stables I picked up the Major. A messenger had already brought his bag from the city, and we were soon settled in the little village hotel. There the Major skinned a hundred-dollar bill from his roll, and insisted on my taking it. "Just to give you confidence," he explained. "You look a little fagged, and money's a great tonic to the feelin's."

"I will feel better for having it in my pocket," I admitted. "To tell the truth, Major, I'm beginning to get discouraged. I seem to be an all-round frost. I came out here with the purest and holiest intentions, and look at my bum finish. I've eaten dirt for a month, and what do I make out of it? Not even a mud pie? How the deuce can I go to the Governor to-morrow and expect him to fondle me as his fair-haired boy, with this record behind me?"

"My deah Jack," the Major returned soothingly, "if you will be discreet and spare yo' father useless and painful details — no suh! I am not counselin' you to deceive him, but simply to repress yo' passion fo' harrowin' his feelin's — you will sho'tly find yo'self in touch with a bank account which will relieve you of all these so'did and ungentlemanly little worries."

I made no answer, for like every real difference in life, ours was simply a difference in the point of view. What the Bonsalls regarded as enviable elegance, was vulgar ostentation to the Corlisses. The men whom the Major called the hell-hounds of the System on an empty stomach, were our great leaders of finance after he had eaten their grouse. And to me, with a borrowed hundred-dollar bill in my pocket, the steam of the flesh-pots smelled savory; but deep down I knew that, once I'd laid on a little fat, I would not be content to wear a Wall Street ball and chain, even if it were of solid gold.

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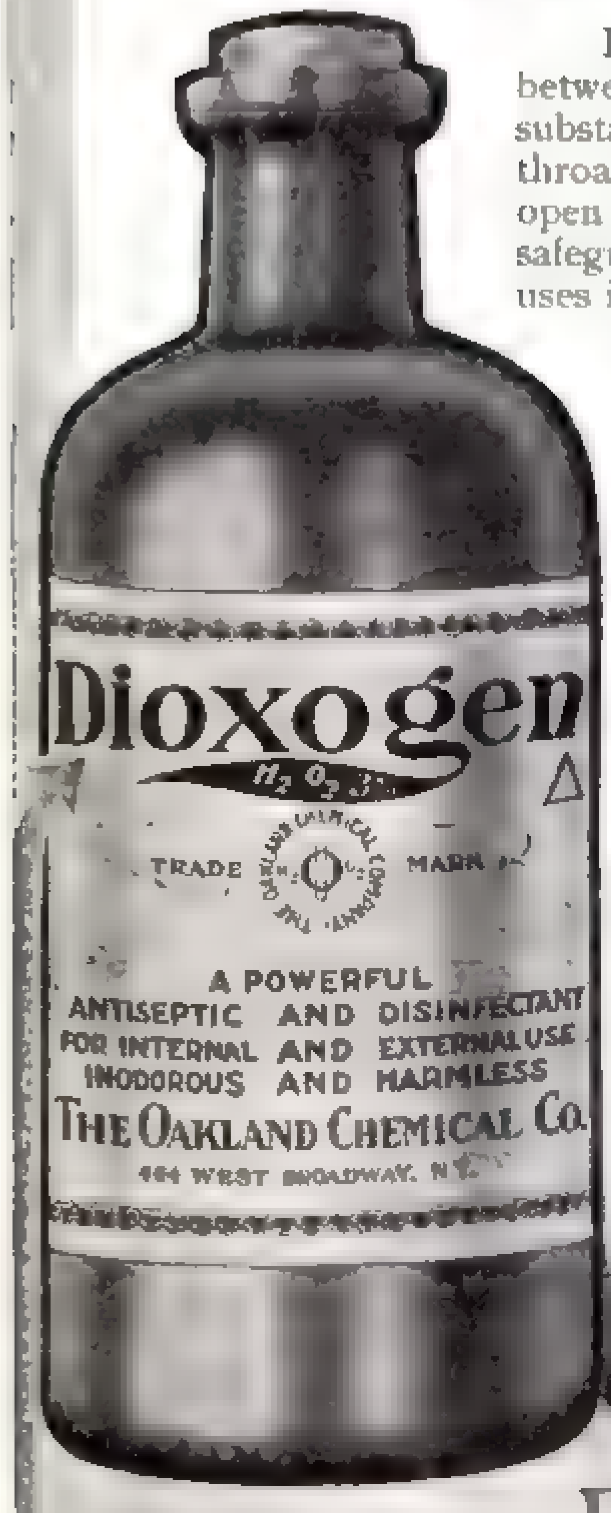

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THE PARTNERS

(Continued from Page 14)

"Boys," said he, "while you're on the work I want you all to keep a watch-out for these Heinzman logs, and whenever you strike one I want you to blaze it plainly, so there won't be any mistake about it."

"What for?" asked one of the Saginaw men as he received his hatchet.

But the riverman who squatted next nudged him with his elbow.

"The less questions you ask Jack the more answers you'll get. Just do what you're told to on this river, and you'll see fun sure."

Three days later the rear crew ran into the head of the pond above Reed's dam. To every one's surprise Orde called a halt on the work and announced a holiday.

Now, holidays are unknown on drive. Barely is time allowed for eating and sleeping. Nevertheless, all that day the men lay about in complete idleness, smoking, talking, sleeping in the warm sun. The river, silenced by the closed sluice-gates, slept also. The pond filled with logs. From above, the current, aided by a fair wind, was driving down still other logs the forerunners of the little drive astern. At sight of these some of the men grumbled.

"We're losin' what we made," said they. "We left them logs and sorted 'em out once already."

Orde sent a couple of axmen to blaze the newcomers. A little before sundown he ordered the sluice-gates of the dam to be opened.

"Night work," said the men to one another. They knew, of course, that in sluicing logs the gates must be open a couple of hours before the sluicing begins in order to fill the river-bed below. Logs run ahead faster than the water spreads.

Sure enough, after supper Orde suddenly appeared among them, the well-known devil of mischief dancing in his eyes and broadening his good-natured face.

"Get organized, boys," said he briskly. "We've got to get this pond all sluiced before morning, and there's enough of us here to hustle it right along."

The men took their places. Orde moved here and there giving his directions.

"Sluice through everything but the Heinzman logs," he commanded. "Work them off to the left and leave them."

Twilight, then dark fell. After a few moments the moon, then just past its full, rose behind the new-budding trees. The sluicing, under the impetus of a big crew, went rapidly.

"I bet there's mighty near a million an hour going through there," speculated Orde, watching the smooth, swift, but burdened waters of the chute.

And in this work the men distinguished easily the new white blaze-marks on Heinzman's logs; so they were able without hesitation to shunt them one side into the smoother water, as Orde had commanded.

About two o'clock the last log shot through.

"Now, boys," said Orde, "tear out the booms."

The chute to the dam was approached by two rows of booms arranged in a V, or funnel, the apex of which emptied into the sluiceway, and the wide projecting arms of which embraced the width of the stream. The logs, floating down the pond, were thus concentrated toward the sluice. Also the rivermen, walking back and forth along the length of the booms, were able easily to keep the drive moving.

Now, however, Orde unchained these boom logs. The men pushed them ashore. There as many as could find room on either side the boom poles clamped in their peavies, and, using these implements as handles, carried the booms some distance back into the woods. Then everybody tramped back and forth, round and about, to confuse the trail. Orde was like a mischievous boy at a school prank. When the last timber had been concealed he lifted up his deep voice in a roar of joy in which the crew joined.

"Now let's turn in for a little sleep," said he.

This situation, perhaps a little cloudy in the reader's mind, would have cleared could he have looked out over the dam pond the following morning. The blazed logs belonging to Heinzman, drifting slowly, had sucked down into the corner toward the power canal, where, caught against the grating, they had jammed. These logs would have to be floated singly, and pushed one by one against the current, across the pond and into the influence of the sluice-gates. Some of them would be hard to come at.

"I guess that will keep them busy for a day or two," commented Orde, as he followed the rear down to where it was sacking below the dam.

Meanwhile the entire length of the river was busy and excited. Heinzman's logs were all blazed inside a week. The men passed the hatchets along the line. And slim chance did a marked log have of rescue once the poor thing fell into difficulties.

After this happy fashion the drive went, until at last it entered the broad, deep and navigable stretches of the river from Redding to the lake. Here, barring the accident of an extraordinary flood, the troubles were over. On the broad, placid bosom of the stream the logs would float. A crew, following, would do the easy work of sacking what logs would strand or eddy in the lazy current, would roll into the faster waters the component parts of what were by courtesy called jams, but which were in reality pile-ups of a few hundred logs on sand-bars amidstream; and in the growing tepid warmth of summer would tramp pleasantly along the river trail. Of course, a dry year would make necessary a larger crew and more labor; of course, a big flood might sweep the logs past all defenses into the lake for an irretrievable loss. But such floods come once in a century, and even the dryest of dry years could not now hang the drive. As Orde sat in his buckboard, ready to go into town for a first glimpse of Carroll in more than two months, he gazed with an immense satisfaction over the broad river, moving brown and glacier-like, as though the logs that covered it were viscid and composed all its substance. The enterprise was practically assured of success.

For a while now Orde was to have a breathing spell. A large number of men were here laid off. The remainder, under the direction of Jim Denning, would require little or no actual supervision. Until the jam should have reached the distributing booms above Monrovia, the affair was very simple. Before he left, however, he called Denning to him.

"Jim," said he, "I'll be down to see you through the sluiceways at Redding, of course. But, now that you have a good, still stretch of river, I want you to have the boys let up on sacking out those Heinzman logs. And I want you to include in our drive all the Heinzman logs from above you possibly can. If you can fix it, let their drive drift down into ours."

"Then we'll have to drive their logs for them," objected Denning.

"Sure," rejoined Orde. "But it's easy driving, and, if that crew of his hasn't much to do, perhaps he'll lay most of them off here at Redding."

Denning looked at his principal for a moment. Then a slow grin overspread his face. Without comment he turned back to camp, and Orde took up his reins.

Three days later the jam of the drive reached the dam at Redding.

At the booms everything was in readiness to receive the jam. The long swing-arm slanting across the river channel was attached to its winch, which would operate it. When shut it would close the main channel and shunt into the booms the logs floating in the river. There, penned at last by the piles driven in a row and held together at the top by bolted timbers, they would lie quiet. Men armed with pike-poles would then take up the work of distribution according to the brands stamped on the ends. Each brand had its own separate "sorting-pens," the lower end leading again into the open river. From these each owner's property was rafted and towed to his private booms at his mill below.

Orde spent the day before the jam appeared in constructing what he called a "boomerang."

"Invention of my own," he explained to Newmark. "Secret invention just yet. I'm going to hold up the drive in the main river until we have things bunched. Then I'm going to throw a big crew down here by the swing. Heinzman anticipates, of course, that I'll run the entire drive into the booms and do all my sorting there. Naturally, if I turn his logs loose into the river as fast as I run across them, he will be able to pick them up one at a time, for he'll only get them occasionally. If I keep them until everything else is sorted, only Heinzman's logs will remain; and as we have no right to hold logs we'll have to turn them loose through the lower sorting-booms, where he can be ready to raft them. In that way he gets them all right without paying us a cent. See?"

"Yes, I see," said Newmark.

"Well," said Orde with a laugh, "here is where I fool him. I'm going to rush the drive into the booms all at once, but I'm going to sort out Heinzman's logs at these openings near the entrance and turn them into the main channel."

"What good will that do?" asked Newmark skeptically. "He gets them sorted just the same, doesn't he?"

"The current is fairly strong," Orde pointed out, "and the river is almighty wide. When you spring seven or eight million feet on a man, all at once and unexpected, and he with no crew to handle them, he's going to keep almighty busy. And if he don't stop them this side his mill, he'll have to raft and tow them back; and if he don't stop 'em this side the lake he may as well kiss them all good-by—except those that drift into the bayous and inlets and marshes and other ungodly places."

"I see," said Newmark dryly.

"But don't say a word anywhere," warned Orde. "Secrecy is the watchword of success with this merry little joke."

The boomerang worked like a charm. The men had been grumbling at an apparent peaceful yielding of the point at issue, and would have sacked out many of the blazed logs if Orde had not held them rigidly to it. Now their spirits flamed into joy again. The sorting went like clockwork. Orde, in personal charge, watched that through the different openings in his "boomerang" the Heinzman logs were shunted into the river. Shortly the channel was full of logs floating merrily away down the little blue wavelets. After a while Orde handed over his job to Tom North.

"Can't stand it any longer, boys," said he. "I've got to go down and see how the Dutchman is making it."

"Come back and tell us!" yelled one of the crew.

"You bet I will!" Orde shouted back.

He drove the team and buckboard down the marsh-road to Heinzman's mill. There he found evidences of the wildest excitement. The mill had been closed down, and all the men turned in to rescue logs. Boats plied in all directions. A tug darted back and forth. Constantly the number of floating logs augmented, however. Many had already gone by.

"If you think you're busy now," said Orde to himself with a chuckle, "just wait until you begin to get *logs*."

He watched for a few moments in silence.

"What's he doing with that tug?" thought he. "Oh-ho! He's stringing booms across the river to hold the whole outfit."

He laughed aloud, turned his team about and drove frantically back to the booms. Every few moments he chuckled. His eyes danced. Hardly could he wait to get there. Once at the camp he leaped from the buckboard, with a shout to the stableman, and ran rapidly out over the booms to where the sorting of Heinzman's logs was going merrily forward.

"He's shut down his mill," shouted Orde, "and he's got all that gang of highbankers out, and every old rumblossom in Monrovia, and I bet if you'd say 'logs' to him he'd chase his tail in circles."

"Want this job?" North asked him.

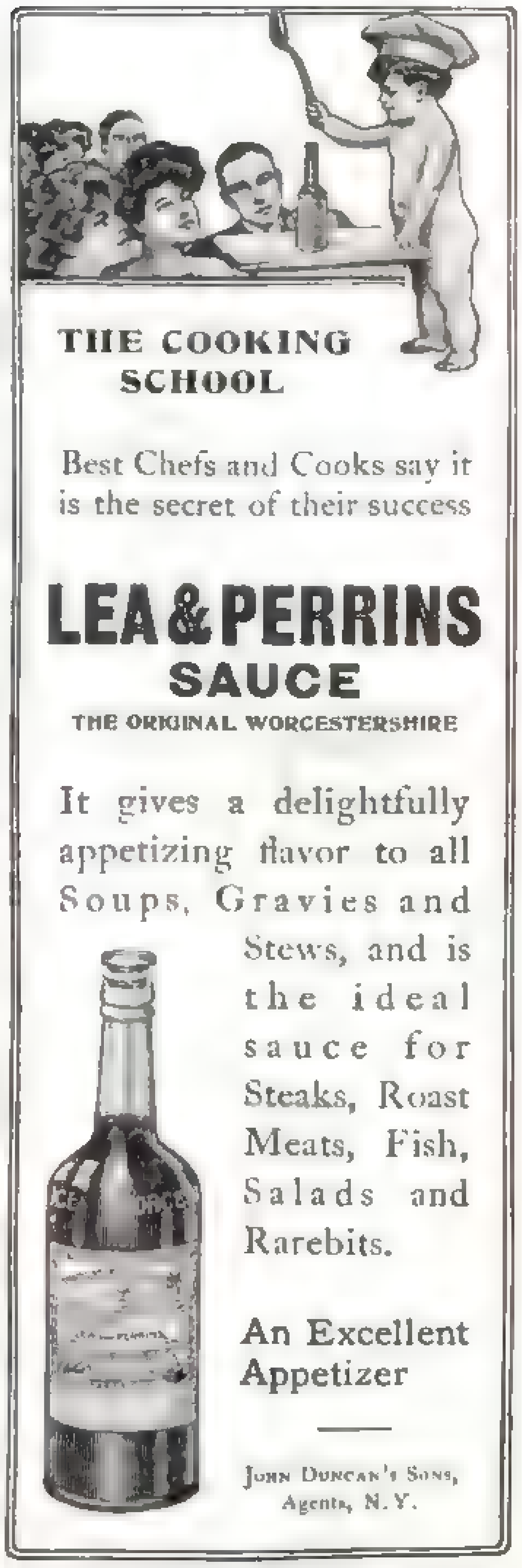
"No," said Orde, suddenly fallen solemn. "Haven't time. I'm going to take Marsh and the Sprite and go to town. Old Heinzman," he added as an afterthought, "is stringing booms across the river—obstructing navigation."

He ran down the length of the whole boom to where lay the two tugs.

"Marsh!" he called when still some distance away. "Got up steam?"

Ten minutes later the Sprite, a cloud of white smoke pouring from her funnel, was careening down the stretch of the river.

Captain Marsh guided his energetic charge among the logs floating in the stream with the marvelous second instinct of the expert tugboatman. A whirl of the wheel to the right, a turn to the left the craft heeled strongly under the forcing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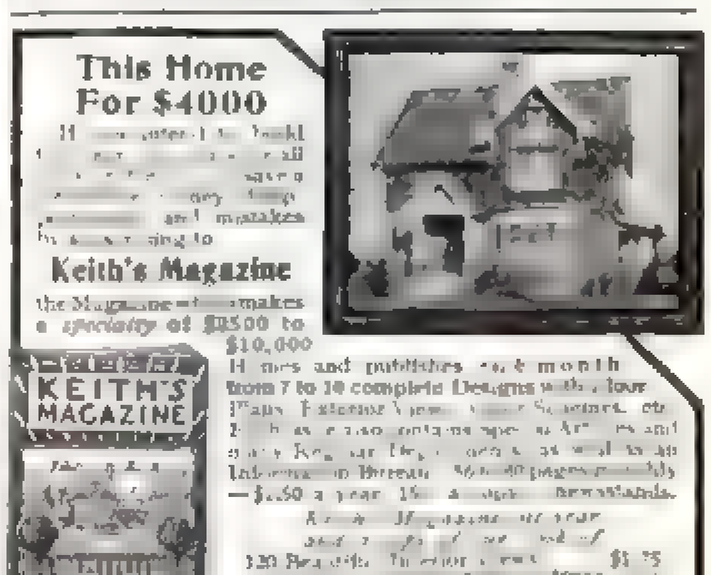
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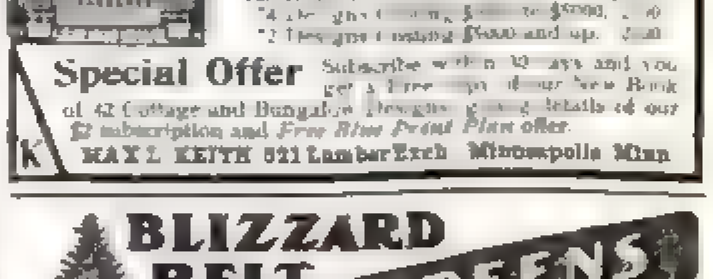
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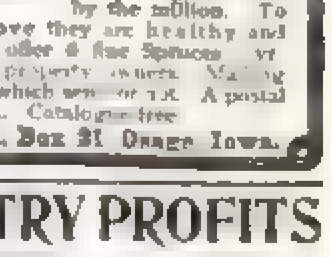
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of her powerful rudder to avoid by an arm's length some timbers fairly flung aside by the wash. The displacement of the rapid running seemed almost to force the water above the level of the deck on either side, and about ten feet from the gunwale. As the low marshes and cat-tails flew past Orde noted with satisfaction that many of the logs, urged one side by the breeze, had found lodgment among the reeds and in the bayous and inlets. One at a time, and painfully, these would have to be salvaged.

In a short time the mills' tall smokestacks loomed in sight. The logs thickened until it was with difficulty that Captain Marsh could thread his way among them at all. Shortly Orde, standing by the wheel in the pilot-house, could see down the stretches of the river a crowd of men working antlike.

"They've got 'em stopped," commented Orde. "Look at that gang working from boats! They haven't a dozen 'cork boots' among 'em."

"What do you want me to do?" asked Captain Marsh.

"This is a navigable river, isn't it?" replied Orde. "Run through."

Marsh rang for half speed and began to nose his way gently through the loosely-floating logs. Soon the tug had reached the scene of activity, and headed straight for the slender line of booms hitched end to end and stretching quite across the river.

"I'm afraid we'll just ride over them if we hit them too slow," suggested Marsh.

Orde looked at his watch.

"We'll be late for the mail unless we hurry," said he.

Marsh whirled the spokes of his wheel over and rang the engine-room bell. The water churned white behind; the tug careened.

"Vat you do! Stop!" cried Heinzman from one of the boats.

Orde stuck his head from the pilot-house door.

"You're obstructing navigation," he yelled. "I've got to go to town to buy a postage-stamp."

The prow of the tug, accurately aimed by Marsh, hit square in the junction of two of the booms. Immediately the water was agitated on both sides, and for a hundred feet or so, by the pressure of the long poles sidewise. Ensued a moment of strain; then the links snapped; and the Sprite plunged joyously through the opening. The booms, swept aside by the current, floated to either shore. The river was open.

Orde, his head still out the door, looked back.

"Slow down, Marsh," said he. "Let's see the show."

Already the logs caught by the booms had taken their motion and had swept past the opening. Although the lonesome tug Heinzman had on the work immediately picked up one end of the broken boom, and with it started out into the river, she found difficulty in making headway against the sweep of the logs. After a long struggle she reached the middle of the river, where she was able to hold her own.

"Wonder what next?" speculated Orde. "How are they going to get the other end of the boom out from the other bank?"

Captain Marsh had reversed the Sprite. The tug lay nearly motionless amidstream, her propeller slowly revolving.

Up-river all the small boats gathered in a line, connected one to the other by a rope. The tug passed over to them the cable attached to the boom. Evidently the combined efforts of the rowboats were counted on to hold the half-boom across the current, while the tug brought out the other half. When the tug dropped the cable Orde laughed.

"Nobody but a Dutchman would have thought of that!" he cried. "Now for the fun!"

Immediately the weight fell on the small boats, they were dragged irresistibly backward. Even from a distance the three men on the Sprite could make out the whitewater as the oars splashed and churned and frantically caught crabs in a vain effort to hold their own. Marsh lowered his telescope, the tears streaming down his face.

"It's better than a goat-fight," said he.

Futilely protesting, the rowboats were dragged backward, turned as a whip is snapped, and strung out along the bank below.

"They'll have to have two tugs before they can close the break that way," commented Orde.

"Sure thing," replied Captain Marsh.

But at that moment a black smoke rolled up over the marshes, and shortly around the bend from above came the Lucy Belle.

The Lucy Belle was the main excuse for calling the river navigable. She made trips as often as she could between Redding and Monrovia. In luck, she could cover the forty miles in a day. It was no unusual thing, however, for the Lucy Belle to hang up indefinitely on some one of the numerous shifting sand-bars. For that reason she carried more imperishable freight than passengers. In appearance she was two-storied, with twin smokestacks, an iron Indian on her top, and a "splutter-behind" paddle wheel.

"There comes his help," said Orde. "Old Simpson would stop to pick up a bogus three-cent piece."

Sure enough, on hail from one of the rowboats, the Lucy Belle slowed down and stopped. After a short conference she steamed clumsily over to get hold of one end of the boom. The tug took the other. In time, and by dint of much splashing, some collisions, and several attempts, the ends of the booms were united.

By this time, however, nearly all the logs had escaped. The tug, towing a string of rowboats, set out in pursuit.

The Sprite continued on her way until beyond sight. Then she slowed down again. The Lucy Belle churned around the bend, and turned in toward the tug.

"She's going to speak us," marveled Orde. "I wonder what the dickens she wants."

"Tug ahoy!" bellowed a red-faced individual from the upper deck. He was dressed in blue and brass buttons, carried a telescope in one hand, and was liberally festooned with gold braid and embroidered anchors.

"Answer him," Orde commanded Marsh.

"Hullo there, Commodore; what is it?" replied the tug captain.

The red-faced figure glared down for a moment.

"They want a tug up there at Heinzman's. Can you go?"

"Sure!" cried Marsh, choking.

The Lucy Belle sheered off magnificently.

"What do you think of that?" Marsh asked Orde.

"The Commodore always acts as if that old raft was a sixty-gun frigate," was Orde's noncommittal answer. "Head upstream again."

Heinzman saw the Sprite coming and rowed out frantically, splashing at every stroke, and yelling with every breath.

"Don't you go through there! Vait a minute! Stop, I tell you!"

"Hold up," said Orde to Marsh

Heinzman rowed alongside, dropped his oars and mopped his brow.

"Vat you do?" he demanded heatedly.

"I forgot the money to buy my stamp with," said Orde sweetly. "I'm going back to get it."

"Not through my pooms!" cried Heinzman.

"Mr. Heinzman," said Orde severely, "you are obstructing a navigable stream. I am doing business, and I cannot be interfered with."

"But my logs!" cried the unhappy millman.

"I have nothing to do with your logs. You are driving your own logs," Orde reminded him.

Heinzman vituperated and pounded the gunwale.

"Go ahead, Marsh!" said Orde.

The tug gathered way. Soon Heinzman was forced to let go. For a second time the chains were snapped. Orde and Marsh looked back over the churning wake left by the Sprite. The severed ends of the boom were swinging back toward either shore. Between them floated a rowboat. In the rowboat gesticulated a pudgy man. The river was well sprinkled with logs. Evidently the sorting was going on well.

"May as well go back to the works," said Orde. "He won't string them together again to-day—not if he waits for that tug he sent Simpson for."

Accordingly they returned to the booms, where work was suspended while Orde detailed to an appreciative audience the happenings below. This tickled the men immensely.

"Why, we hain't sorted out more'n about a million feet of his logs," cried Rollway Charley. "He hain't *seen* no logs yet!"

They turned with new enthusiasm to the work of shunting Heinzman's logs into the channel.

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In ten minutes, however, the stableman picked his way out over the booms with a message for Orde.

"Mr. Heinzman's ashore, and wants to see you," said he.

Orde and Jim Denning exchanged glances.

"'Coon's come down," said the latter.

Orde found the millman pacing restlessly up and down before a steaming pair of horses. Newmark, perched on a stump, was surveying him sardonically and chewing the end of an unlighted cigar.

"Here you poth are!" burst out Heinzman when Orde stepped ashore. "Now this must stop. I must not lose my logs! Vat is your probosition?"

Newmark broke in quickly before Orde could speak.

"I've told Mr. Heinzman," said he, "that we would sort and deliver the rest of his logs for two dollars a thousand."

"That will be about it," agreed Orde.

"But," exploded Heinzman, "that is as much as you agreet to drive and deliffer my whole cut!"

"Precisely," said Newmark.

"Put I haf all the eggspense of driving the logs myself. Why shoult I pay you for doing what I haf alretty paid to haf done?"

Orde chuckled.

"Heinzman," said he, "I told you I'd make you scratch gravel. Now it's time to talk business. You thought you were boring with a mighty auger, but it's time to revise. We aren't forced to bother with your logs, and you're lucky to get out so easy. If I turn your whole drive into the river you'll lose more than half of it outright, and it'll cost you a heap to salvage the rest. And what's more, I'll turn 'em in before you can get hold of a pile-driver. I'll sort night and day," he bluffed, "and by to-morrow morning you won't have a stick of timber above my booms." He laughed again. "You want to get down to business almighty sudden."

When finally Heinzman had driven sadly away, and the whole drive, Heinzman's logs included, was pouring into the main boom, Orde stretched his arms over his head in a luxury of satisfaction.

"That just about settles that campaign," he said to Newmark.

"Oh, no, it doesn't," replied the latter decidedly.

"Why?" asked Orde surprised. "You don't imagine he'll do anything more?"

"No, but I will," said Newmark.

Late in the fall Orde started for the office. With every step his elation increased. At the office he threw open his desk with a slam. Newmark jumped nervously and frowned. Orde's big, open and brusque manners bothered him as they would have bothered a cat.

"Got a son and heir over at my place," called Orde in his big voice. "This old firm's got to hustle now, I tell you."

"Congratulate you, I'm sure," said Newmark, rather shortly. "Mrs. Orde is doing well, I hope?"

"Fine, fine!" cried Orde.

Newmark dropped the subject and plunged into a business matter.

CHAPTER VIII

THE first season of the Boom Company was most successful. Its prospects for the future were bright. The drive had been delivered to its various owners at a price below what it had cost them severally, and without the necessary attendant bother. Therefore the loggers were only too willing to renew their contracts for another year. This did not satisfy Newmark, however.

"What we want," he told Orde, "is a charter giving us exclusive rights on the river, and authorizing us to ask toll. I'm going to try and get one out of the legislature."

He departed for Lansing as soon as the Assembly opened, and almost immediately became lost in one of those fierce struggles of politics not less bitter because concealed. Heinzman was already on the ground.

Newmark had the shadow of right on his side, for he applied for the charter on the basis of the river improvements already put in by his firm. Heinzman, however, possessed much political influence, a deep knowledge of the subterranean workings of plot and counterplot, and a "barrel." Although armed with an apparently incontestable legal right, Newmark soon found himself fighting on the defensive. Heinzman wanted the improvements already existing condemned and sold as a public utility to the highest bidder. He offered further guarantees as to future improvements. In addition were other and more potent arguments proffered behind closed doors. Many cases resolved themselves into a bald question of cash. Others demanded diplomacy. Jobs, fat contracts, business favors, influence, were all flung out freely—bribes as absolute as though stamped with the dollar mark. Newspapers all over the State were pressed into service. These, bought up by Heinzman and his prospective partners in a lucrative business, spoke virtuously of private piracy of what are now called public utilities, the exploiting of the people's natural wealths, and all the rest of a species the more convincing in that it was in many other cases only too true. The independent journals, uninformed of the rights of the case, either remained silent on the matter, or groped in a puzzled and undecided manner on both sides.

Against this secret but effective organization Newmark most unexpectedly found himself pitted. He had anticipated being absent but a week; he became involved in an affair of months.

With decision he applied himself to the problem. He took rooms at the hotel, sent for Orde, began at once to set in motion the machinery of opposition. The refreshed resources of the company were strained to the breaking point in order to raise money for this new campaign opening before it. Orde, returning to Lansing after a trip devoted to the carrying out of Newmark's directions as to finances, was dismayed at the tangle of strategy and cross-strategy, innuendo, vague and formless cobweb-forces by which he was surrounded. He could make nothing of them. They brushed his face, he felt their influence, yet he could place his finger on no tangible and comprehensive solidity. Among these delicate and complicated cross-currents Newmark moved silent, cold, secret. He seemed to understand them; to play with them; to manipulate them as elements of the game. Above them was the hollow shock of the ostensible battle—the speeches, the loud talk in lobbies, the newspaper virtue, indignation, accusations; but the real struggle was here in the furtive ways, in whispered words delivered hastily aside, in hotel halls on the way to and from the stairs, behind closed doors of rooms without open transoms.

Orde, in comic despair, acknowledged that it was all "too deep for him." Nevertheless it was soon borne in on him that the new company was struggling for its very right to existence. It had been doing that from the first; but now to Orde the fight, the existence, had a new importance. The company up to this point had been a scheme merely, an experiment that might win or lose. Now, with the history of a drive behind it, it had become a living entity. Orde would have fought against its dissolution as he would have fought against a murder. Yet he had practically to stand one side, watching Newmark's slender, gray-clad, tense figure gliding here and there, more silent, more reserved, more watchful every day.

The fight endured through most of the first half of the session. When finally it became evident to Heinzman that Newmark would win, he made the issue of toll rates the ditch of his last resistance, trying to force legal charges so low as to eat up the profits. At the last, however, the bill passed the board. The company had its charter.

At what price only Newmark could have told. He had fought with the tense earnestness of the nervous temperament that fights to win without count of the cost. The firm was established; but it was as heavily in debt as its credit would stand. Newmark himself, though as calm and reserved and precise as ever, seemed to have turned gray, and one of his eyelids had acquired a slight nervous twitch which persisted for some months. He took his seat at the desk, however, as calmly as ever. In three days the scandalized howls of bribery and corruption had given place in the newspapers to some other sensation.

"Joe," said Orde to his partner, "how about all this talk? Is there really anything in it? You haven't gone in for that business, have you?"

Newmark stretched his arms wearily.

"Press bought up," he replied. "I know for a fact that old Stanford got five hundred dollars from some of the Heinzman interests. I could have swung him back for an extra hundred; but it wasn't worth while. They howl bribery at us to distract attention from their own performances."

With this evasive reply Orde contented himself. Whether it satisfied him, or whether he was loth to pursue the subject further, it would be impossible to say.

"It's cost us plenty, anyway," he said after a moment's consideration. "The proposition's got a load on it. It will take us a long time to get out of debt. The river-driving won't pay quite so big as we thought it would," he concluded, with a rueful little laugh.

"It will pay plenty well enough," replied Newmark decidedly, "and it gives us a vantage-point to work from. You don't suppose we are going to quit at river-driving, do you? We want to look around for some timber of our own; there's where the big money is. And perhaps we can buy a schooner or two and go into the carrying trade—the country's alive with opportunity. Newmark and Orde means something to these fellows now. We can have anything we want, if we just reach out for it!"

His thin figure, ordinarily slightly askew, had straightened; his steel-gray impersonal eyes had lit up behind the bowed glasses, and were seeing things beyond the wall at which they gazed. Orde looked up at him with a sudden admiration.

"You're the brains of this concern," said he.

"We'll get on," replied Newmark, the fire dying from his eyes.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editor's Note—This story will be complete in five parts.

Mackaye the Poet

THE poet has not had much of a chance in this rapid-fire era of best-selling fiction, but once in a while one comes along who compels interest and an audience for his work. Percy Mackaye is one of this sort. He has the somewhat rare distinction of being one of the few American poets of his day who have succeeded in having a blank-verse play actually produced by a legitimate manager. The first was Jeanne d'Arc and the latest is Sapho and Phaon.

Mr. Mackaye, who is barely past thirty, is a Harvard man. Before he was able to give all his time to writing he taught school in New York. He comes by his gifts naturally, for he is the son of Steele Mackaye, who was author, playwright, actor, lecturer, inventor and man of genius generally. He is, perhaps, best remembered as the author of Hazel Kirke and Paul Kauvar.

Young Mackaye has the face and look of the poet and dreamer, but at the same time he has a strong and convincing personality. He is one of that interesting group of literary men and artists who comprise the well-known colony at Cornish, New Hampshire, and whose members are sometimes called The Cornish Men. It was founded by Augustus Saint Gaudens, the sculptor, and it was here that he lived for many years, and where he died.

Others who live up there are Winston Churchill, the novelist; Maxfield Parrish, the artist; Kenyon Cox, Robert Herrick, Norman Hapgood, Sherman Evarts, Langdon Mitchell, the playwright, and others. William Vaughn Moody, the poet and playwright, will very likely join the colony this winter.

Mackaye has regular hours for work like any other writing man. He writes every morning. Some days he produces only ten lines; some days none at all. He is fond of the outdoors, and composes much of his work while riding horseback. He believes that, instead of going back to classic themes, the American playwright in blank verse may well find his inspiration in the living and vital American subjects and in American history. It is understood that he will devote some of his future plays to them.

Mr. Mackaye, incidentally, is one of a brilliant group of children. His brother James is the author of the somewhat remarkable work called The Economy of Happiness; another brother is an instructor in Forestry at Harvard, and a third, who was a gifted actor and artist, died on the threshold of a career. His sister, who is named Hazel after the heroine of her father's play, is on the stage and is acting in Sapho and Phaon.

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Your Savings

SOME HELPS TO SAVING

(III) BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATIONS

THE various helps to saving already explained in this department have all had the same object in view, namely, the conserving of the people's money in some definite, regular way. There is still another helpful agency to this end which not only constitutes a systematic form of saving but provides a home at the same time. It is commonly known as the building and loan plan, and through its work many thousands of people in all parts of the country have been taught the lessons of thrift and been able to secure a roof which they could call their own. In a large sense no agency for saving could be more significant or constructive than this one, because the home is, after all, the bulwark of society and the safeguard of civilization. The very realization of the individual ownership of a home has been an uplifting force for the whole race.

To make the average wage-earner wait until he had accumulated enough money to build a home, or buy one, was a hardship, because it took a very long time, and the saver was thus deprived of many years of comfort and convenience. It was to remedy this that the building and loan movement came into being, primarily as a coöperative scheme which should enable the people, by the pooling of their savings, to borrow money for a home on easy terms and enjoy the benefits of the home while they were paying for it. This was the original broad plan. There have been variations and developments, but none deviating, in the main, from the real purpose of enabling the people to obtain their homes in the simplest, cheapest and easiest way. This movement began in Great Britain, and was introduced into this country in 1831, in Philadelphia, and Pennsylvania remains one of its strongholds.

Saving for a Home

The building and loan association is simply a form of savings-bank, controlled, owned and operated by the people. There is, perhaps, no better definition of it than that embodied in the banking laws of the State of New York, which is: "The object and purpose of such an association shall be to encourage industry, frugality, home building and saving among its members, the accumulation of saving, the loaning of such accumulations to its members, and the repayment to each member of his savings when they have accumulated to a certain sum, or at any time when he shall desire the same, or the association shall desire to repay the same."

The capital of the association consists of the accumulated savings of the members, which is divided into shares whose value ranges from fifty dollars to two hundred and fifty dollars, according to the State in which the association is located, and its by-laws. This value is known as the maturing value, which means that each share runs for a certain period until it matures or is worth a specified amount, which is the sum of the installments paid on it and the dividends they earn. Then the share is "paid up," and the owner may get his money back. These shares are usually issued in series—that is, a definite number at a definite time. Originally, associations issued but one series, and when this expired or matured the work of the association was terminated. Gradually these associations were modified in plan so as to issue new series at stated intervals, as, for example, every six months. The plan of late years has been further modified, especially in Ohio, by what is known as the "permanent plan," under which savings shares are issued at any time.

A member may buy any number of shares from one up, and he may pay for it in installments as low as twenty-five cents for each one, payable weekly or monthly. These installments are called dues. If they are not paid regularly a fine is imposed. This is simply a spur to systematic saving. Dividends are paid on the shares.

One of the most important features, if not the most important, of building and loan associations is the lending of money, for it is this which enables its members to build their homes. Only shareholders can be borrowers.

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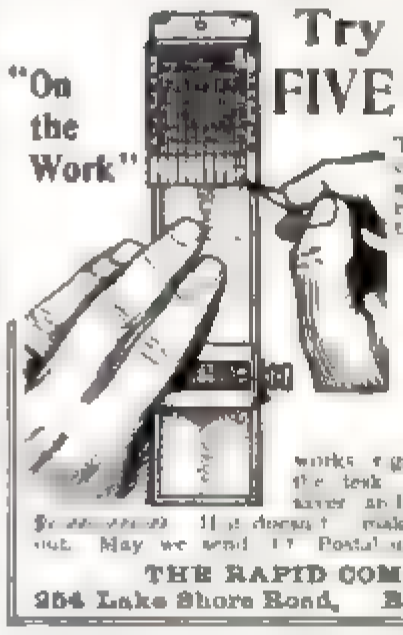

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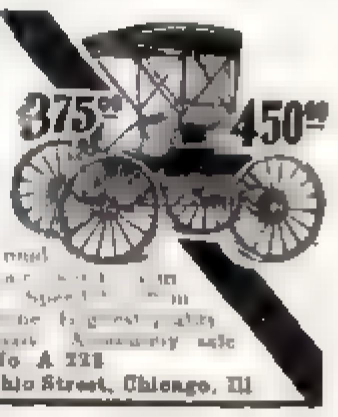

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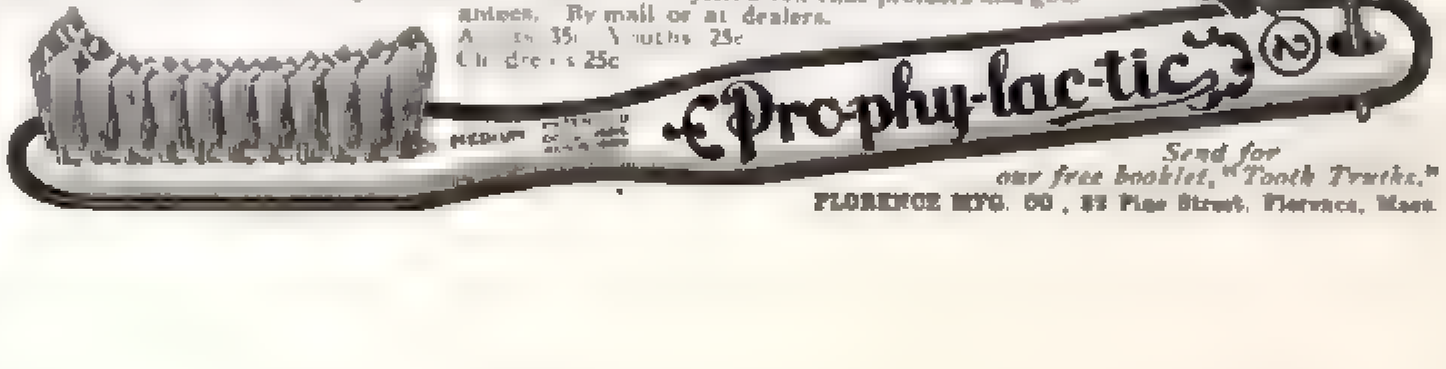

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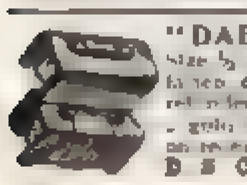

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The usual form of lending is to auction off the money in the treasury of the association. This is done in open session of all the members. The member who bids the highest interest gets first chance at the money. There is usually a fixed minimum, as, for example, in Massachusetts, where it is five per cent. The difference between this rate and the rate bid by the borrower is called the premium. The total interest is usually more than that charged in the regular channels of banking, although the fact that the borrower, as a shareholder, is participating in the earnings of the association generally makes the net cost of the loan less than if it were made through a private lender.

The borrower usually has a piece of ground on which he wants to build. He gives as security for his loan not only the pledge of his shares but a first mortgage on his property. Often, however, people begin to buy shares when they do not own property, but accumulate funds for a piece of property by buying shares. In this way they get a start for the home building.

One striking feature of building and loan association borrowing is the constantly decreasing interest. A concrete illustration is a loan made by a New York company which is a modification of the original lending plan. The amount is one thousand dollars, and it is wiped out in eleven years and seven months by the payment of ten dollars a month for one hundred and thirty-eight months, and $7.79 for the one hundred and thirty-ninth month. The total interest is $387.79. The original monthly payment was five dollars for interest and five dollars for principal. With each succeeding month the interest decreased and the principal increased. The interest is at the rate of six per cent. a year, interest being calculated only upon the sum remaining due on the first day of each month.

Usually a shareholder may withdraw his money at any time, there being a penalty, as a rule, in the shape of a deduction of a part of the earnings credited if withdrawn before maturity. In case the shareholder needs money and does not desire to withdraw he can always secure ninety per cent. of the paid-up value of his shares as a loan upon his personal note.

These are the elementary principles of the building and loan scheme. The two plans in widest operation at present are the Philadelphia or Pennsylvania plan, and the Dayton or Ohio plan. In a general way the difference between these plans is that the former follows the original and more restrictive methods, requiring shares to be subscribed for in series and the installments to be paid with exact regularity, the delinquent members being fined more or less severely.

The Ohio associations follow a plan made notable by the growth of the largest association in the country, which, by the way, is in Dayton, and under which the members are permitted practically to pay as they please and draw as they please.

The Straight Savings Features

Some idea of the development of the movement may be obtained when it is stated that, according to the latest reports, the total number of associations operating is 5316, and that 1,609,714 people share in their benefits. The total assets of the associations are $673,129,198. In nearly every State where the associations operate extensively there is a league of associations. These are all members of a national federation called the United States League of Local Building and Loan Associations. Its motto is, "The American home, the safeguard of American liberties."

While the definite object of the building and loan association is to build homes, the movement, as already indicated, has undergone variations. In all of these the fundamental idea of making saving compulsory has been generally observed. There have been developed, notably among the associations of Ohio and in New York, straight savings departments which make the associations legitimate competitors of the savings-banks. Savings are received without agreement as to periodical payments, and regular dividends, usually at the rate of five per cent., are paid on them. Some of this kind of savings-banking is done by mail. The associations can afford to pay five per cent. on the money, which is more than the great majority of savings-banks pay, because their expenses of operation are not so great as those of savings-banks. Some of these associations issue paid-up

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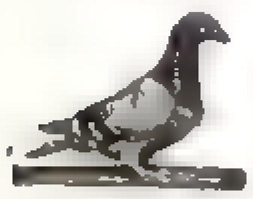

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The whole building and loan movement has been a big social and economic developer. The original associations were neighborhood affairs, embracing the people who lived within a comparatively short radius of each other, and so they continue in Pennsylvania and many other States. The members meet every week.

The scheme has been taken up in a coöperative way by various industries and activities. In New York, for example, one of the best-known associations began with a group of workers on a metropolitan newspaper; another was started by a club of school-teachers; a third was composed, originally, of bank clerks, while a fourth was organized by railroad employees. More than one great railroad system has found it a great advantage to encourage the organization of a building and loan association among its employees. It has invariably made for sobriety, thrift and good service.

The Abuses of the Movement

Like every other movement which touches the people's money, the building and loan project has had its abuses, chief of which were the practices of many of the so-called "national" associations. A careful examination of these practices is of interest and value to every member, or every one who expects to be a member, of a building and loan association. They grew out of the widespread popularity of the scheme. Everywhere the associations, which up to that time had been "local" organizations, had thrived. Therefore wily promoters said: "Why not organize national associations which should do business anywhere?" The first of these associations was formed in 1886.

Like its numerous successors of similar scope, it made extravagant promises which were seldom, if ever, realized. In their very inception these associations were in conflict with the original and fundamental building and loan idea. Instead of being coöperative they were organized for the principal benefit of the promoters. These promoters sent smooth, persuasive agents to many localities to organize branches. They were paid one dollar for every share of stock they wrote. Some wrote as many as five hundred a week. Some of these national associations promised dividends as high as sixteen per cent. They loaned money on second mortgages, which are often a very precarious investment. Their home offices were elaborately furnished, and their salary lists were excessive. The inevitable result of all this extravagance and mismanagement was that the companies began to fail right and left, and it was the collapse of this "national" movement which brought discredit upon the whole scheme.

As a result of these abuses many States, and especially those in which there are many building and loan associations, have adopted laws restricting their methods and operations. In New York, for example, the associations are under the supervision of the State Banking Department and are regulated like savings-banks. The State requires a detailed statement of business every year, and annually the State Superintendent of Banking sends an examiner to examine the company's books and securities. No association can make an amendment to its by-laws without the approval of the Banking Department. This eliminates one of the favorite plans of some national associations, which was to get in members under one set of rules and then change them so as to heap benefits upon the promoters. The operating expenses are limited to 2½ per cent. of the indebtedness. This means that if the company owes one million dollars it can spend only twenty-five thousand dollars a year. The investments are restricted to those of savings-banks.

Equally stringent are the laws of Massachusetts. Pennsylvania and Ohio also place rigid safeguards about the associations. As a rule, the laws are less strict in those States where the building and loan movement is new.

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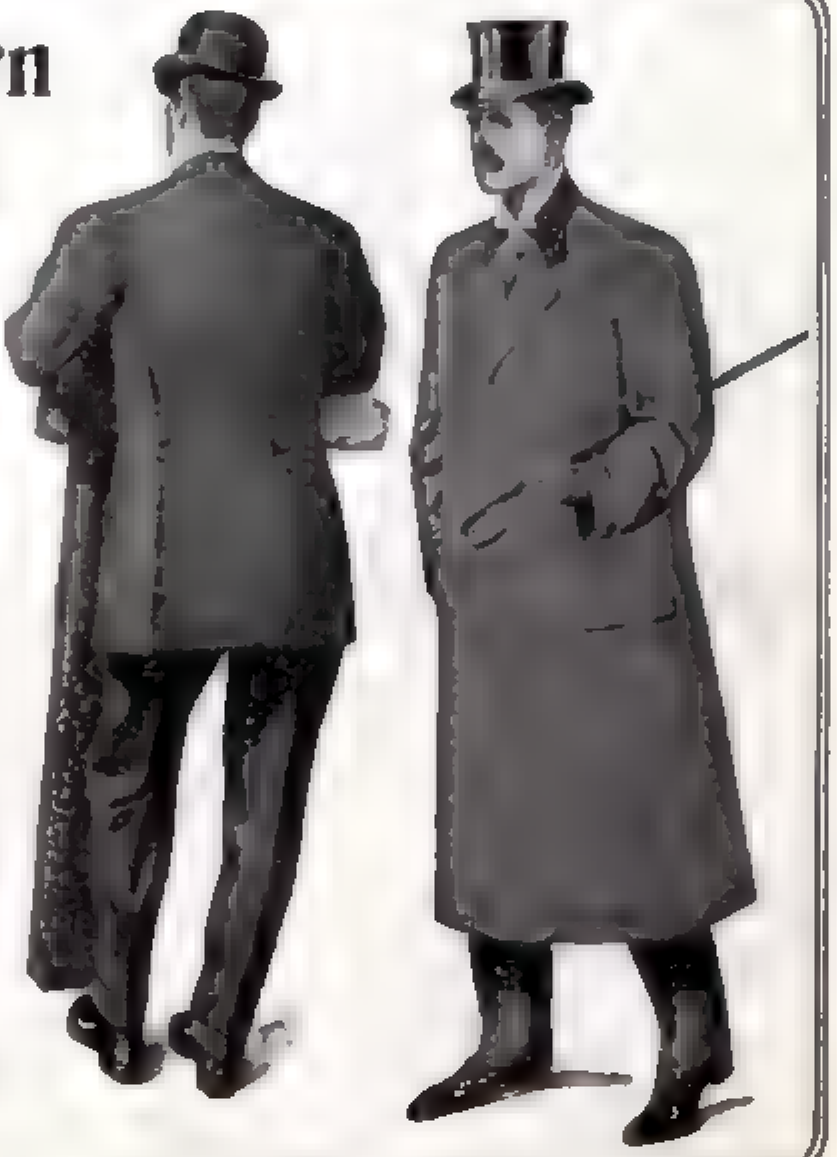

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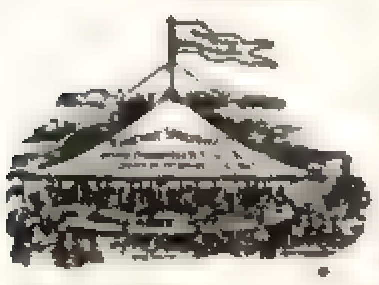

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SUNSHINE FOR UNCLE GEORGE

(Continued from Page 9)

ago, when poor Emily died, I made a new will, leaving my money to you and Clara unconditionally ——"

I gazed at him with eyes full of grateful tears.

"Oh, George," I murmured brokenly.

"Wait a bit," said he curtly. "I didn't want to. I hated all my relations. I knew they only fussed about me because of my money, and, finally, I tossed up between you two and the Society for Exterminating Domestic Animals. You had it. Then Clara began to send Milly, and Kate to send Ronald, and Letitia to send Gwen, all to cheer their poor, lonely uncle, and I was fussed and flattered about until I was thoroughly disgusted. I was in despair. I thought of cutting Clara out and leaving *you* everything."

"Oh, George!" I cried joyfully.

"Don't interrupt me. You're a bit previous. You overshot the mark, you see, by sending Jane to join the others."

My heart sank.

"If I had known ——" I began faintly.

"And Jane came," said he—"not softly and smiling like a district visitor or a cursed tea-agent, but like a young hurricane with only one idea in her head. Jane didn't come to be a comfort to me; she came to have a good time. She left *me* alone. She didn't sit on the arm of my chair, or stroke my hair the wrong way as if I were an infernal cat, or talk to me as if I were a sick hen. Not she ——"

"She's a silly, headstrong child ——" I began again timidly.

"She's honest!" said my brother George surprisingly.

"What?" I could hardly believe my ears. To call Jane's rudeness ——

"Jane didn't love her Uncle George," he pursued calmly, "and she didn't pretend to. She was frankly bored by him. But she liked the garden to play in, and she liked young Ronald to play with, and so she came. The only time she did condescend to enter into conversation with me she took the opportunity of giving me a piece of her mind." He smiled—actually smiled—at the memory.

"Oh, what *did* she say?" I cried.

"She said a good deal. She said that if *she* had money she wouldn't be such an idiot as to save it up for all the greedy relations who were sitting around waiting for it. 'What would you do with it, then?' I asked politely. 'I'd spend it on myself,' said your daughter Jane, 'like water. *You'd* see how I'd splash it about. I'd enjoy it while I was alive, and, if I *did* want to benefit my relations, I'd give all the young people a jolly good time and make them happy now while I was alive to see them enjoy themselves.'"

And this was my child. Wanting in tact Jane had always been. But this! I was again speechless.

"Last night," said her uncle cheerfully, "young Ronald was dining with me, and, before we had finished, in came Jane through the window, wet to the bone. She said you'd locked her in, and that she was starving. She'd had to climb out of her window by the pear tree. She said she'd never been so hungry in her life, and I can well believe it. She ate everything that was left and rang for more. Then she went out and dried her clothes and asked my housekeeper to make up a bed for her in the spare room. We had an uproarious evening. Jane sent notes around for Milly and Gwen, and they turned most of the furniture out of the drawing-room and danced till one o'clock. I had to put 'em all up. She even made *me* dance, and trod twice on my gouty toe."

I could no longer restrain myself.

"It isn't fair, George," I said, "that you should visit this child's dreadful behavior on me. Shocking as it has been, it isn't enough to make you alter your will and abandon your sister. What have *I* done that ——"

But George ignored my appeal and went on with some abruptness. "The little minx doesn't care a pin for me," he said sentimentally.

I stared. "Oh, but she does," I cried hurriedly, grasping at any loophole. "Look here," I showed him in triumph Jane's pincushion note. "'I am going to my only friend,' she had written. She must mean you," I said hastily.

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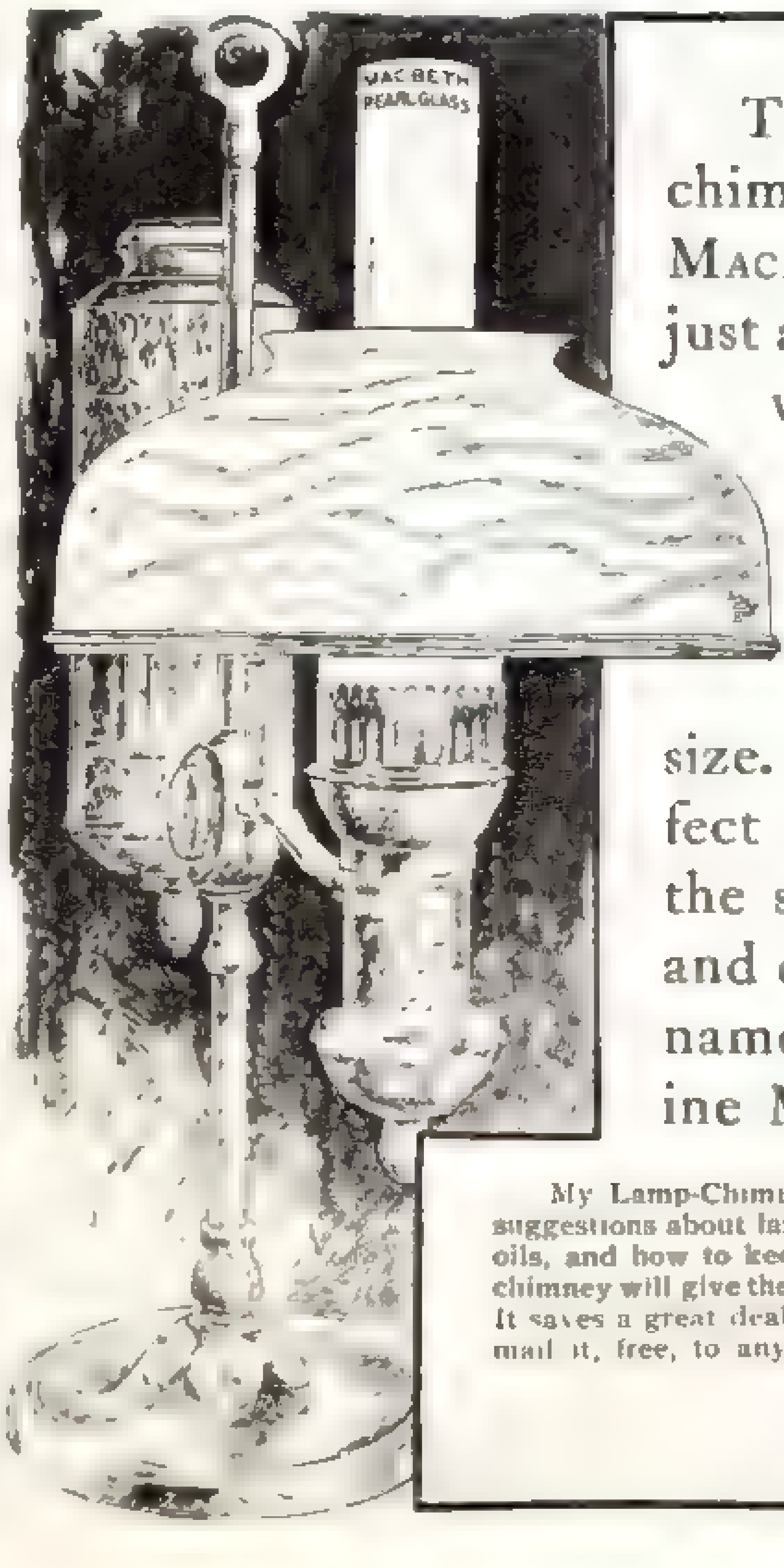

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He took it from me and read it slowly. Then he smiled a little thoughtful smile I didn't like at all and put it away carefully in his pocketbook.

"Young Ronald," said he slowly, with a side glance at me, "wants a helping hand. I must see what I can do for young Ronald."

I burst into a loud sob. This was too much. All Jane's sins were to be visited on me, and Kate's boy—Ronald, the rolling stone—was to benefit by —— Oh, life was bitter indeed!

In a frenzy of alarm I staggered to my feet.

"Oh, George," I cried huskily. "You're not going to alter your will in favor of——"

"Ronnie?" he asked. "No. I'm not going to leave any money to anybody."

I stared at him blankly, wondering vaguely if the annoyances of the last fortnight had turned his brain.

"I'm going to take Jane's advice and spend my money while I am alive."

"But, George ——"

"Jane says she means to make me drain the pleasures of life to the very last dregs," said he with an apprehensive sigh. "She's already pointed out the first step."

What did he—what could he mean?

"I'm going to adopt 'em both," said their Uncle George.

What Railroads Owe the People

(Concluded from Page 7)

the entire system of the following leading Western roads, according to the reports filed with the Board of Railroad and Warehouse Commissioners of the State of Missouri, were as follows:

Year ended June 30	Burlington Cents	Wabash Cents	Mo. Pac. Cents	C., R. I. & P. Cents
1905	1.955	1.668	1.759	.02135
1906	2.041	1.874	2.007	.02114

In addition to these facts it must be remembered that the three-cent passenger rate was established generally over twenty-five years ago; that during the last ten years the railroad mileage of the country has increased but 22.7 per cent., while the passenger business has increased 93 per cent., and the freight business 126.4 per cent.; that the average increase of mileage has been but two per cent. per year, while the average increase of traffic has been twelve per cent. per year—in other words, as James J. Hill said in a recent speech, "The business is two and one-half times as great, while the machine for handling it has increased but little more than one-fifth." Is it any wonder that the people have been asking for a reduction of passenger rates?

Reliable figures have not as yet been produced by the railroad companies as to the effect of the two-cent passenger rate law on earnings. The four-to-three decision by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, that the two-cent passenger rate law of that State was invalid, is of no general importance or special significance. The decision in that case was based on evidence of the earnings and expenses of one road for a limited period, and one man in seven decided as to the significance of that testimony. This shows that the proof of the unreasonableness of the rate was far from satisfactory or convincing. And then many railroads in different States have admitted that this law has resulted in a substantial increase in their passenger earnings.

The Benefits of Competition

Both in the case of the freight and the passenger traffic, the figures developed go far to justify the statement that legislation reducing intrastate freight and passenger rates has been a proper exercise of the authority of the States to compel the railroads to perform their duty to the people. These discriminations which have been shown to exist in the charges made by the railroads for the transportation of persons and of property, demonstrate that the railroads have discriminated between the small and the large shipper, between the limited and the extensive traveler. This has been due to the fact that on through or interstate business there has been competition, and on local or intrastate business there has been none. With half a dozen railroads running between two commercial centres, the shortest line has established the maximum charge in the passenger traffic, and the large shipper has been able to secure reasonable rates for the transportation of his freights by forcing the roads to compete for his business. On the greater part of the business done wholly within the limits of the State the railroad is a monopoly. The result has been that the highest charges for railroad transportation have been placed upon those who were least able to bear them, and the lowest charges upon those who were best able to pay.

There has also existed in this country a system of arbitrary railroad rates, which has both its good and its bad side. The railroads have established certain schedules of freight rates so as to permit large cities to buy from or sell in commercial territories in no way naturally tributary to them. This illustrates the truth of the proposition that railroad rates in this country have been established upon the value rather than upon the cost of the service, or, as expressed in railroad vernacular, have been fixed at as high a figure "as the traffic will bear." That there is much to be said in favor of this system of arbitrary charges is unquestionably true; but that it has aided in the development of large commercial centres at the expense of the smaller towns is also true.

That the railroads have been indispensable to the development of the commercial, agricultural and industrial resources of this country everybody concedes. That they have increased the price of land, builded cities, towns and villages, increased the population of the States, added to the comforts and conveniences of life, is equally true. But it is doubtful if there was ever a mile of railroad built in this country but that the controlling motive of those who constructed it was a desire for gain. A railroad, like any other business enterprise, is not a philanthropic institution. And, when the people's side of this railroad controversy is considered, it is evident that the legislation enacted in recent years by the several States, reducing freight and passenger rates and regulating the operation of the roads, cannot be dismissed with the general condemnation that it is all "unfair and ill-considered legislation."

Where the Blame Lies

Nor can the responsibility for the difficulties of the railroad companies in borrowing money, or for the recent financial depression, be fairly charged against this legislation. Most of these laws were enacted in the months of February and March, 1907, and all had become effective by the month of June. Railroad construction in the year 1907 was approximately equal to the record-breaking year of 1906, and the increase in equipment in the year 1907 exceeded that of the year previous. There was a general increase of railroad earnings, both gross and net, in the year 1907 as compared with the record-breaking year of 1906.

Leading financial authorities have asserted that the difficulty of the railroads in borrowing money during the last twelve months has been due to the fact that the surplus money of the world has been exhausted by three wars and two great conflagrations. The recent financial panic, which was essentially a financial and not an industrial panic, has been assigned to these same fundamental causes, and was precipitated by a breach of faith among Wall Street gamblers. So, efforts to place the responsibility for these laws, or the recent financial panic, upon the "politicians" alone, or to condemn all of these laws as "ill-considered and unfair," are complimentary neither to the judgment nor to the fairness of those who make such charges.

The railroads are in no danger of confiscation. One of the controlling instincts of the American people has been the protection of the rights of property. Second alone to that of personal liberty has the right of personal property been protected by our Constitution and our laws. The people of the States do not want to confiscate the property of the railroads or treat them with injustice. Nor do they intend that the railroads shall confiscate their property or treat them with injustice. They simply ask that the railroad corporations shall be true to those legal obligations which they assumed when they came into existence; that they shall, in fact as well as in name, be common carriers: carriers common to all alike and on fair and reasonable terms.

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VAITI THE QUEEN

(Continued from Page 5)

nevertheless, to enjoy any fun or feasting that was to be had at any one else's expense.

Through the cooking and feasting and picnicking, in the hot, still moonlight that followed, Vaiti's mind was busy. All these people, who were probably not in the plot, would certainly not be here if any attack were contemplated, or indeed if any one had intended to slip over to the islet during the night for any purpose whatever. It followed, then, that whatever danger there was must lie upon the island itself.

When everything was eaten up, and the last interminable sitting dance had worn to an end, and the singing was over, and the Queen was free to rise from the improvised throne of logs and rushes from which she had been looking on and applauding at the two-minute intervals which island etiquette demands, it was getting very late. Vaiti beckoned the maids to bring up her canoe, took a lantern with her and paddled away across the lake. It was still insufferably hot, and the mile of still water that lay between the shore and the island was untouched by any breath of wind. Still it was a degree less stifling than the palace and the town.

The island was not more than a score of yards across. It held just the house and a few trees, no more. Vaiti looked all around before she unhooked the lantern from the canoe, but there was not so much as a land crab in sight. She entered the house. It was clean and fresh and tidy, having indeed no furniture to make it otherwise. A new sleeping-mat lay in the corner.

The Queen advanced into the house, watching every step. She had been in the Western Islands, and knew of such things as poisoned spear-heads, hidden in floors or pathways. But the innocent white sand floor of the little house proved as harmless as it looked.

She stood in the middle of the room, and thought till her brain almost cracked. Nothing was altered since the day of her first visit, except the mat, which had been old and discolored. It was now replaced by a new one from her own palace. She recognized the pink and yellow crowns worked into the border. Stay! Was not Laka the keeper of the mats?

Yes—but if she were, what of that?

There seemed no reason to suspect anything, yet Vaiti the Queen thought she saw light. She knelt down on the floor beside the mat and softly lifted it with the point of the long knife that was never absent from her side.

A new, clean mat. Underneath it, another new, clean mat. Underneath that, the clean, white sand. Nothing more.

Vaiti made as if to replace the mats, and then, as a mere afterthought, ran her knife through the sand, back and forward, a few times. It grated on some small, hard substance. The Queen held the light closer, and turned up two or three little dark-colored spikes. They were harmless enough to any ordinary eye, but the Queen laughed a low laugh of triumph when she saw them, and immediately after pursed her lips together, and whistled like a schoolboy, as she did when the English half of her was uppermost. It had been dormant for a good while, but danger always brought it out, and it was full awake just now. She even dropped a sailor oath from her lips, as she lifted the spikes on the point of her knife, and held them close to the light.

Yes, without a doubt—spines from the tail of the great sting-ray. Little innocent-looking spicules, each many times barbed, that would prick into the flesh of a sleeper, when the weight of the body fell over the place where they were planted—that would work in and in, deeper and deeper, day by day, through the ribs and the tissues of the chest, into lungs and vital organs, and kill at last almost as surely as, though more slowly than, a bullet—a method of murder once well known to Liali, and common there, but so long disused, since the coming of the missionaries many generations ago, that hardly half a dozen people in the island could have known anything about it.

The Queen looked more closely into the mat now. There were spicules in it, too—small ones, cleverly hidden. Laka had done her work well. As to the inventor of the plan she had not much doubt. But the carrying out had been her maid of honor's.

The Queen slept well and calmly that night on the soft sand floor. Once or twice, when the moon sank low over the sea, and peered into her face through the open door, she seemed to dream, and her hand clenched on her knife-hilt, and she laughed a laugh that was not good to hear. She must have dreamed to some purpose, for in the morning she rose bright and early and quite certain of what she was going to do.

The day before, paddling in her canoe somewhat ahead of the girls, she had been looking over a great green gap in the coral caves, where the water was clear and sparkling, and one could see far down. There was about twenty feet of depth. While she looked, something as large and flat as a dinner-table, deep royal blue in color, diamond-shaped, and armed with a long, whiplike tail, had come silently out of a big hole in the coral, and looked up at the canoe with enormous white eyes. It hesitated, as if judging the nature of the creature above it, and then waveringly retreated into its hole. Vaiti knew the ways of the great sting-ray better than any one on the island, and she made up her mind that the creature of the long tail and the wicked white eyes should pay off her debts for her.

"Do we go back in the canoes, your Majesty?" asked Fusi, next morning, eagerly. Fusi could hardly conceal her excitement or her desire to know if any injury had overtaken the Queen. Laka was cooler, and only watched Vaiti's face in sly side-glances. She could make nothing of it. A very small injury was enough to do the work, and the Queen would make nothing of a stray prick from what might be supposed to be a thorn or a bur. Time alone could tell.

"Yes," said the Queen.

"And will your Majesty bathe?" asked Fusi, so excited at the hope of a test that really might tell something that she could scarce control herself.

"Maybe," said the Queen. "I do not know if I want to. I lost my gold bracelet out of the canoe yesterday, and it troubles me. I cannot dive like a Liali woman, and it may never be recovered."

Her wrist, where a gold and turquoise bracelet had glittered the day before, was indeed bare, and no one knew that she had taken off the jewel while fishing, to avoid the very catastrophe of which she now complained.

"Let us go and look," said Laka. She hoped the Queen might be induced to bathe, if they stayed long enough out on the water.

"We will go," said the Queen.

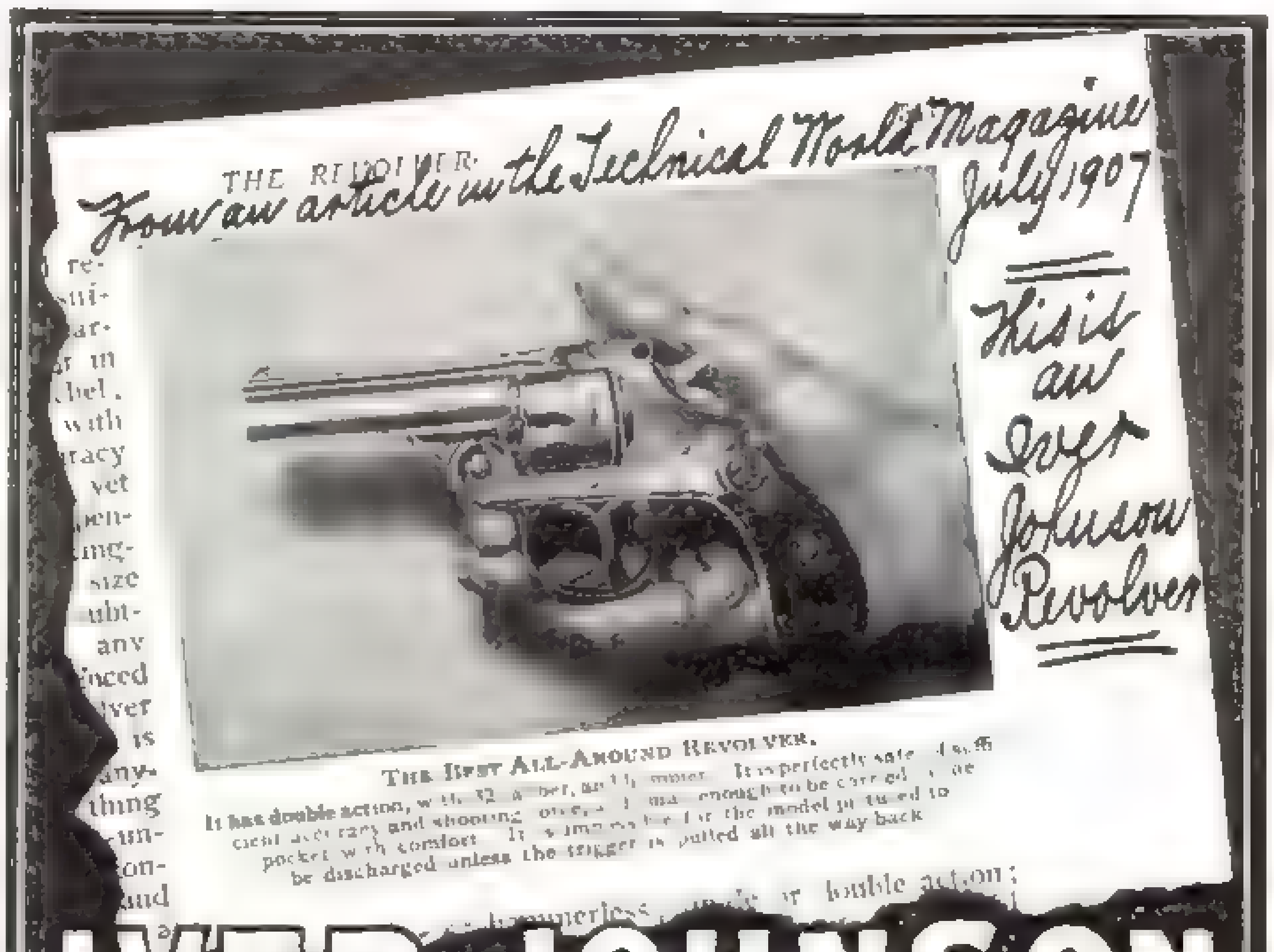
The sun was scorching as they paddled, one after another, in their light outrigged canoes, along the outer edge of the coral reef. Flights of fish as gay as parrots, blue and green, striped yellow and black like tigers, red, pink and vivid pale sapphire, darted away from under their keels as they went. The water over the reef was like a bouquet of jewels, but every jewel danced and shimmered so in the fierce noontide that one could scarcely see more than a yard or two ahead.

The Queen gave a quick stroke or two of her paddle when they neared the opening in the reef, and shot ahead. Aye! the great white eyes were there, looking up through twenty feet of clear emerald water. She splashed noisily with her paddles, and the creature vanished like a shadow into the same hole in the rock where it had hidden itself the day before.

"That is where I dropped it," said Vaiti, turning around as the other canoes came up. "Into that hole that you can see in the reef it went, I think. I would give my small gold bracelet, the one without any stones, to any one who would get it for me."

Laka, who loved trinkets as her own soul, was up in her canoe, tearing off her dress, before Fusi, who wanted to touch the offered salvage quite as much, had time to anticipate her. She was out of upper and under garment in a moment, and stood up in a waistcloth, tall and full-figured, and splendidly made, a very Juno of the islands. With a rapid dive she was gone underneath the surface, kicking her way swiftly to the hole.

She had scarce taken three strokes downward before she flung herself wildly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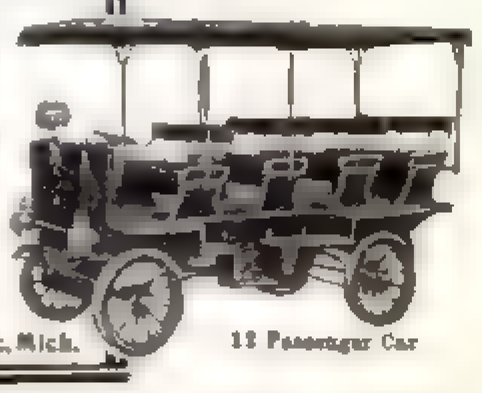
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aside in the water, turned, and tried to reach the surface again. But, quick swimmer and diver as she was, something down there below was quicker still. Out of the cavern shot the horrid, dark-blue, diamond-shaped body of the sting-ray, its formidable tail curved up over its back. In an instant, girl and monster were locked in a terrible embrace far below the surface, and the limpid water was churned into such a turmoil that nothing could be clearly seen—save, a second later, one dreadful streak of cloudy, wavering, darkening red.

It was fat Otea, the lazy one, who saved her, after all. Otea had really something else in that well-oiled head of hers besides dreams and recollections of dinners, when she knew where to find it, though that was seldom. She knew now, however, and had caught up a fishing-knife out of the bottom of Fusi's canoe, brought herself over the scene of the tragedy with one powerful stroke, and dived down right on top of the sting-ray and its victim, before Fusi had half done screaming. In another moment the streak of blood had broadened to a cloud of scarlet, and through the darkened water Otea was rising, still holding in her right hand the knife, while with the left arm she dragged the insensible Laka, whose side was almost laid open with a terrible gash from the dagger-armed tail of the monster. Down below, the body of the dead sting-ray sank slowly to the bottom.

Laka did not die, because a wandering yacht called unexpectedly the very next day, and the surgeon performed an operation that saved her life from the effects of the deadly barbs that had been driven in with such terrible force. She was a long time getting well, however, and when once recovered she made no application to regain her post as maid of honor. The Queen came to see her when she was getting better, and spoke to her with a courtesy that somewhat frightened Laka, for the girl was no fool, and she feared some of the truth might have leaked out. But it was not till she was quite well, and out walking near the palace grounds one day, that the knowledge of the real state of affairs came to her. Vaiti the Queen, driving by, stopped the Royal carriage to inquire after the invalid, and congratulate her. The King was listening as she spoke, but he was never, then or thereafter, able to make sense of her concluding words.

"A terrible accident, indeed, Laka, and you had a lucky escape. One would almost think the fish had lost something, and came to get it back from you."

"Lost? What do you mean?" asked the puzzled monarch.

"Oh, as to that, ask Laka; she understands," said Vaiti the Queen, smiling sweetly, as she whipped the horses up and drove on.

And no one any more disputed the Royal claim to the House on the Lagoon.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of stories narrating the further adventures of Vaiti of the Islands. The next will appear in an early issue.

IS ACTING DEGENERATING?

(Continued from Page 15)

thirty years ago at Wallack's, and forty years ago at the Haymarket in London. This admission can be made frankly and without also admitting that it implies any necessary degeneracy of the art of acting. The so-called "Old Comedies"—The School for Scandal and The Rivals, She Stoops to Conquer, and London Assurance and Money—were written for a theatre in which the conditions were very different from those which obtain in the playhouses of this twentieth century, and they called for acting different in kind from the acting appropriate on our modern stage.

The Passing of the Apron

Sheridan and Goldsmith and Boucicault wrote for a theatre which was so insufficiently lighted, either with oil or gas, that the stage had to curve far out into the auditorium, to form what was known as the "apron"; and on this apron, in the full glare of the footlights, the actor came forward, far in front of the proscenium-arch in which the curtain rose and fell. In our modern playhouses every part of the stage is adequately illuminated by the electric light and the apron has disappeared, so that the actor now does his work behind the picture-frame of the proscenium-arch and remote from the audience. Half a century ago the actor was really performing on a platform thrust out into the audience, whereas to-day he is removed behind a picture-frame. The so-called "Old Comedies" were written for the platform-stage and they had the oratorical manner proper enough on a platform. Our modern plays are written for the picture-frame stage, and their dialogue is far less oratorical, far simpler, far more "natural" than was appropriate to the theatre of the last generation.

It is no wonder, therefore, that the actors of our time, accustomed to these more natural modern plays, have not preserved the artificial tradition established long ago for the proper performance of plays written to suit the very different conditions of an earlier theatre that has now ceased to be. The best acting to-day is adjusted to the stage of to-day; and the best actors are striving for veracity of character-delineation of a kind almost impossible on the stage of yesterday. Their methods are necessarily different from the methods of their predecessors in the playhouses of half a century ago; but, even if different, these methods are not necessarily artistically inferior. Ristori, for example, was reckoned a fine actress in her time, yet she would seem strangely old-fashioned and, perhaps, even stagy, to us who are familiar with the simpler and profounder art of Duse. Ristori was a mistress of all the histrionic devices which belonged to the platform-stage, whereas Duse has adjusted her art to the later conditions of the picture-frame theatre.

Probably very few of those who are studying the stage have yet seized the full significance of this change in the relation of the actor to the audience—this withdrawal of the performer from the platform almost surrounded by the spectators, behind a frame which sets him apart and keeps him remote. This modification of the circumstances of performance, like all other modifications that have preceded it in the long evolution of the theatre, has had its effect on the dramatist as well as on the comedian. Duse is not more different from Ristori than the Cavalleria Rusticana, in which she appears, differs in its method from the Marie Antoinette in which the early Italian actress was so successful forty years ago. Of course, this change in the aims of the playwrights is not to be ascribed solely to the modification of theatrical conditions, for it is coincident also with the spread of realism. If Ibsen strove to present human nature as he saw it, with the utmost simplicity and directness, and if he eschewed rhetorical amplifications acceptable enough to our grandfathers, there is a double explanation. His attitude is partly the result of that widespread movement in favor of a bolder veracity than literature had aimed at before Balzac set the example, and it is also partly the result of the new opportunity proffered by the picture-frame of the modern theatre, which seems to demand a more accurate reproduction of the characteristic background and a closer relation of character to environment.

The Theatre for its Own Day

There is no need of insisting that the more modern methods of the drama are better than the older. Indeed, the more we consider the conditions of the Greek theatre and of the Elizabethan theatre, the more clearly can we perceive that they also had advantages of their own not to be found in the theatre of our time. But it is for the theatre of our time that our dramatist must compose his plays; and it is in the theatre of our time that our actor must act. The theatre of the Greeks cannot be resuscitated to-day any more than the theatre of the Elizabethans. And it is with the theatre of to-day, and not with the theatre of any yesterday, that both playwright and performer have to deal. Those who have the pleasant privilege of advancing years, and who can therefore look back to earlier conditions, may not like the conditions that obtain now. And there is no cause for wonder in the fact that some of them think that the change is for the worse.

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It will surprise no one to learn that Mr. Joseph Jefferson found it difficult to reconcile himself to the newer practices. He was himself an actor who sought truth, and he saw it; but he did not relish the large proportion of actual fact that he found presented in certain recent plays. I can recall a conversation with him during Duse's first visit to the United States, not long after he had seen her performance in Cavalleria Rusticana. "It's too realistic," he said to me—"altogether too realistic. Why, I could count all the fleas in that Italian village!" The obvious retort was that, if it had been a real Italian village, he never could have counted all the fleas. "But there was no poetry in it; no idealism," he persisted.

No Speech to Sink Your Teeth In

And here is the difficulty of the modern school of actors. They are seeking to present character as sincerely as they can; they have relinquished many of the effects which actors of an earlier generation delighted in; and as a result they may sometimes seem tame and pale to those who are looking for the kind of acting which was appropriate enough in plays of a more florid type. It is this which underlies the accusation brought against one very modern actress—that "she overacts her underacting." It is this which underlay the complaint of the old actor in Mr. Pinero's delightful Trelawney of the Wells—that the part given to him in the new play hadn't a single speech in it—not what you could call a speech—not a speech that you could "sink your teeth in!"

We need not be astonished that actors who overact their underacting should seem out of place and ill at ease in the older plays which abound in speeches that you can sink your teeth in. This is the real reason why many recent revivals of old plays have seemed to us unsatisfactory. The actor was called upon to attempt something for which he had no training. And no better illustration of this could be found than the comparison of Fédora as performed by Sarah Bernhardt and by Duse. The French actress belongs to the older school; and she is mistress of all the tricks of the trade as they were practiced thirty and forty years ago. Fédora is a show-piece, written around her part; it is a play full of sound and fury signifying nothing. Her performance of the part is incomparably brilliant, a masterpiece of bravura. The Italian actress, on the other hand, tried to make the character real and poignant; and this was frankly impossible. The more veracious Duse was, the more she exposed the inveracity of Sardou. But a comparison of Duse and of Sarah Bernhardt in a more modern play, in Sudermann's Heimat, for example, which we know as Magda, is altogether to the advantage of the younger performer.

"There are gains for all our losses," as the poet says, even if there are also losses for all our gains. We lost something, no doubt, when the old stock companies passed out of existence—such stock companies as the London Haymarket of forty years ago, of Wallack's thirty years ago, of Daly's twenty years ago. These companies contained many admirable actors who were accustomed to each other, and who also understood all the advantages of team-play. They were sometimes very strong in numbers; indeed, I can recall a performance of the School for Scandal at Daly's in New York, more than a quarter of a century ago, when the unemployed members of the company were sufficient in number and in ability to be intrusted that same night with an out-of-town performance of London Assurance.

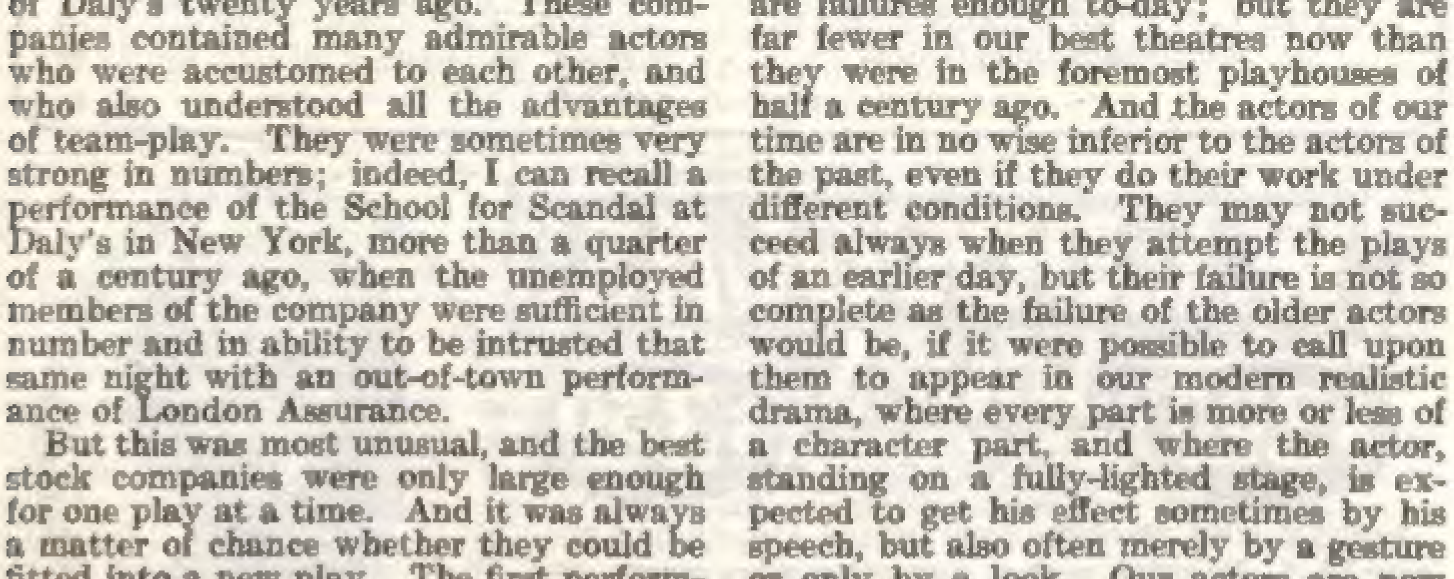
But this was most unusual, and the best stock companies were only large enough for one play at a time. And it was always a matter of chance whether they could be fitted into a new play. The first performance of The Shaughraun at Wallack's lingers in the memory of all who had the good fortune to see it as the best possible example of the work of a good stock company. There was Boucicault himself, in the centre of the stage all the time. There were Henry Montague and Ada Dyas as the pair of lovers, a delight to recall. There was Harry Beckett as the cowardly villain; and there was John Gilbert as the kindly priest. But there were also two important parts, intrusted to actors entirely unsuited to them—good-enough performers in other parts, but hopelessly miscast in this play. They were square pegs in round holes; and, in every performance of the good old stock companies, the spectators were likely to find one or more square pegs in round holes, simply because the manager had to do the best he could with the performers on his salary-list. Nowadays, the effort is made to find an actor exactly suited to the part; and as a result the best performances of to-day have a harmony, a finish very rarely seen in the best performances of yesterday. Such a performance as that of Quality Street, for example, when Miss Maude Adams first appeared in it, or as that of The Liars, when Mr. John Drew first appeared in it, was quite inconceivable in the theatre of half a century ago, good as many of the performances then were, now and again.

It is to be said also that the actors of the old stock companies played each of them his own "line of business," as it was called; and he was very likely to play all his parts in much the same way. He did not realize that all acting ought to be character acting. He was tempted to do his work in rough-and-ready fashion, and to repeat himself in every play in which he was called upon to appear. In his recently reprinted theatrical criticisms Mr. George Bernard Shaw is a little overemphatic in expressing his contempt for the laziness and the incompetence only too often seen even in fairly good companies under the old conditions. "Having been brought up on the old stock-company actor," Mr. Shaw declares, "I knew that he was the least versatile of beings—that he was nailed helplessly to his own line of heavy or light, young or old, and played all the parts that fell to him as the representative of that line in exactly the same way. I knew that his power of hastily swallowing the words of a part and disgorging them at short notice more or less inaccurately and quite unimprovably (three months' rehearsal would have left him more at sea than three hours') was incompatible with his ever knowing his part in any serious sense at all."

Plays of To-day Acted Better

The answer to those who assert, truthfully enough, that the older plays are not now acted so well as they used to be, is that the newer plays are acted far better than they would have been in the days of the old stock companies. Performances like those of Secret Service, of Arizona, of Shore Acres, of Aristocracy, were quite impossible under the earlier conditions.

To-day every play is cast to players specially engaged, because they are believed to be physically or temperamentally fitted for the performance of the part intrusted to each of them. No doubt there are failures enough to-day; but they are far fewer in our best theatres now than they were in the foremost playhouses of half a century ago. And the actors of our time are in no wise inferior to the actors of the past, even if they do their work under different conditions. They may not succeed always when they attempt the plays of an earlier day, but their failure is not so complete as the failure of the older actors would be, if it were possible to call upon them to appear in our modern realistic drama, where every part is more or less of a character part, and where the actor, standing on a fully-lighted stage, is expected to get his effect sometimes by his speech, but also often merely by a gesture or only by a look. Our actors are now less rhetorical and more pictorial—as they must be on the picture-frame stage of our modern theatre.



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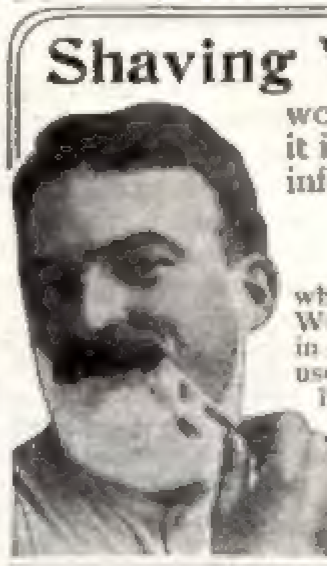

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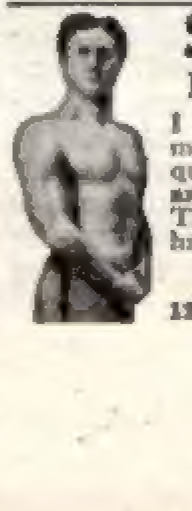

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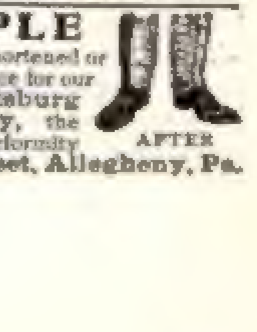

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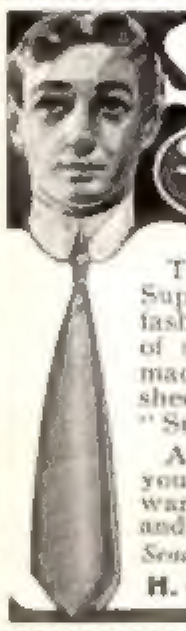

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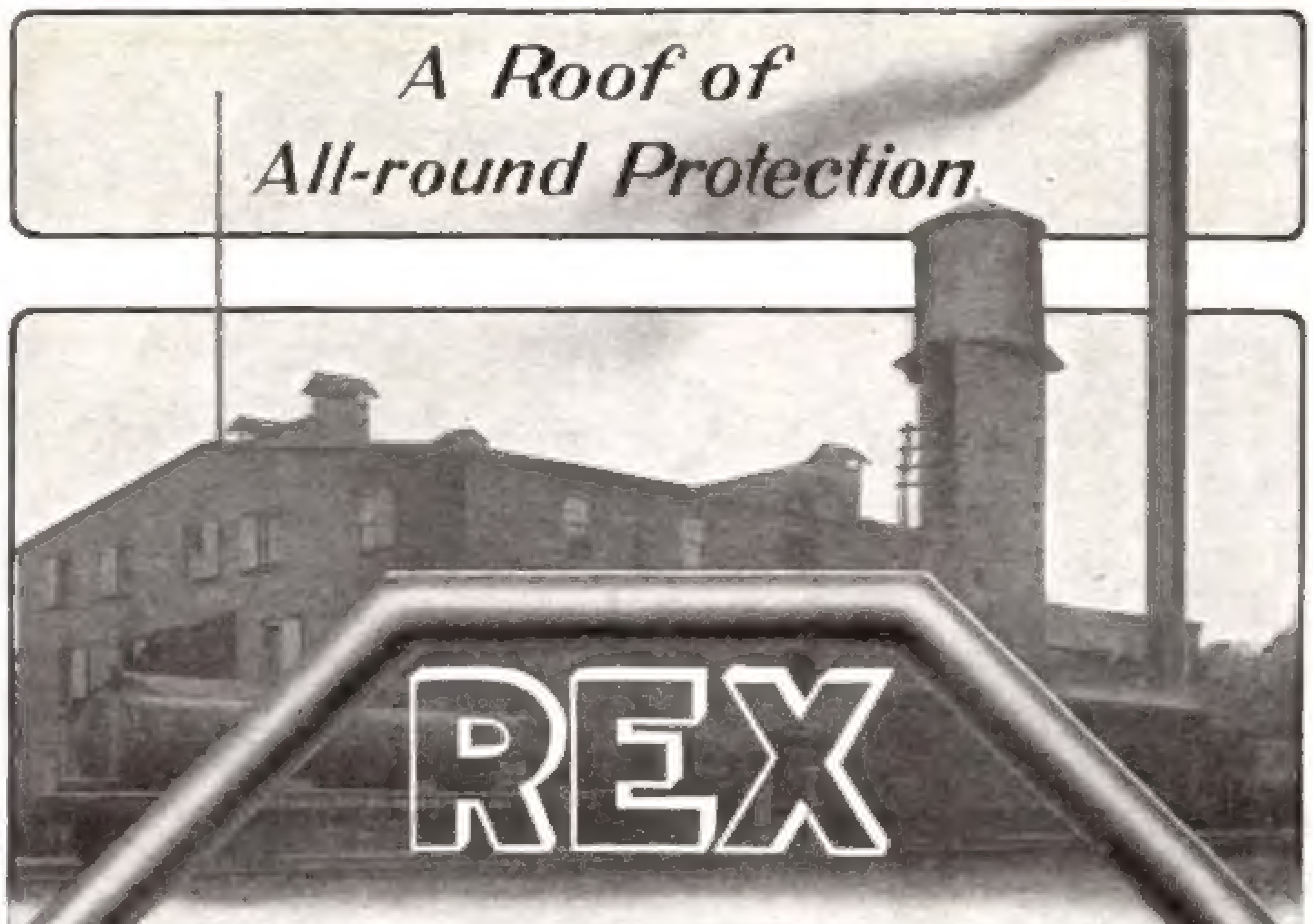

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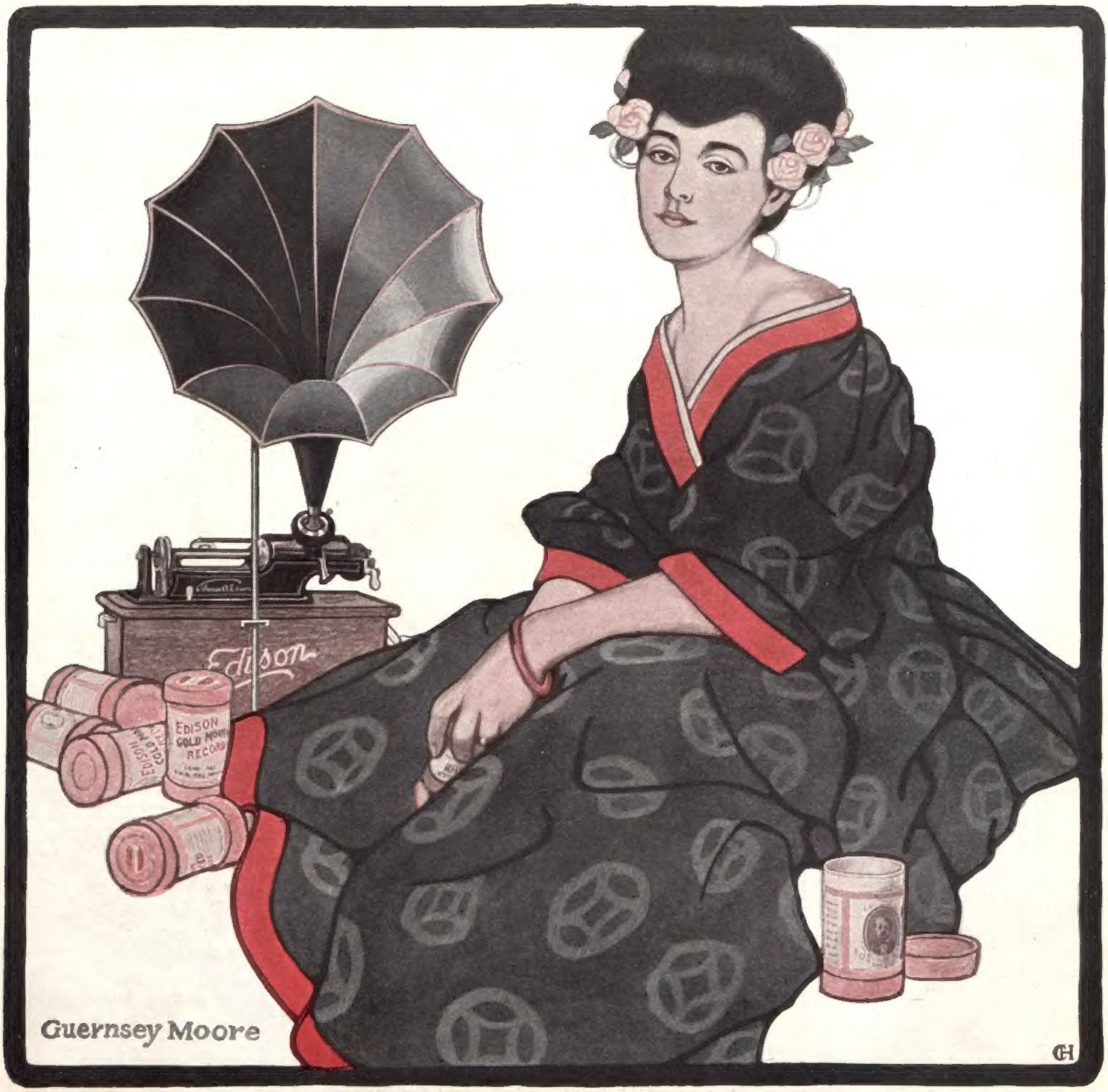

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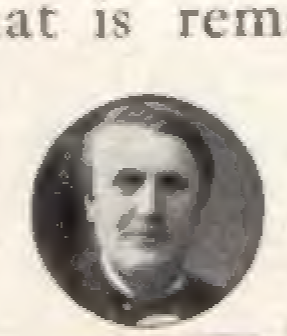

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